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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

OCTOBER, 1888.

VOL. VIII.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

No. 1.

EDITORS:

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PHI.

SENOIR EDITOR.....H. A. FOUSHEE.

SENIOR EDITOR.....C. G. WELLS.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....S. D. SWAIN.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....T. S. SPRINKLE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.....H. M. SHAW.

BUSINESS MANAGER.....R. E. L. YATES.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....

.....PROF. J. B. CARLYLE.

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SUMPTER.

A REMINISCENCE.

A solitary sea-encircled mound
Rising abruptly from the azure bay,
Its broken walls and ruined battlements
Strewn with huge guns half buried in the sand,
Is all that now rewards the tourist's eye
Where once the great historic fortress stood
Proud and defiant by the sunny sea.

Here once I chanced to pass an hour alone
Among the fallen heaps of masonry,
And ruined monuments of ruthless war,
And as I mused upon the lonely scene
My mind became so full of fancies strange
That for a time, indeed, I scarce was sure
If life were real or mere phantasy.
Transformed by fancy's wonder-working power,
The lonely mound became an eminence
From which I saw our sunny southern land
Struggling once more in the embrace of war.
I saw rich fields turn back to wilderness,
And fertile gardens overrun with thorn,
And idle mills consumed by slow decay,
And childless mothers weeping in despair,

And gray haired men half-crazed by penury,
And orphans weeping in the night, alone.
And vice, disease and every nameless curse
Hate could inflict, or suffering land receive.

The solitude seemed broken, and the fort
Assumed once more its bold and shapely form,
And the huge guns there rusting in disuse
Gleamed threateningly upon the massive wall,
And over all an azure banner waved,
And all around were groups of gray-clad men.
And far away toward the restless sea,
Dim, indistinct, and wrapped in smoky clouds
Stood iron ships in formidable array
Deep freighted with the armaments of war.

A heavy sound, like that of distant guns
Aroused me from my lengthened revery,
The mist was gone and 'gainst the ruined walls
The rising waves were thundering heavily;
The sunny bay was white with peaceful sails
And far as eye could reach the sunny land
Was blest with peace, and with prosperity.

J. H. GILLESPIE.

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THE NOVELIST AND HIS MISSION.

For many years there was in the mind of the public a strong prejudice against all writers of fiction, and a firm belief that to read their works was, not only a waste of valuable time, but was an actual sin. Though time and the gradual growth of literary culture has done much to eradicate this dislike for the novel, much of it yet remains.

It is probably a remnant of that stern spirit of intolerance which marked our Puritan forefathers in their intense love for all that was real and true, and in their equally intense hatred of all that was false or imaginary. What we wish to do is to show that in the progress of good, and in the suppression of evil in the world the agency of the novelist has been not a little engaged.

How often have we heard the novel denounced from the pulpit as the fruitful source of corruption and vice! Almost every day, in the newspapers, we read long accounts of young gentlemen who have been led astray by reading novels, and all parents are warned to guard their children against such insidious publications. In nine cases out of ten this corruption of infantile purity will be found to have resulted from the perusal of such books as "The Six Links of Sausages, or the Beggar Boy's Revenge," etc. Of course evil will result from the excessive indulgence in every habit, and occasionally too much novel-reading may cause an abnormal excitement

and growth of the imagination, to the injury of the other faculties of the mind. Because some one occasionally injures himself by over work, all the rest of the world has no excuse to be lazy, and you never heard of any one who totally abstained from food because some one else had eaten too much and died from indigestion. We not infrequently hear the criticism passed on various writers that their descriptions of character are not natural, but overdrawn and too nearly perfect. Well, no one in this world is what he ought to be. There is no doubt about that, but still this cannot be urged as a valid argument against the novelist. He is at liberty, if he wishes, to paint a picture of man as he should be, and yet always with a bad result I believe. You may search the history of every woman on earth and you will hardly find two such female characters with purity and goodness and truth, so highly exemplified as we find them in Agnes Wickfield and Florence Dornbey; and yet who has not risen up from the tale of their young trials, their patient suffering, their heroic self-sacrifice and their final triumph with an increased respect for elevated womanhood in the world? Women are far from perfect; but who of us is there who will dare to say that the time will never come when they will be? And then him, whose stainless character and blameless life, all christians are bidden to imitate, we may never hope to

equal him, fettered as we are by earthly passions and earthly ties, and still are we not commanded to strive to be like him?

The novel is the key which unlocks the sealed vault which contains the records of past ages. By its potent magic we are able to go back over the dim gulf of the ages past and see the people who lived then.

The grass-grown streets of Egypt's dead and ruined cities become once more alive with the hum of busy life and we stand and talk to her people face to face. As we read the pages of Bulwer—Lytton's novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii," we almost fancy ourselves within the walls of the doomed city. There is all the vague terror and alarm of the people, placed in vivid hues before us, and we seem to see the red glare from Vesuvius as he hurls his fiery column heavenward.

The study of the novel gives us wonderful knowledge and insight into the manners and customs of foreign nations. Where will you find such a true representation of English in any of your histories as is contained in the pages of "Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' and Pendennis?" And here I cannot forbear to say a word in regard to this christian man and writer. Southerners ought all to feel very kindly toward Thackeray. He sympathized with us in our great struggle and gave utterance to his feelings when an expression of that sympathy required courage and involved sacrifice. He came to America but he did not like Dickens, after he had been received with all the warmth and en-

thusiasm with which a generous people could greet a stranger, turn and satirize us with all the savage and vindictive bitterness which is to be found in the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes." The arrow which Thackeray let fly went home in the mark, but left no rankle behind. In his humor there was no harshness, no bitterness, no sting; and when in the solemn stillness of a December night he laid his head upon the pillow and gently sunk into that last, long sleep, from which he was never again on earth to awaken, the whole of the English-speaking world was plunged into grief, because this gentle, kindly old man who never had a harsh word or an unkind thought for any one, was dead. His career needs no comment and his character is reflected in his works, in the life-like representation that we find in "Urada," "Serapis," "Hypatia" and others.

The place which the novel has filled as a teacher of history has not been an insignificant one. There are not perhaps many people who have read all the volumes of Hume's History, and yet the list of those who every day are pouring with unabated interest over "Old Mortality," "Waverly" and Scott's other wonderful works, would stretch away into the thousands. If you place history before the ordinary reader as a mere, dry chronicle of events, he will hardly disturb himself very much about reading it; but if you give it to him in the guise of a story he will find himself cheated into its study, as it were.

It is said, with great truth too, I

believe, that Scott's novels have done more to teach the world of the men and events of Scotland and England than have all the histories that have been published from King Alfred's time till to day. We read not of men who have been, but of men who are, and we go over again the exciting scenes that marked those times. There they stand before us, painted by the master's cunning hand. There is Claverhouse, the beautiful and heartless, the brave and the cruel, the gallant and the untrue, with his golden curls streaming in the wind. We watch him as he turns sullenly away from the lost field of London's Hill and our heart throbs with admiration for his courage, while we feel like shedding a tear of pity and regret, as he dies in the arms of victory with a peaceful smile upon his lips on the field of Killcrankie, where

"In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme."

We find in Scott the love which the Scottish peasantry felt for the old house of Stuart beautifully exemplified, and especially so in those lines from "The Lay of the Last minstrel."

"Low as that tide has ebb'd with me
It still reflects from memorys,
The day my brave, my only boy
Fell by the side of great Dundee
Why, when the volleying musket played
Against the bloody highland blade,
Why was I not beside him laid!
Enough? He died the death of fame;
Enough! He died with conquering Graeme."

One can never get a complete idea of those times until he has read Scott's delineation of the character of the principal actors in the events of that day, of Charles Edward, Argyle, Montrose and the rest.

And has the novel accomplished no good? Who can say this who has ever read "Little Dorrit," and knows that by this one single book Dickens struck the fetters from thousands of wretched human beings, rotting in the jails of England, where they had been sent by the imprisonment for debt law? What pilgrim, journeying from the city of destruction, has not derived comfort in all his trials from the pages of Pilgrim's Progress and thanked God for Bunyan's beautiful allegory? What mother, who has seen the grave close over some little child, has not read with tearful eyes and grateful heart of the death of little Paul? And comfort has come to many a suffering one from those closing words: "The old, old fashion! Death."

The fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race shall have run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh! thank God for that older fashion yet of immortality; and spirits of young children look upon us with regards not quite estranged as the swift river bears us to the ocean."

THOMAS McDOWELL.

THE COMING PARTY.

No one who is acquainted with the present tone of thought in the United States can hide from himself the fact that a political crisis is impending. To even the most casual observer of the signs of the times it cannot fail to be evident that our political parties are now passing through a state of rapid transition and radical change—a change such as has rarely, if ever, before been known in their history. The party affiliations of the American people are undergoing transformations not to be despised by political leaders. Party ties have become weak, and intelligent men have, to a great extent, ceased to be controlled thereby. Party discipline cannot be enforced, and appeals to party feeling are ineffectual in bringing the voters into line. The great fountains of the political deep are being broken up. The rattle of musketry in the marshaling of new forces may be distinctly heard. Thoughtful men behold in our political horizon the cloud, no larger than a man's hand, of on-coming perils. In all directions we see the lowering skies, we hear the muttering of the approaching storm. What is the philosophy working beneath this change?

The present parties have grown old in the political arena. The Democratic, a veteran, tried and true, can show the scars of many a hard-fought battle, yet succumb and retire from the contest it never has. The Republican party has enjoyed almost unexampled success ever since its forma-

tion. With the election of Lincoln began a brilliant though corrupt reign of party, ending with the last presidential contest. Indeed, so decisive were its victories that it began to be believed that it would forever continue in power. However, the national campaign of 1884, besides disclosing results which surprised both parties and developing new conditions and probabilities, proved both the falseness of this prophecy and the growing weakness of the Republican party. For, thus after twenty-four years of peaceful possession, it was compelled to surrender the wand of power to its political adversary. The Democratic party, on the other hand, hitherto seemingly unnoticed and unimportant, like the dolphin, displays the greatest strength and most brilliant colors in its dying agony.

Although these parties have at times followed the beckoning hand of bribery and corruption, yet they have rendered good service to their country. When they began their career they were indeed the living embodiment of a soul-stirring principle; that principle was slavery. But the issues produced by it have long since passed away. With the close of the civil war they ceased to exist in reality. They were burned away amid the smoke and roar of artillery, and nothing was left save the name. Slavery has been abolished, hence the issue between the two parties no longer exists. Therefore, the principles that called these two parties

into action being dead, the parties themselves must inevitably crumble and fall. Yet they have existed nominally for a long time. Since the war, being fed upon disappointed hopes and sectional hatred, they have escaped final dissolution. But now that sectional rancor has lost its bitterness, and the African freedman and his Northern brother no longer fear a second slavery, there remain not even straws at which the drowning parties may catch. For it is as true in politics as in ethics that men cannot be held together in interest and sympathy unless there exists some vital principle—a nucleus around which they may gather. Without earnest convictions no great or sound political influence is possible. People will not endure mere play in politics, they will not be inspired in their votes by make-believes and dead principles. They demand a living, acting issue. A deep, strong, national sentiment must correct, combine, and subordinate all other sentiments, or it will itself fall back into a secondary position and be shaped and controlled by them.

Party lines, like the parallel steel bars on a railroad track, beginning a long way apart, yet seeming to unite far in the distance, have approached nearer and nearer until now they are one and the same. Their platforms contain no differences of opinion save in a few unimportant points concerning which each party is itself woefully divided. We have nothing better than a collection of patriotic platitudes and political truisms presented in these platforms, which nobody cares

a fig about. There is no one important public question now alive and open, towards which one party takes a decided and unanimous affirmative while the other takes an equally decided and unanimous negative. Take for instance: Tariff, Civil Service Reform, Internal Improvements, Postal Telegraphy, Silver Currency, Disposition of the Surplus, Foreign Policy, Internal Revenue—is there any one of these, or any other topic of current national interest, concerning which the two parties take issue? That they themselves recognize their own weakness is shown by the fact that their platform speakers discuss almost wholly the merits of their respective candidates, and if they do reach party grounds, they argue not on present issues but on what the parties have been or have done. Whenever an election is pending we chat of the probable results and of the candidates but seldom of the public policies which they are supposed to represent. Thus, no party presenting any measures as distinctively its own, we have a campaign of men not measures. Accordingly it would be extremely difficult for any one enlisted under the ensign of either party to say exactly what that ensign indicates.

But there must be political parties in a country like ours. They are the bone and sinew of the government. The ballot is the metaphysics of the bullet. It is impossible to arouse the people thoroughly except through political agitation. Still these parties cannot be called into existence just whenever desired; they cannot be

manufactured. They must be founded upon gigantic, lasting questions. Nor can there be but two political parties as there is but one political problem. To this there can be but two answers, and into these two answers the real issues of every political problem can be resolved. Every man naturally falls on one side or the other.

I do not need to exemplify at length the difference between the two existing parties; nor do I wish to decide which of these conflicting claims has the better ground. The only point I wish to notice in regard to them is that there is now no real difference of principle. They are contending for no vital doctrine. Their only struggle is to gain possession of the patronage and power of the government. Though there are real issues before us, of practical importance, party leaders, like sunlight playing upon the surface of water, leaving all the depths undisturbed, untouched, keep skirmishing around the edges, ever failing to meet them fairly.

Nor is there anything strange in this, it is but the order of nature. There is a tide in the affairs of men—sometimes sweeping on with terrific force—sometimes gleaming and glistening in its dim rocky depths, seemingly motionless and stagnant, but still it is ever the deep and tireless tide, and though a man ply the oar ever so dexterously he is borne along by it into eternity—into oblivion. As with a man so with a party. Every sect, every party has a precipice ahead of it—how near it cannot know—to-ward which it is steadily borne. Be it far or near it must sooner or later

fall over it. It cannot always hold favor—it must at sometime lose its power. The longer it has been in existence and the greater has been its success, the greater is the probability of its speedy overthrow.

This explains the demand daily becoming more and more importunate for a party having moral convictions and the courage to stand by them. There is still left in the noble minds and generous hearts of the people that principle of moral earnestness, which when aroused into action may become a mighty power for a pure political influence. The nation's welfare now imperatively demands that a new party, originating in a deep desire of the masses for a purer and more equitable national life and embodying high moral and social aims should arise.

At the present time there is a great ferment of new issues—from each of these issues arise respectively, temperance associations, woman suffragists, greenbackers, know-nothings, labor organizations, &c., but the only two that play any appreciable part or affect the results of elections are the temperance and labor organizations. Upon the first it is impossible to build a party. The movement is only local compared with some of the others. Besides, men will allow anything to be tampered with sooner than their conscience. A political party founded wholly upon questions of morality is founded upon sand. Our views upon such questions are as unstable as water, as inconstant as the moon. But slavery may be said to have been a question of moral reform. It was.

Abolition had many supporters in the first Congress after Washington's election. Yet for the next eighty years as a moral reform it progressed very slowly; indeed, it rather lost ground. Even as late as 1860 if the people had been allowed to vote upon a slavery issue not many thousand votes would have been cast against it. One year of the Missouri Compromise did more to create substantial parties than a whole century of abolition logic. Revolutions cannot be wrought by pen and ink. It required the rifle's crack and sabre's stroke to abolish slavery. To-day we are staring great social difficulties in the face.

It is evident to every one looking out upon our political sky to cast the horoscope of the future that the issues of that future will be industrial and social problems. Economic questions are only secondary; all are embraced in the comprehensive question of man's relation to his fellow-man. Immigration, trade and tariff, currency and taxation, suffrage and prohibition, all root themselves in the all important question of the rights of capital and labor. The great political problem—the hinge of all social movements at the present time—is the labor problem. This is an issue worthy of the contests which have raged around it and worthy still to be contended for. The present indications are, that the shackles of the past are breaking, and the time is coming when the laborer, so long held in political and social thralldom will be free as the proudest. The truth is that the question is upon us as it never was before, not as a question of the past, but of

the present and future. This movement, however vague and indefinite, embraces the principles which are the very foundation of civilization and equitable social order. That principle is, as expressed in the Principles of the Knights of Labor: "To make industrial and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual greatness." Here is involved the principle which is to uplift our laborers and the middle classes of society, and lead them to recognize their own individuality, as men, not the machines of their employers. Likewise here is involved the only clue which is to lead us from the mazes of industrial disorder to peace. This condition will draw man closer to man, teach employer to recognize employee, bring the two contending parties into friendly relations; in short, bind all classes together in one common brotherhood.

What is needed is an organization which will, at least in some slight degree, favor the toiling millions of our country. What is demanded is a party which will by some means put an end to the present system of financial cannibalism, to put some restraint upon that ogre—monopoly—which, vampire-like, is sucking the blood from its victim while it prolongs its sleep by wafting over it an air full of freshness and perfume. The laborer's party is imperatively demanded now as never before. It has become a necessity. Some power must be used to call a halt in the moral, social, and industrial tendencies of the present time. The monopoly must be stopped. The tendency toward an aristocracy

founded upon wealth is in direct opposition to the spirit of our institutions. This principle is most admirably expressed by ex-senator Thurman, in his usually terse yet concise style. "The question is," says he, "whether the country shall be governed with a view to the rights of every man, the poor as well as the rich, or whether the longest purse shall carry the elections, and thus be a mere plutocracy instead of a democratic republic." Nor is this a craze, a scare that will quickly pass. Imagine not because the lower orders are the earliest victims, that the most elevated will not, in their turn, feel its effect. The most mortal chillness begins at the extremities, and you may depend upon it, nothing but time and apathy are wanting to change this otherwise healthy land into a charnel-house of discontent, anarchy, murder, ruin.

In conclusion, I have sought to show that there are now in reality no political parties; that there are issues before the people which will and must be met. The present parties refuse to face them. Again, the abuse of the money power is a fountain of corruption sending forth its poison

through every part of the body politic. The present parties refuse to apply the remedy. But there are now instruments of reform at work. A careful reading of history shows that there is always a force at work—a force as constant as that which makes the grass grow and the sun shine—which carries the race forward and leaves each generation in a position that it would not willingly exchange for that of the generation preceding. That force to-day is social rather than moral or political. As the eighteenth century was characterized by political questions, so in the nineteenth century social questions are uppermost in men's minds. This force will work out its effects, and in the direction I have indicated; and in whatever way, slowly or rapidly, and under whatever name, there will inevitably be a general breaking of *old* parties and a formation of the *new*. As surely as the political revolutions of the eighteenth century brought to mankind political freedom, so surely will the social revolutions of the nineteenth give to him social freedom.

F. L. MERRITT.

LORINNE.

From my earliest infancy I have been a child of Fate. Its dark mantle has cast its shadow over my life, shutting out all the sunshine that might have entered into it, and making me of a morose disposition, always

taking offence where no affront was intended, and then brooding over the affair until it made me even more vindictive and bitter than ever. Several moments in my early life were filled with little gleams of sunshine which,

for the while, made me happy as the birds; but, when the darkness came again, as it soon would come, it would seem all the more intense. While yet a boy, I would lie in my bed and curse the day of my birth, my parents, and my God. Then, when asleep, which should have brought a short reprieve to my acute sufferings, came, my brain seemed filled with dreams that were as bad, if not worse, than my day thoughts.

The last beam of light that fell upon my darkened soul, was my meeting with Lorinne. Bright, vivacious, full of life and beauty, and, most of all, with a smile of appreciation for my words and acts, she chased all gloomy thoughts away, brought sunshine into my life, and helped me, for the first time, to feel my youth and to enjoy it. For full a year I basked in her smiles, content if I could hear her cheery words and catch one friendly glance. Fool that I was, I took her friendly smiles for those of love. No one had ever been so kind, so gentle, with me before. Once, when I hinted some of my dark and gloomy thoughts, she seemed so shocked that ever after I guarded my tongue most zealously. One day I heard her say she must soon return to her eastern home. I had never thought of separation, never dreamed, fool, I say again, that I was, that she would leave me, for she was my only light, and God had seemed so unjust before, that I thought he would not deprive me of my only blessing. For several days I wrestled with myself in thought, trying to find some method by which to detain her by my side. I finally concluded that

a confession of my love might have some effect upon her. Seeking her, I found her in one of her happiest moods. She was alone, and I went to her at once.

"Lorinne," I said, "you expect soon to return to your home. Before you go, listen to the story of an unhappy life," and I gravely motioned her to a seat. Smiling, as though it were all a monstrous joke, she sat down upon the rustic, while I threw myself upon the grass at her feet, and, gazing up into the clear, blue sky, began:

"It is my own story that I shall tell, and I ask you to bear with me. Few people have ever given one kindly look or word to me. The first was my mother; but, almost before I was old enough to realize her great and boundless love, the Almighty took her from me. Whenever I see a picture of the Madonna or of an angel, I imagine it is my mother smiling upon her child, and my spirit, usually so tossed about, so troubled, for the while finds peace and rest, and I repeat over and over to myself, '*She* loved me. *She* loved me. God bless her, for *she* loved me,' and then I wish that I could be with her up there beyond the blue ether. This thought of the mother who was taken from me when I most needed her, was, for years, my only pleasure.

"Even this pleasure became stale after awhile, and I entertained serious thoughts of suicide. I have no doubt but that I soon would have ended my life had I not, at about this time, made the acquaintance of the only friend I ever had. He was was a noble, manly fellow, and between us

there sprang up a friendship that lasted for only six short months—*then* he died. That was an oasis in my desert life of misery.

“Dark years followed, and I had given up all hope of earthly happiness until you appeared. You have seen something in me that has won smiles from you, and you have taught me to love you more than my gloomy, oppressed soul has ever been capable of loving heretofore. And now you, too, will leave me. What will become of me? I do not know; I hardly care; for, with you gone, all hope, all desire for anything better, will be gone too. But should you stay, should you but consent to be my wife, to keep my future pleasant—for my future is in your hands—my life would be one great circle of happiness. The future would make up for the unhappiness of the past by the glad moments it would hold for me. Oh, Lorinne!”—and I gazed up into her eyes—“Oh, Lorinne, give me your love, bless me with yourself, or my existence is but a slow and torturing death.”

“My friend—my more than friend—my brother,” she replied, in low, sad, pitying tones, “when first I met you, I saw that yours had been a life of trouble, and my woman’s heart went out in compassion to you. That compassion has grown into a sisterly regard, that can never be more, for, when I return home, it is to fulfil my plighted troth.”

Dark clouds floated through my brain, a tempest rose within me and swayed me, and unconscious of where I was or what I said, because of the terrible agony within, I cried out:

“Curses on him—the direst curses on him who thus robs me of my only blessing; curses, black and awful, on you who torture me so; curses and eternal sufferings on the hateful fiend who shapes my destiny so crooked; and ten thousand awful curses on those who gave me birth, and on the God who can allow this torture of a human soul.”

Her cheeks were pallid with fear; but, heeding her not, I continued my hellish swearing until, frightened, she fled to the house. Then, throwing myself prostrate upon the earth, for I had risen when her answer had been given, I implored God’s forgiveness; and then, overcome once more by my passion, I cursed again and again, and thus passed the remainder of the afternoon. When my mind was made up, the plot of my terrible crime matured, I rose and calmly walked to the house.

All this was yesterday, and to-morrow my soul will be free—free as the birds. Despite my awful crime, I feel that I am forgiven by that God who has watched me struggling with a morbid disposition, and has offered no aid whatever. I think I can calmly relate all my acts since I decided to do the deed which has, as yet, been completed in part only.

Last night, after every one else in the house had retired, I removed my shoes, and, stiletto in hand, went to Lorinne’s room. Cautiously I opened the door, and cautiously I peeped within, I could easily discern the face and form of Lorinne, a moon-beam shedding its soft light on her

head and making a picture like that of the saintly Madonna.

Slowly and softly I entered the room and walked straight to her bedside. I stood there for, it may have been ten minutes, but it seemed as many hours, never moving a muscle, but, gazing upon her beautiful face, I watched the sweet, glad smile which seemed to linger on her lips as though her woman's soul looked upon the form of one she loved.

Do you think I faltered? Ah, no. Never were my nerves steadier, nor my brain calmer. With my left hand I held the dainty dagger over that part of the forehead where I wished to make the fatal incision. The silence of the tomb surrounded and awed me, but I went steadily on with my work. With my right hand I hit it a sharp, quick blow, and my damnable plot was accomplished. She never moved. No look of pain shot over her face, and I am glad it was so, for I love her too well to wish to cause her needless agony. I did not at once remove the stiletto, for I

wished no blood to stain that fair face and clot upon her golden hair. I waited several minutes, and then removed the dagger, quickly thrusting a small wad of cotton into the wound. Over this I placed a small piece of flesh colored plaster, and the evidence of my crime was hidden. Gently I pressed my lips to hers, now, oh so cold in death, and with one long, exultant look, I left her. Though in life she would not be mine, in death she shall be.

An hour more, and the sun will rise, but before that time my soul will be on its way to hers. Only a few short hours between our farewells, and my soul can surely overtake hers on the way between here and heaven.

The poison I have taken is a sure one, and in a few more minutes it will have done its work, and it will do it well. Once more I press the stiletto, stained with her blood, to my lips. Do not take it from me.

Lorinne, I come to thee! Oh, mother, thy child is come.

CARLE LEE.

THE MYSTERY OF AN' SU.

An' Su lived in a small cottage at the foot of her master's lot, just where the Kewa river joined the harbor. She had lived in this cottage before the war as a slave, and now stuck to it and her old master with no change in her condition. She was one of the few, plain, sensible, old time negroes

that we have left among us. And as to her character we may simply say that she was an "old time negro." She would count a bunch of chickens in the old time way; which ran as follows, with never a miscount or hesitation. "Wel boss, yer's one, yer's nurra, yer's turra, yer's too puntop de

una, yer's tree wid de fot tie togena, gimme sebenty cent fer de bunch." And after the war when the feeling among the negroes ran high against the whites, a special delegate was sent to prejudice her against "de fambly up at de hous." She completely annihilated him, by throwing up her hands and exclaiming. "O Lord, wont you be kin' enuf to tak' de do (door) of his mout, an' when yu pert it on agen, jus hang it on de gospel hinges of peace on eart an' good will to men, Amen!" An' Su's husband, Primus, like herself, didn't take up with any of the "young nigger" notions. He was the captain of a fishing boat, and went out in the morning to the fishing banks, ten miles off shore, returning in the afternoon as early as possible to sell his catch. One day while coming in, a storm made up and caught them off Drunken Dick Shoals. And that was the last that was ever seen of the boat or crew. An' Su never gave up watching for him, but ever afterwards a peculiar, strange, fascination seemed to hold her to the beach, and here as the flood tide came in she could be seen walking slowly up and down the shore, examining floating objects, watching pieces of drift wood as the tide floated them upon the beach, and then finding her search in vain, she would return home, only to wait for the next flood tide and then watch again. An' Su's little dog Shark was her constant companion, and in the dead of night, when the beach was lit up by the moon with almost noon-day brightness, Shark followed that old figure in all of her searches, and

when disappointed she turned to another part of the beach, he seemed to know her grief and followed too.

Fishermen returning home late at night seeing her, would shake their heads in silence. An' Su's former master and his family tried to wean her from her sorrows, and gave her light work to do. She was especially fond of playing with the children. And the children would at any time put down their new Christmas toys to have a story from An' Su. They learned to look upon her as a second mother, and would pat her old face with their chubby hands in the wildest delight, and merriment. And if anything hurt their feelings, they would run and bury their heads in An' Su's lap, and stay there until they got over the hurt, which didn't last long under An' Su's sympathetic salve. At this time too, An' Su's only son Cuffe was about to marry Amy. Now Amy was An' Su's favorite, and the approaching Christmas frolic reminded her of former times; and not, as the poets say, did roses come to her cheeks, but smiles came. She never tired of telling, how about dusk Primus used to come to her door, and salute her with the usual, "Ebenin Su', how yu do?" How she in turn would answer—"Berry wel widout yu." "Yer kan com roun yah wid you mout fix up fer ebenin wid me, wen de las time Massa dig tater I se yu ober de tater bank talkin so grumsious to dat black, shiny fac Dinah, wha aint fitten to be up at de hous yah, wa wite foks is." And how under the influence of her good looks, and the smell of good

things from the kitchen, "Dat nigger beg so hard dat I couldn fin it in my hart to fuse 'im."

"Young missus up at de hous" was fixing up Amy, and fixed her so well that An' Su would exclaim "Amy I do blebe yu tink ob dose wite wails an fix-ins mo dan Cuffe." When Amy would use the infallible argument, that things that are unlike are different; and say. "An' Su yu kno dese tings ar wite an putry, an dat nigger is black chacoal ee self." Well Christmas came, the day on which Cuffe and Amy were to go the way of all flesh, that is, get married. A regular old time wedding supper was being prepared by An' Su. "Ise fixin up tings like none of yu niggers wa rais sence freedom kno nutin bout tat."

And indeed she fixed them so well that "desence fredom nigger's" bottom jaw dropt, and his lips moistened at the sight. An' Su, was with "de fambly up at de hous" too, and saw all that Santy Claus brought, just what each little one was wishing for. From which we may rightly think that in some way she was connected with this mysterious personage, who ever brightens Christmas for the little ones. When she was about to go out of the house young Missus beckoned An' Su to her room and told her secret. "Oh, An' Su, just only one year! Don't you like him, oh, don't you An' Su?"

"Evening approached, everything was ready. Old Moses Gathers had come across the river with his fiddle. And when he gave a good natured nod, and scraped the bow across his fiddle stings by way of experiment. "Dose young niggers jes shuffle de

foot" to show the good will with which they would dance at Cuffe's wedding.

Cuffe was a deck hand on a steamer, and was to leave town (which was four miles across the harbor) so as to get there by dark. As night came on a cloud arose in the west, and in a few minutes covered the horizon "suddenly snatching both heaven and the day from the eyes of men." And, oh! who is there who has experienced this, and is not glad that there are other deaths to mortals besides drowning.

Cuffe saw the cloud rising, and as he had to cross in a small sail boat decided to wait until the cloud passed over, but at the end of an hour when the storm showed no sign of abating. Cuffe in spite of all remonstrance by the people on the wharf, pushed out into the stream and started. At first the little boat's sail filled and it started like a sea bird flying over the angry waves. On the shore all the people had come and were ready, but when the storm arose, and darkness came on, they shook their heads and declared, that no boat could live off shore on such a night. An' Su knowing her son better, lighted a lantern and followed by her little dog Shark proceeded to the point of the beach where the river joined the harbor.

Cuffe was a good sailor, and in the darkness when the wind and waves turned the boat on its side, he brought her up time and time again by his strong seaman touch. But when he had gone three miles the boat had taken in so much water, that

it was crippled, and as a bird with its wing broken tries to reach a tree, so he started for the light on shore. But, ah! what is that roaring. It is only where the river flows into the harbor, and the wind meets the tide. The lantern is blown out by a gust of wind and all is darkness.

"Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths,
And got them home and dried them in the house."

It was the "same old death," but the mouth was not wiped by the motherly hand, nor did the green sod mark the resting place of An' Su's son. But, oh, the river. "I can't keep away from it. It haunts me day and night. Oh, the dreadful, dreadful river!"

* * * * *

Well, time flows on. The year rolls on, the Saturday's and the Sundays, the week-days and the Mondays. Christmas is here again. Another wedding is to take place to night "up at de hous." Since early in the morning the house has been astir, and lively with preparation. And all day long An' Su sits with the children, and though she doesn't say anything to them, yet, they are very quiet in their play around her, and even the smallest little fellow seems to think that she should be happy, and goes

up to her with his lap full of toys, and says, "An' Su, 'ou take dese an play an laf some too."

That night when "Young Missus" was coming down the stairs dressed for the wedding, in the bend of the steps, she met An' Su and stooping down kissed that old face, but An' Su looked so differently from last Christmas, when she had told her secret to her, that she burst into tears and cried—"An' Su, oh! you true, good old An' Su please don't look so to night?"

She was the last mortal that ever saw that good old face. For that night the tide rose high, and it was said by some young men who were returning home late, that they heard Shark, her dog, bark just where the river flowed into the harbor. After that, at night when the sea birds screeched over this gloomy spot, the people who live along the beach would shake their heads, and say, "Poor thing—poor thing."

Let those who are inclined to judge harshly of this poor, simple old woman remember this:

"I am a broken-down, poor old woman, a fool,
To speak to Thee, but in Thy Book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou comest, Thou didst love the
Sea."

LEE ROYALL.

EDITORIAL.

VOS SALUTAMUS.

Alumni, Old Students, Friends of the College, or otherwise, with this number the incoming staff for the year '88-9, greet you. In the language of the Arabs, "May your shadow never grow less."

The STUDENT has now entered upon its eighth volume. Thanks to the Business Managers, the last year was a most successful one. A back debt was paid off, and not a cent drawn from the Societies to meet any deficit. This was as it ought always to be. The magazine has reached high water mark in college journalism, and, if the present Staff shall succeed in keeping it up to its present high standard, they will feel amply repaid for their labors.

Much of its financial prosperity was due to its advertisers, and to you we return especial thanks. We shall continue to endeavor to merit your patronage, both by placing your advertisements in the hands of a larger number of readers, and by inducing our students to trade only with those who advertise in our columns. While no formal boycott has ever been declared, so strong was the feeling last spring that several merchants were forced to advertise to keep from losing their student trade entirely.

Old Students and Alumni, you have so often been hauled over the coals for apparent indifference to your for-

mer magazine, that we will take compassion upon you, and let you off with this reminder: "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

And now, concerning a class who have hitherto been entirely neglected—I mean our college students. It would naturally be supposed that all our students are subscribers. Yet such has not been the case. Last year only a little over a half were subscribers, and of this small number many still owe for it. Fellow students, you should do better than this. The English language, taking as it does strong points from so many others, is the greatest language known to man, and its literature second to none. The chief object of this magazine is to encourage composition in our mother tongue, and a more extensive acquaintance with its literature. You cannot afford not to take it.

Subscribe for it, induce others to subscribe, write for it; if you have not sufficient talent yourself, encourage others who have, to do so; notice its advertisements, and do not trade with those who do not patronize it. Then will the STUDENT flourish like a green bay tree, the salutorian cease from troubling, and the reading public be at rest.

H. A. F.

MISTAKES.

We are all liable to err, and those who show us our faults and try to help us mend them, are not our worst enemies but our best friends. Now the little that we shall say will be said in the spirit of no ill feeling to any one.

We have noticed during our short stay at college, a tendency in many students to neglect furnishing themselves with text-books at the beginning of a new term, and a greater tendency not to learn well, if at all, the first few lessons. This is a grave error, and not only the new students, but many of the former students, make the same mistake.

Another mistake is made in entering from one to four weeks after the session opens. We think it is better to enter then than not to enter at all, but is not two months and a half ample time to rest and prepare to be here when the session opens?

The student who enters late or fails to study for the first week or two must necessarily labor under disadvantages a part of, at least, if not all the year.

We can conceive how a mistake of this kind may prove an irreparable loss to a young student. He comes to college with his character not established, with studious habits not formed and is very pliable. Now the way he starts is pretty apt to be a good index to his future career at college, if not for life.

We have known good young men to neglect study for a short time, or to enter a few weeks late, and then begin to study very well; but not being ac-

customed to study, their minds were inactive and they would, of necessity, have to review from twenty to fifty pages in each of the three, four or five text-books used in their respective classes, and all this before they could recite intelligently.

Unless a young man be unusually bright, the lessons assigned for each day are all he can thoroughly master if he begins with the class.

The young men who make either of these mistakes may, as we have said, study well for a while, but they often become confused and very much discouraged because probably some of the lessons passed over or lectures in chemistry or some other important branch in which demonstrations and explanations by the instructor are given, are necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject.

After they become discouraged they begin to study less, and soon lose almost all interest in their studies and recite nothing well. Then they begin to say, "I will do better next year;" but frequently they fail to return at all, because they do so badly that their conscience condemns them and they fear that they have lost the respect of all good students and the faculty. But this is not the case, for both students and faculty are in sympathy with any young man who is in this condition, and if he will return and reform, we will give him a hearty welcome and a helping hand.

We think that all may plainly see how a young man may lose a college course, and possibly a useful life on account of a little negligence or care-

lessness. But one step made in the wrong direction, and at the wrong time, may lead to fatal disaster.

"A small pebble near the head of a stream may change the course of a mighty river," and, in a case like this, it will drain the river into the sea of oblivion when it might have continued its course gloriously into a life of usefulness, honor and felicity.

We think that both new and old students are the cause of failures of this kind. The new student often leaves home the day the session opens and after riding from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles on the train he concludes that he is very tired and that it will require at least one week for him to get "straightened out." The old students are very solicitous and advise him, by no means, to study too hard at the beginning.

This is wrong, there is no necessity for this waiting a week to get "straightened out." One good night's rest "straightens" the majority of us sufficiently to perform hard tasks the next day.

Our remedy is, let every body who intends to come to college be here on the first day of September; and let the old students impress upon the new ones the great importance of learning well the first lesson.

T. S. S.

SLEEP.

The familiar old saying that, "The preservation of health is nature's first law," has lost none of its truth because of its frequent repetition or its extreme antiquity. No little has been

said and written respecting the importance of physical recreation, while the necessity of mental rest has received scarcely a moderate degree of attention. Why this neglect?

They say, "Let the sluggard sleep, *we* must slumber shun." True; but is it not a demonstrated fact that a disregard for nature's laws in this particular has been the direct cause of more or less mental infirmities and mental wrecks? Nature is not mocked, neither is she over-merciful in her reproof.

That which is commendable is not always wise. For a student to pore over his books from sun to sun and burn his past-midnight oil, of course, is commendable but who would deem it wise? The German "Hans" is so constituted, physically and mentally, that he can bend over his desk sixteen hours a day without injury to himself, but the American "John" must do his work in eight if he does it with impunity. Just why this is true it is not in my province to say, but the fact remains all the same. The average American mind needs not less than seven nor more than eight hours sleep; and at least two of these before midnight. Dr. Dwight used to tell his students that one hour of rest before midnight was worth two after that time. Nature seems to have so arranged things that we ought to rest in the early part of the night; and the student who regards not this arrangement tramples upon the laws of health, intrudes upon the just claims of the following day, and thereby commits an error which he will sooner or later have occasion to regret.

Both body and mind have equal rights to claim this rest and these rights they will assert. Alexander, the Great, was well aware of this when on the night before the battle of Arbela he said: "Soldiers, stack arms, we must rest." Such were his words though in full view of his fearful antagonist, Darius, with his 600,000 men, while he himself had but 50,000. So complete and serene was his rest on that night, that on the following morning at daybreak he was found in a deep slumber. The stupid Persians having stood under arms all night were so completely exhausted that they were put to flight at the first onset.

On the last recitation, pending Mathematics examination, our wise Prof. is accustomed to say: "Boys, stack arms and refresh yourselves in sleep to night, for on to-morrow you must stand on slippery steeps while ugly frowns roll beneath you to meet you at your coming."

There is a popular, though mistaken idea, current among students that the boy whose lamp is seen to burn latest will very soon outstrip his companions in the pursuit of knowledge.

This illusion, though insignificant as it may seem has lead many a student with bright prospects, to a ruinous end—weak eyes, a feeble body and an impaired mind. That ability to concentrate and focalize the powers of the mind and to hold it upon the subject in hand—that freshness of intuition, that healthy, vigorous faculty of penetrating into the very core of things, becomes a mere shadow and

not a reality. This power lost, the mind becomes like some wandering comet, with its shattered fire, playing at the same time upon every object within its realm.

If any other object plays upon the fancy than that which ought to be exclusively before it, the mind is divided and both are neutralized so as to lose their effect.

Again, by retiring early the hot-blooded thoughtless youth, boiling over with a super-abundance of vitality—a late freeman from home restraints and exposed to the temptations of college life—is shielded from those dangerous vices which stork around under the black vail of midnight gloom. There is no better exponent to the student's college life than to find him habitually prowling around at this late hour.

Early retiring will, of course, necessitate early rising which is another essential to good health.

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Make men healthy, wealthy and wise."

What the old arm-chair is to the fatigued body, the downy pillow is to the wearied brain. Sleep alone will banish "dull care" and restore fresh vigor.

Complete rest is found in the grave alone, but sweet sleep, its purest emblem, was given to man for a calm, a sweet retreat till he shall "slumber in that dreamless bed free from all his toil" and await the dawning of that eternal morn.

S. D. S.

CHANGES.

It is well known to most of our

readers that during last year two vacancies occurred in the Faculty of the college—the one caused by the death of Dr. J. R. Duggan, the Professor of Chemistry, and the other by the resignation, on account of ill health, of Dr. W. G. Simmons, the Professor of Physical Science.

The science chair was filled last commencement by the election of Prof. W. H. Michael, who has been connected with the college for two years past as an Assistant professor. The enthusiastic applause with which the announcement of his election was received, both by students and friends of the college, is a higher testimonial of his ability and popularity as a teacher and friend than any words that we could utter would be. The connection of Dr. Simmons with the college was continued, the trustees electing him Professor Emeritus of Physical Science.

During vacation the Board of Trustees elected Prof. A. L. Purinton, of West Virginia, to the chair of Chemistry, Prof. B. F. Sledd, of Virginia, to the chair of Modern Languages, and Prof. J. B. Carlyle, of North Carolina, as Assistant Professor of Languages. These are all young men and they come to us with the highest testimonials for character, scholarship and special fitness for the work of the departments over which they will severally preside.

Prof. Purinton is an A. M. graduate of the University of West Virginia. For the past thirteen years he has been engaged in teaching in the high schools of West Virginia and Mary-

land, and has given special attention to the study of Chemistry. He comes of a teaching family, one brother being Professor of Mathematics in the University of West Virginia, while another is Professor of Chemistry in the University of Missouri.

Prof. Sledd is an A. M. graduate of Washington and Lee University of Virginia. While there he took the honorary scholarship, the F. O. French scholarship, the prize of the Early English Text Society, the Stantini prize medal and the Robinson prize medal. These prizes were given for the highest attainments in French, German, Latin and Greek. Since leaving Washington and Lee University he has taken a thorough course in French, German and English at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. He is a writer of rare ability and we hope to give the friends of the STUDENT an opportunity of reading some of the productions of his pen during the year.

Prof. J. B. Carlyle is an A. M. graduate of Wake Forest College, N. C., having graduated with distinction in the class of '87. While a student here he won the Debater's medal in the society of which he was a member, the Whitfield Latin medal, the Silcox Greek medal and the Phi. English Essay medal. He is well known among us and needs no words of praise at the hands of this writer. The *Biblical Recorder* says of him, "Perhaps he could receive no higher encomium than the enthusiastic approval which the younger Alumni of the college have expressed on hearing of his elec-

tion." He has been teaching with success since his graduation.

By reference to the last catalogue it will be seen that in the future only two degrees will be conferred—Master of Arts and Bachelor of Arts. In the language of the catalogue, "The degree of B. L. and B. S. have been discontinued, the reason for their existence having largely ceased." There are six courses leading to the degree of A. B. Thus this degree is rendered flexible "by the allowance of alternative courses, which consist mainly in the substitution of Modern Languages and Science in certain well-defined and clearly prescribed quantities for the Ancient Languages."

Some change has been made as to awarding the Valedictory and Salutatory honors at graduation, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Arts having been made coördinate; so that degree is subordinate to grade of scholarship, instead of grade of scholarship being subordinate to degree as heretofore.

In the May number of the *STUDENT* it was announced that the societies had passed resolutions abolishing their medals. The advocates of the measure to abolish argued that to offer medals to encourage special work "smacks of the academy," that strife and hard feelings were engendered, and that it was a low and sordid motive to work for "a little piece of gold." The argument of the opposition was based entirely upon the presumption that the measure would result in injury to the literary work of the societies.

As stated above the resolutions prevailed in the societies, and at their

meeting in June the Board of Trustees of the College, on recommendation of the Faculty, abolished all the medals awarded in the departments of college work. Thus at two strokes nine medals were swept away—the five given by the societies and the four given by the friends of the college.

This movement abolishes the Monday evening competitive contest for the Declaimer's prize. *What exercise will be introduced to take its place?*

The college aims not at display but is striving to do earnest, honest, solid work. How long it will be before it leads every other similar institution in the South depends entirely upon the support it receives from the Baptist and other friends of education. Its patronage is now good. Let it be increased.

C. G. W.

A PLEA FOR THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES,

This is pre-eminently an age of progress.

Along all lines of human thought and endeavor progress may be observed, but no where is it more marked than in educational circles. The methods of the olden time have changed. The scientist has come to the front.

Full panoplied, the chemist steps forward and shows with mathematical accuracy and unerring certainty the ultimate properties of matter. The biologist explains to us the hidden principles of life, and their various manifestations.

The geologist takes us back to our "mother earth" and tells us how, through almost countless ages, from

one stage of development to another, by a well ordered process of growth, the earth has assumed its present proportions and properties.

The botanist, earnest student and lover of nature, charms us by unfolding to us the beauties and wonders of the vegetable world. What we are and what we have been, what exists and has existed we are taught by those who commune with nature, study her laws and learn her lessons. Earnest and even enthusiastic have we become in the field of scientific research. Again, the modern languages are receiving more attention now than was given them in the past. All this is to be commended. Our educators should teach science even more thoroughly and more assiduously than they do at present; the modern languages, French and German, and especially our own inimitable English, should receive more attention than is now given them, but there is danger lest in our zeal for science and the modern languages, we give too little time and attention to the ancient languages.

In many of our institutions of learning the tendency to undervalue Latin and Greek is already beginning to manifest itself. And if we are to judge from past developments and present indications we need not the vision of a prophet to see that before many years have passed, these languages will lose much of the prominence now accorded them in our colleges. Now this is to be regretted. The importance of Greek in a college course can scarcely be over estimated. Its antiquity together with the character

and position of the people who originally spoke it, gave it a controlling influence in the formation and growth of many of the other languages. Its wonderful flexibility, its unequaled richness of expression, its breadth and depth, the beauty and elegance of its forms, all make it a most admirable vehicle for the transmission of human thought. Every shade of feeling and every development of thought in it can find expression. In it have been written some of the sweetest strains of poetry that ever sprang from the genius of man; in it we hear the thundering tones of Demosthenes' eloquence and drink from the pure fountains of Socrates' philosophy; in it we read of the statesmanship of Pericles, the wisdom of Solon and the heroism of Leonidas; in it too, we find a record of the words and doings of him who spake "as never man spake." In it we may read the history of a people who exerted a powerful and controlling influence upon the thought and action of the ancient world—a people who still live in a literature that is imperishable.

Again, Greek is important from a purely educational point of view, that is, in the training it gives the mind. The man who masters all the forms and idioms of the Greek language, who learns to read it intelligently and write it correctly, must needs have all the faculties of his mind quickened and developed. He has formed habits of accuracy and pains taking. He has become a close thinker and a logical reasoner. He has been fitted the better to perform the great duties of life.

Much that we have said for Greek

might be said for Latin. Such a large percentage of our English words are taken from Latin that we cannot thoroughly understand our own language until we have a fair knowledge of Latin. Then too, the Latin poets and orators and historians have contributed so much to the pages of literature—so much of beauty and of wisdom—that we cannot afford to di-

minish the time we give to the study of this language. Let us study science and the modern languages more, but let us not study Latin and Greek less. We are glad to state that the above mentioned tendency is not yet manifest at Wake Forest, there being now one hundred and thirty students in the Latin classes and ninety-one in the Greek.
J. B. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

SHERIDAN DEAD.—Since our last issue Gen. Phillip Henry Sheridan has died. And while his body reposes on the Heights of Arlington, near the remains of 12,000 dead soldiers, his spirit has gone trooping into eternity to join those of Grant, McClellan, Hancock and others. Thus the war spirits of the sixties leave their battered swords hanging upon the wall by the old military coat, and cap, and spurs and find a resting place in the silent halls of the dead. Gen. Sheridan was a native of Ohio, graduated at West Point in 1853, and was engaged in military affairs until his death, which occurred Aug. 5, at Nonquitt, Mass. He took an active part in the civil war and was present as a Major-General when Lee surrendered. Congress had recently made him General of the Army. He was ranked by Grant as one of the very foremost of modern

soldiers; by others he is ranked along with such men as Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great. He was full of wit and humor and by mingling with his soldiers won their affections and will long be remembered and revered by them. It is said that he never lost a battle.

RETALIATION.—The Republican Senate recently rejected the treaty negotiated for the adjustment of differences existing between the United States and Great Britain concerning the rights of American fishermen in the ports and waters of British America. When this had been done the President sent a message to Congress asking for legislation empowering the Executive "to suspend by proclamation the operation of all laws and regulations permitting the transit of goods, wares and merchandise in bond across or over the territory of the

United States to or from Canada." He showed that Canada had violated treaty obligations and that there was no need for Congress to hesitate in the matter. He favored giving Canadian vessels navigating our canals precisely the same advantages granted our vessels upon Canadian canals and recommended that they be measured by the same rule of discrimination.

The President earnestly desires to maintain our honor and dignity abroad and to protect and preserve the rights and interests of Americans. The message came like a thunderbolt to the Republicans in the Senate and that body adjourned without having it read. In the House it was immediately read and was received by the Democrats with genuine enthusiasm. It created quite a stir in the British Dominions and some of the Canadian papers seem to think that there is danger of war, but we do not have any idea that our government will be called upon to whip the British. The House passed a bill a few days ago giving the Executive the desired powers, only four votes being recorded against it.

THE BAGGING TRUST.—The farmers of the South are in trouble on account of the Bagging Trust. The manufacturers of bagging, with one exception, regardless of the fact that jute butts were lower than at any time before during the past ten years, formed a combine, the direct object of which was to take \$2,000,000 out of the pockets of the farmers and put it into those of the manufacturers of bagging. They actually put the price

up three cents higher than foreign bagging could be sold for. It was a capital stroke to perpetrate an outrage upon the farmers of the South and they are justly indignant, and through-out the South are passing resolutions condemning the trust and pledging themselves not to use any jute bagging if they can possibly help it.

One of these Money Lords recently said, "The needs of the farmer are absolute and imperative, and he must have the bagging no matter what the cost." And another said that they might kick, but they would have to come to it. We are glad to see the farmers kicking. It is an evidence of life, and, no doubt, will result in great good to the entire South. The Trust is being fought with a spirit of earnestness and determination that bodes no good to it. The cotton factors of St. Louis have passed resolutions condemning the trust and they urge Congress to pass measures for the relief of the farmers; and the cotton factors of Savannah have formed a pool to fight the trust and will import the covering of last years' crop.

The farmers may suffer some this year but we believe they will be ready next year, and the bagging mills of the North and West will collapse unless they show that they are ready to treat the farmers with fairness. A substitute will be found. Experiments are being made with burlaps, dundee, gunny, pine straw and wood. Some of these will answer every purpose and will be cheaper than jute bagging. The pine trees of the South furnish an abundance of straw which can be cheaply manufactured and it makes a

strong fabric. This trust may "flourish like a green bay tree" for a short while but it is destined soon to wither and die.

THE NOMINEES ACCEPT.—The letters of acceptance of the candidates of the two great political parties have at last appeared. For some time the Republicans have exhibited a spirit of restlessness because Cleveland's letter was delayed, but will they not be more restless now and wish that the delay had been more protracted? It is in full accord with the doctrine of the great party at whose head Cleveland stands. It dwells at length upon the Tariff and is a clear and logical exposition of the great question that is now so prominent in politics. It touches upon Civil Service Reform, the maintenance of American rights abroad, pauper immigration, the surplus and many other questions of importance. The President speaks of trusts as the "natural offspring of a market artificially restricted." It is a great letter, clear and full of force. It is one that all classes of citizens may readily comprehend and shows that Mr. Cleveland is a statesman and a political economist.

Mr. Harrison's letter came two days after Mr. Cleveland's. Mr. Harrison speaks of tariff for revenue as practical Free Trade and upholds the Republican doctrine of Protection. He says that the surplus in the treasury should be used in the purchase of bonds and that pensions should be liberally bestowed. He touches upon a number of questions of public interest and is in favor of legislation to prevent Chinese immigration. He

endorses the Republican platform. The letter is well written.

YELLOW JACK.—The yellow visaged demon of death has again appeared at Jacksonville, Fla. Yes, that place whither so many from every part of the United States went last winter to seek pleasure and health is stricken with yellow fever and its citizens are rapidly dying. The outbreak of the fever is attributed to failure to destroy infected clothing last year. The afflicted have the sympathy of the whole country. Refugees have been received at Murphy and Hendersonville in this State and eight cases of fever have appeared among them at the latter place. At last accounts it was thought the disease would not spread there.

In Florida the fever continues with unabated fury. To September 16th 995 cases and 126 deaths had been reported, and on the 18th there were 153 new cases and 20 deaths. The country has been responding nobly to the calls for aid and Congress has appropriated \$100,000 for the relief of the sufferers.

EXCLUSION OF CHINESE.—A bill has just passed both houses of Congress absolutely prohibiting the immigration of Chinese laborers to the United States. The occasion of its introduction was the supposed delay of the Chinese government to ratify some amendments made by the Senate to a treaty pending between the United States and China. The action is too hasty to be in keeping with the dignity of a great country like ours, but a great election is just ahead and both parties are anxious to

win the favor of the people on the Pacific slope who have been trying for the past fifteen years to secure effective legislation against Chinese la-

borers. The bill received the support of both parties and passed the two houses of Congress with almost no opposition.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

—Education on a “boom” in the Old North State!

—Oak Ridge Institute opens up with 125, and continues to make new additions every day.

—North Carolina Colleges, the University included, have opened this fall with a larger number of students than ever before.

—The opening at Wake Forest, this session, has eclipsed anything in its past history as to number. Already 190 have been matriculated and yet they come. It is not at all improbable that the number will swell to 225 before the end of the year.

—Chapel Hill has enrolled 170 students up to date and hopes to add 40 more to the number by the close of the session. We hope its most sanguine expectations may be fully realized.

—Princeton begins the new year with flattering prospects. The heart of the new president is made glad by a Freshman class of 150. The South Jersey Institute is also doing well. Its work is quiet but strong.

—At the Shelby District Conference thirty-one hundred dollars were raised for Trinity College. The future of this institution continues to grow brighter.

—Harvard has the honor of having the largest enrollment in 1887-'88 of any college in this country. Columbia comes next, Oberlin ranks third, Ann Arbor fourth, and Yale fifth.

—Prof. G. W. Greene's school at Moravian Falls has a patronage from a larger territory than, perhaps, any other institution of its class in North Carolina. A fact at which no one could be surprised who knows or ever knew anything of the ability and broad culture of its worthy principal—worthy did I say? yes, eminently worthy of any position of honor and trust bestowed by any of the highest institutions of learning in North Carolina.

This school from its infancy has enjoyed uninterrupted success. The present session opened with prospects bright and clear. We are unable to give the exact number enrolled, but it is much larger than usual.

—Greensboro and other towns have offered considerable inducements to Prof. Long, of Graham, N. C., to move his school. High Point proposed to give forty acres for a campus.

—The Oxford Female Seminary starts off with more students this fall than at any preceding session. Three States are represented—North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. It is thought that the number will reach 150 during the year.

—William Jewel College does not propose to aid a ministerial student during the first year of his connection with the college. After this time he receives help provided he shows himself worthy, but if not he is not encouraged to return.

—The laying of the corner stone of the Agricultural College, at Raleigh last month, was the beginning of a work that will prove of great benefit to North Carolina. The people of the State should see that this institution is well equipped in every department.

—The *Clinton Caucasian* is our authority for the following: "Wanted, A good school teacher for the town of Clinton. He must be a consistent member of all the following churches: Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, with a decided conviction that after all Bob Ingersoll is right. Such a man would do well."

How does that strike you?

—An English scholarship has been won by an American student. Gordon Taylor Hughes, son of the American Consul at Birmingham, England, of

seventeen summers, became one of fifty-two contestants for a Cambridge scholarship, valued at \$2,000. During the examination Hughes was confined to his bed on account of sickness, and was obliged to dictate his answers to a stenographer. After an examination of four days the juvenile competitor's success was confirmed.

—Prof. George T. Winston, President of the North Carolina Teachers, Assembly, is said to be the only North Carolinian who has ever attained to first position in a class at either West Point or Annapolis.

—The Commission of Colleges in New England, on admission examinations in English, has adopted the following books: "Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar and As You Like it, Gray's Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard, Scott's Marmion, Johnson's Lives of Swift and Gray, Thackeray's English Humorist, Swift's Gulliver's Travels, Austen's Pride and Prejudice, Scott's Rob Roy." Every applicant for admission to the Freshman class in any of the New England Colleges is required to pass an examination upon the above named works. A step in the right direction! The day has already dawned not only in the North, but in the South as well when no one can leave college a respectable graduate who is not to some extent familiar with the principal works of the leading English and American Authors.

Has not the time come when Southern institutions may with propriety require something of this kind at least of the graduating class?

—The Bibotheque National library in Paris, founded by Louis XIV, is the largest in the world. It has more than 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. It contains over 1,300,000 engravings in about 10,000 volumes. The number of paintings is not less than 10,000.

—Dr. Edward Sheibe has been elected to a new professorship in the University of South Carolina. He was born in the city of Baltimore in 1850. After having been graduated at Georgetown, D. C., he spent seven years in Europe in study, then returned in 1876, with a Leipsic degree. Four years ago Dr. Sheibe was elected to the presidency of the new State Normal School of Louisiana, at Natchitoches, and has done a good work under great disadvantages, until the close of the present year.

—One-half of one per cent. of the young men of the country are college graduates; sixty-five per cent. of the Presidents of the United States have been college graduates; Vice-Presidents, fifty per cent.; Speakers of the House of Representatives, fifty per cent.; members of the Senate forty-

six per cent.: Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, seventy-three per cent.; Chief Justices, eighty-three per cent.; Cabinet Officers, fifty-four per cent. Draw your own conclusions as to the value of a college education.—*Ex.*

—Brought back to America by the city of New York, a young Virginian of whom we may well feel proud, David Watson Taylor, of the Green Springs, Louisa county, Virginia. Mr. Taylor graduated at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, in the summer of 1885, many points higher than any record ever made before at that school. He was appointed to the scholarship at the English Naval College, at Greenwich, given by the British government to the best graduate of the United States Naval Academy. Each year since he has taken a higher stand at his examinations than any student at Greenwich, and this summer completed the course and graduated seven points higher than the standard required for the first grade, and was the only student in his class who obtained the first grade. His graduating mark was next to the highest ever made at this world renowned school.

SCIENCE NOTES.

BY PROF. W. L. POTEAT.

A COMPASS PLANT.—There grows in Oregon and Texas a dwarf variety of the osier named by botanists *Sylphium laciniatum*. It is a perennial and grows to be about three feet high. The peculiarity of the plant is that the position of the leaves invariably indicate the north and south line. In the localities where it is found, therefore, it might serve travellers in the place of the magnetic needle, and with somewhat more of accuracy and definiteness than the "moss" on the north side of trees upon which the opossum hunter in southern woods is said to rely. This extraordinary habit is believed to result from the equal receptivity for light characterizing the two surfaces of the leaves. The under surface of the leaves of most plants is provided with many more respiratory pores than the upper surface. It is so in all the known varieties of *Sylphium* except the *laciniatum*. In order to secure an equal distribution of light upon both their surfaces, its leaves assume a vertical position and turn their edges to the sun, so that one surface looks east and the other west.

HAY FEVER.—An example of the importance and value of the microscope in the diagnosis and prevention of disease is supplied in hay fever. Although of rare occurrence and short duration, its symptoms are distressing enough to have led to the organiza-

tion of the United States Hay Fever Association, composed of its idiosyncratic victims. It is generally believed to be due to the inhalation of the emanations from "spring" grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*). These "emanations" inflame the mucous membrane of the respiratory passages, and there follow the symptoms of a severe cold accompanied occasionally by asthmatic paroxysms. What are these emanations? In several instances they have been shown to be pollen grains of different plants. Prof. Samuel Lockwood, President of the Hay Fever Association, a few months ago, described the pollen which fills the air in the White mountains at certain times, causing great suffering among the hay fever victims in the various hotels and sanitarium. The microscope showed the pollen to be that of "golden rod" and "rag-weed." More recently a correspondent of one of the medical journals has given the following particulars of a case. A lady owned a beautiful plantation on the Mississippi. She could remain at home the entire year in perfect health except at a certain season in early spring. Then she would begin to sneeze and after a day or two of occasional spells of sneezing and watery discharge from the nostrils, symptoms of fever would come on. These were attended with asthma and the swelling of the lids, inflamma-

tion, and finally a complete closing of the eyes. Unless she left home, this condition would last not less than two weeks and sometimes as long as six. But if she left home even for a few miles, she would recover at once. It being clear that the cause of the trouble was local and mechanical, the discharge from the nose was submitted to microscopic examination and found to be full of a certain kind of

pollen. A systematic search of the trees of the place showed the pollen to be that of a species of alder which grew in great abundance there, but nowhere else in the country. All the trees of that species were ordered to be cut down, and after that the attacks were much milder, though she did not quite escape. This was no doubt owing to trees growing on land not belonging to her.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

—Mr. T. W. Page gets \$600 for "Two Little Veterans" now running in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harris has an offer of \$3,000 for his novel entitled "Aaron," the tale of a runaway slave on which he is now engaged.

—Miss Amelie Rives (Mrs. Chandler) says, "My next work will be a play, its title is Ethelwood. It is based on incidents in English history just prior to the reign of Henry II. The Harpers have secured it and it will be issued about the first of the year. After that I have no fixed plan but will naturally continue to write."

—James Russell Lowell says, the reason that he escaped the financial embarrassment, with which most literary beginners have to contend, was because the first five hundred copies of his first volume were burned in the publishers establishment which was

insured for all that it was worth. Mr. Lowell having received full compensation for all his labors, had the pleasure of knowing that his entire edition was quickly exhausted.

—Fred A. Ober is the author of "Montezuma's Gold Mines," a story of adventure in Mexico while the hero and a young Indian were in search of treasurers. The author's frequent use of Spanish words smacks of affectation, and will be apt to annoy some of his young readers—The Book Buyer.

—The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia and other similar institutions of Europe are now discussing the needs of an international language, and how it may be brought about. Some of the greatest philologists find many objections to the Volapuk. They say it contains too much grammar, since the English,

French, German, Spanish and Italian are the chief commercial languages of the world at the present time, they think the language should be based on the "Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms." Its "Alphabet must comprise no sounds and its grammar no inflections which are not found in each one of these five commercial languages." Thus it will contain about five vowels and fifteen consonants, a very few pages of grammar and a large vocabulary.

—A Story of Turkey, by Stanly Lane Poole, gives the political position of Turkey in European politics the outline of its history, the rise and decline of the Ottoman Empire, and an outline of Ottoman literature. "The book is excellently written, has many illustrations, and is altogether one of the best of the Story of the Nation's Series."

—"At Home and in War," by Alexander V. Verestchagin is pronounced by some to be the most successful war book ever written in Europe.

Mr. Verestchagin has just made his appearance in Russian literature and some parts of his book are a little tedious, though he gives a fine description of "domestic customs and pursuits and various amusements of summer and winter."

He was an adjutant to General Skobelev in the Russo-Turkish war and his descriptions of battle are so vivid and realistic that they "make the man of war stand before us as if alive."

—Lew Wallace has written another book. This time it is "The Life of Gen. Ben. Harrison." We predict that it will be in less demand than either "Ben Hur" or "The Fair God," especially after the November election.

—The second volume of "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thos. Stevens, is now out. This volume gives a detailed account of his trip from Teheran to Yokohama. It is eminently "a narrative of romantic adventure" and is full of instruction and entertainment.

—William Black the Scottish author possesses an inordinate love of nature. Early in life he attempted to paint but made so complete a failure as an artist that he became an "art critic" and is more successful with pen than brush.

Mr. Black began writing about 1870, and since then has averaged one novel a year.

He spends his time from April to October sporting and travelling, but "makes his note book his daily companion and is quick to jot down" any landscape or atmospheric phenomenon that particularly strikes his fancy.

Mr. Black forms his stories while travelling, and it is during the winter months that he transfers them from his note-book and his retentive mind to his manuscript.

—"The University Publishing Company have added to their list of books, *German Simplified* by Professor Augustin Knoflach, of New York, corresponding member of the Berlin Society for the study of modern Languages." Ship it south if you please.

—The International Geological Congress met in London on the 17th of September, but we have not yet heard what was accomplished. The *Athenaeum* says it was to be the greatest concourse of distinguished geologists ever assembled in any country. They were to discuss the unification of geological nomenclature, to talk over the systems and coloring of geological maps, to wrangle good humoredly over the vexed question of crystalline schists and of course to make the acquaintance of their fellow workers from foreign lands, to exhibit specimens, compare notes and exchange opinions.

—The following description of young Mexican ladies from Blake and Sullivan's "Mexico," strikes us as being quite unique. "The pretty girls are exquisite; the slender oval of the face, the rich olive of the cheek. the long, sweeping dark lashes over superb eyes glowing at once with passion and tenderness, the low forehead with its rippling mass of dusky hair, the slender neck, the lithe form, the springing step, and the dainty foot made them like a poet's dream of darkly brilliant loveliness not to be measured by any type with which we have been heretofore familiar."

—Edward Payson Roe, who died on July the 19th, at the age of fifty years, wielded, perhaps, a greater and wider influence than any American author. Although he received more than his share of bitter criticism he took it all in the christian spirit and always endeavored to benefit himself by it.

His books in cloth have had a circulation of from 22,000 to 69,000; and

the total number of his sixteen volumes already published in cloth and paper amounts to 1,377,000 copies.

Mr. F. W. Higginson expresses our ideas of this great author for the common people and uncommon as well, in the following lines.

"Mr. Roe accomplished the first elementary duty of an author—he secured a hearing. He was like the great popular orators, Beecher, Gough and the rest, in that there was no trouble about collecting his audiences. But his books like their speeches have a vast service to render the translation into simple language for a million readers of the first principles of social ethics, of personal rectitude, of an industrious and innocent life. These they render into plain words without any harmful influence and with no alloy, but common placeness, indeed, common placeness is not an alloy it is only dilution. Every manufacturing town is better, for instance, for having a set of Roe's novels on the shelves of its public library, they may not be a literary diet so good as Scott or Thackeray but the advantage is that the factory girls will read Roe while they leave Scott and Thackeray on the shelves."

If Mr. Higginson will except "Ivanhoe," "Henry Esmond" and one or two others his remarks will be as true of college boys as factory girls.

—The *Literary News* has this to say of our favorite authoress and a book lately discovered. The learning of George Elliot was wider, deeper and rarer than her contemporary critics discovered or appreciated, not the strangest incident in it was the ev-

idence that she had read the autobiography of Solomon Maimon, which was only to be had in German until now. Dr. J. Clark Murray, of McGill College, came across a copy of it in Toronto and turned it into excellent English. A more extraordinary volume does not exist in our literature. Defoe could not have imagined anything more fantastic, nor French dramatist contrived anything more frank.

We judge that the English people are great readers, since "there are reported to be 14,000 in London who make a living by writing books, contributing to the magazines and daily newspapers."

LOVE IN LEAP YEAR.

She asked him once, she asked him twice,
 She asked him thrice to wed.
 He thought her friendship "very nice,"
 But each time shook his head.

At last, when he felt more inclined
 The wedded state to try,
 He told her he had changed his mind,
 But she said, "So have I."—*Kemper Bocock.*

ANGELS.

O, woman ! lovely woman ! nature made thee
 To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you !
 There's in you all that we believe in heaven :
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.—*Otway.*

—A volume of poems by J. H. Gillespie, of Duplin county, N. C., is now in press, and will soon be issued by Edwards & Broughton, of Raleigh.

We are personally acquainted with Mr. Gillespie; have read and very much enjoyed a few of his productions, and shall hail this book with delight.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

==Hurrah!

==195 Students!

==More than ever before at this stage of the session.

==At this rate more buildings will have to be erected to accommodate the increased number of students.

==Some changes have been made in the recitation rooms. Prof. Sledd occupies the old Latin room, while Dr. Manly has more spacious quarters in

the former Natural History room. Prof. Carlyle is accommodated in the old Chemistry room in the old building, and Prof. Poteat has two rooms in the new Chemical Laboratory. These quarters are not large enough for him. Besides, these rooms are needed for the students of Chemistry. Prof. Poteat deserves, and ought to have, a large and elegant Natural History building. Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, what say ye?

—Dr. Taylor is absent in Western Carolina on business for the college. During his absence, Dr. Wm. Royall and Prof. Michael will hear his classes.

—Our Campus is being enclosed by a rock wall. When completed it will be covered with ivy, so as to present an antiquated appearance.

—Work in the new Laboratory is being rapidly pushed ahead. Desks are being fitted up, and students will soon begin practical chemistry in earnest.

—Miss Blanche Boushall, of Camden county, and Miss Annie Bond, of Edenton, spent several days on the Hill during the first of September, visiting Miss Sallie Wingate.

—Miss Belle Wingate is now teaching in South Carolina. Miss Eva Belle Simmons has taken her place in the Faculty of the Female Seminary of this place.

—Our efficient and scholarly Alumni editor, Prof. Poteat, has, at last, owing to the pressing work of his department, severed his connection with the STUDENT. While we deeply deplore his loss, and shall greatly miss his matured and excellent judgment, still we cannot but admit that he has well earned his release from its arduous duties. Since its very beginning he has superintended the magazine, and to him is due in no small measure the credit of placing it in the front rank of college monthlies. His mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders—Prof. J. B. Carlyle, who is too well known to our readers to require any further comment.

—Prof. Beckwith has purchased the Montague place. Mrs. Dr. Fowler occupies it as a boarding-house. Prof. B. and bride board with her.

—Mr. G. T. Watkins stopped over and spent several days on the Hill while on his way to the Seminary. He has taken all the studies in the A. B. course and will get his diploma next June.

—The Senior Class numbers twenty-six—the largest in the history of the college. The following are its officers: President, W. C. Dowd; Vice-President, H. A. Foushee; Secretary and Treasurer, C. G. Wells; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Shaw.

—Base ball is “all the go” just now. The college can boast of two very good nines. More enthusiasm is manifested than we remember to have ever seen here before. We are glad so much interest is manifested, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” is as true of the college student as of the small boy.

—Wake Forest grows slowly but surely. The elegant mansion of Mr. Robert Royall, on Pennsylvania Avenue, is nearly completed. Maj. Riddick has remodeled and refitted the “Transient House” for the accommodation of travellers and students. Mr. M. Purefoy has also repainted and enlarged his store. While a little lower down on the same street Messrs. W. C. Powell & Co., are erecting a large warehouse for the storage of cotton.

—The other day one of our bachelor professors while on his accustomed evening stroll captured two little snakes. He put them in an envelope, sealed it nicely, and laid it carefully away in the breast pocket of his coat. At the Faculty meeting that night he presented the envelope and its supposed contents to the Professor of Natural History. But to his surprise and consternation, the envelope was empty—the snakes were gone. Then with a look of unutterable horror on his face, the said bachelor professor retired to an adjoining room, and with the aid of his friends proceeded to search for the venomous reptiles. One of them was finally found, but the whereabouts of the other have not yet been ascertained.

Moral: Never carry snakes in your pocket.

—One of the members of last years' class writes confidentially to a friend in the following strain: "A certain angelic form whose cheeks are as the morning rose kissed by the sparkling dewdrops, and whose eyes are as the gazelle's, and whose hair falls in golden ringlets about her alabaster neck, and whose pure soul pours forth an inexhaustible stream of ecstasies weetness, and subduing love, haunts my day visions and visits my night dreams and whispers things in my ears that disturb my equilibrium." Old boy, allow me to speak Frank(ly): Stick to your law books and be more careful in your diet, or we won't be responsible for the consequences.

—We are indebted to Mr. W. C.

Dowd for the following report of Prof. Purinton's lecture :

"The first of a course of lectures to be delivered by eloquent and learned men was delivered in the college chapel Thursday evening Sept. 20th, by Prof. A. L. Purinton, on 'Hand Culture.'

"Our President has said that a lecturer before an audience of college students is dealing with dynamite. This being the case, our Professor showed himself an experienced chemist, for he certainly made the dynamite act in obedience to his will. And yet there were a number of explosions when we could refrain no longer.

"The lecture was excellent. A happy vein of humor ran all through it. The subject matter was eminently useful and instructive. The thought was couched in pleasing language, and the speaker seemed master of himself and subject.

"We hesitate before attempting to reproduce or give a synopsis of it, feeling that we will do the speaker an injustice and misrepresent the lecture. Suffice it to say, that he touched upon the hand, with its wonderful mechanism, as Nature's badge of superiority, being in a greater or less degree an index of character; when well trained an efficient servant of the will; otherwise, a bunglesome agent, unable to do the bidding of the regulator of actions. The cultured hand, by putting into tangible shape the creations of the brain, has not only preserved the products of inventive genius in the past, but by preserving them has made possible the gigantic strides of modern

civilization. Had there been no cultured hand to put into execution the conceptions of the brain, the Garden of Eden would have been capable of containing all improvements in human civilization. Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, are especially adapted to the training of the hand; but these branches are not to be studied to the neglect of the classics, or, as Vance says, you must not study one to the exclusion of the other. That would be like a tailor who made nothing but coats. He thinks it would be better to have pants as well as coats. Hand culture is attained more by a proper system of manipulation and manual training than by athletics. The climax was reached when he said that no hand is completely cultivated until it is trained to spontaneous deeds of kindness and christian charity, for how often have eminent and careful astronomers scanned the starry dome and never seen the bright and shining light of the Star of Bethlehem; how many geologists in all their diggings and researches in the bosom of the earth, have never found the Rock of Ages; what numbers of chemists have failed to discover the healing qualities of redeeming blood.

"Assuredly it was good, and we hope to hear more like it ere the season is far advanced."

IN MEMORIAM.

Only one short week ago our beloved friend and brother, Robt. Lee Bass, was seemingly as far from the grave as any of us. Now he lies cold

and silent in death. We are left with an aching void to mourn his loss; he no doubt is rejoicing and singing with the myriads of angels and arch-angels that surround his Master's throne. Truly it is our loss but his gain. We mourn for our companion, not because of what has befallen him, but because no more forever shall we have the pleasure of meeting him in our daily walk, or in our social gatherings.

His lips are forever silent in the recitation room, but up yonder his tongue continually recites the praises of his Redeemer. We shall no more hear his voice in our Society, but his upright walk and gentlemanly deportment while among us will be a strong and continuous argument for honest living. No more will we listen to his voice raised in his Saviour's cause when we meet in our Society of Christian Endeavor, but the glorious thought that he is in heaven will continuously preach a sermon in burning words of eloquence, beckoning us to that place of eternal joy.

He was honest, frank, affectionate, and universally beloved and esteemed by those who knew him. Our hearts are torn and bleeding at this sad affliction, but we bow in humble submission to the will of our Father. In consideration of all these things be it

Resolved, 1st. That we as students, with hearts saddened with grief, have lost a kind and loving school-fellow, and an earnest christian friend whose many virtues we should strive to emulate.

Resolved, 2d. That we, the Philomathesian Society, have lost one of

our most loyal and esteemed members, and that out of respect for his memory we wear our usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, 3d. That the christian ministry has lost a young man of promise, who was educating himself that he might be the better prepared to labor in his Master's vineyard.

Resolved, 4th. That we with grief-stricken hearts extend our sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives, and urge them not to mourn for him as for one who had no hope.

Resolved, 5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the *STUDENT*, *Biblical Recorder* and *Religious Herald*; also that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and spread on the minutes of our Society

W. C. DOWD,

J. O. ATKINSON,

G. L. MERRELL,

Committee.

Done by order of the Philomathean Society.

WAKE FOREST, N. C. Sep. 22, 1888.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

—'52. Maj. James H. Foote is not only one of the most prosperous farmers in Wilkes, but, as all citizens ought to do, takes a prominent part in the political affairs of his section.

—'53. R. Y. McAden, Esq., of Charlotte, is a striking example of what the college graduate may do in active business life. He is one of the wealthiest men in that city, and is President of the First National Bank of Charlotte and proprietor of seven plaid factories. And in addition to his business affairs, he has taken a prominent part in politics and has represented his county in the Legislature.

—'56. Rev. L. H. Shuck, D. D., of Paducah, Ky., recently received a gold-headed cane from one of the members of the First Church of

Charleston, S. C., where he was pastor thirteen years. The cane is made of the wood of the old pulpit recently removed. Mr. T. Tupper, father of Secretary Tupper, had the wood for that pulpit imported from the West Indies about fifty years ago. The cane, therefore, is valuable both on account of its costly finish and the delightful associations connected with it.—*Religious Herald*, July 12.

—'68. Prof. F. P. Hobgood, Oxford, N. C., was reelected Moderator of the Flat River Association. This position he has held for several years and is likely to hold for as many to come.

—'71. The *Religious Herald* of June 28th, has the following to say of Rev. C. Durham, of Raleigh: "It has now

been eleven years since Rev. C. Durham went down to Scotland Neck, N. C., and held a protracted meeting. That meeting paved the way for the great successes the Baptists have since had in that region. Bro. Durham, as Corresponding Secretary of State Missions, is now holding such meetings in many destitute sections of his State. Other States might profit by the example of our N. C. brethren in putting one of their strongest brethren at this work."

—'78. The *News and Observer* is to be congratulated for securing the services of Mr. J. C. Caddell, of this place, as staff reporter. Mr. Caddell is well informed, a splendid conversationalist, and the very man for the place.

—'78. We regret to learn that our old friend Mr. F. R. Cooper, of Clinton, has sold his interest in the *Caucasian* and has retired from the editorial chair, purposing to devote himself exclusively to his chosen profession, the law.—*Wilmington Star*.

—'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger, of Reidsville, N. C., was elected first Vice-President of the N. C. Dental Association at its last meeting. Dr. Rominger is one of the finest young dentists in the State, and is rapidly making his way to fame and fortune.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat of the Lee Street church Baltimore, Md., has accepted the call of the Calvary Church, New Haven, Conn. This is the leading Baptist church in that city. He will enter upon its pastorate about the first of October. The *Christian Secretary* speaks of him as "a

young man of rare talents and piety, thoroughly educated, and an earnest preacher."

—'82. Prof. E. G. Beckwith was united in marriage to Miss Kittie Ellington, of Clayton, during the summer.

—'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, late Professor of Greek at Judson College, N. C., has accepted the presidency of the Salisbury Academy, Mo., and will remove thither at an early date.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick, pastor of the First Church, Durham, spent the 20th of last month on the Hill shaking hands with friends.

—'83. Rev W. H. Osborne, of Asheville, delivered the literary address at the late commencement of Judson College. The papers complimented it very highly.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Pope, late of Warsaw, has entered upon his duties as pastor at Olympia, Washington Territory.

—'84. We congratulate the town of Henderson on securing Prof. W. V. Savage as Principal of the Henderson Male Academy. His election by the educational board of the town is but another evidence of Henderson's determination to lead in all matters progressive, for which it now has a State reputation. Prof. Savage has been connected with the Raleigh Graded Schools for three years, commencing as teacher of a single grade, and last year holding the responsible position of Principal of the Centennial Graded School. His ability is recognized generally by the people of Raleigh,

and the progress of pupils under his supervision and their love for him, are the highest indications of its existence. While we regret Raleigh's loss, we heartily congratulate Henderson on her acquisition morally, intellectually and socially, and assure her she has made no mistake.—*News and Observer*.

—'85. Mr. J. R. Hunter has returned to college, and is taking a post-graduate course in French, German and Chemistry.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding has succeeded to the principalship of the Sandford High School and Miss Maggie Norfleet is teacher of music. The people are delighted with their new Faculty.—*N. C. Teacher*.

—'86. During the summer Rev. J. L. White accepted the call to Elizabeth City. His brethren were so well pleased with him that they have built him a new parsonage.

—'86. We notice that Mr. J. W. Tayloe, of Winston, is now a full fledged M. D., having taken his diploma at the University of Virginia at its last commencement.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson of Thomasville Female College was the first one of his class to enter upon the state of married blessedness. Miss Florence Shaw, of Carthage, is his happy partner.

—'87. Mr. H. E. Copple is Principal of the school at Rock Rest, North Carolina.

—'87. Mr. W. J. Matthews is now Professor of Ancient Languages at the Bardstown Female Institute, Bardstown, Ky. Matthews was an excellent student and we wish him much success in the "Blue Grass" State.

—'88. Mr. J. H. Simmons is also back in order to obtain his A. M. degree.

—'88. Rev. A. T. Howell has charge of the Reynoldson Male Institute, Gates county.

—'88. Mr. B. F. Hassell, Jr., is now Principal of the Westfield High School, Stokes county.

—'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten has charge of some churches at Harrell's Store, Sampson county.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Boothe was married June 27th, to Miss Sarah C. Norriss, of this county.

—'88. Mr. T. E. Holding has entered the drug business. He belongs to the firm, Edwards, Holding & Co., of this place.

—While in Oxford recently we had the pleasure of grasping by the hand our old friend, Mr. C. D. Ray. Charles is considered one of the best business young men in Oxford and is succeeding well. He has found his college training no barrier to success, but far from it; says that he now wishes he had taken the remaining year of his course. Those of our students who expect to enter business should take special note of this.

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[No. 2.


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LAISSEZ FAIRE IS THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF GOVERNMENT.

What is meant by *laissez faire* in government? Just this, that the State ought to protect each man in his life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, guaranteeing to him the greatest liberty compatible with the like liberty of his fellows, but beyond this, that the State has no moral or economic right to interfere. This is sustained on the propositions that the man is the prime factor in society; that the State is not his master but his servant created by him through necessity for protection, and this alone; that nature and nature's God have decreed this to be the true order of things; that the greatest good accrues to mankind when this order is strictly adhered

to, but the greatest evil when it is perverted. As some suppose, this *principle*, otherwise termed *theory*, is not an idle fancy unrealized and unrealizable, but it is an actual reality, tried, tested, weighed in the balance and not found wanting. It is shown both by theory and practice that *laissez faire* secures the greatest individual and social development. Social progress is but the resultant of the individual progress of many persons associated together; therefore whatever tends to the greatest individual development, likewise tends to the greatest advancement of the community; and whatever hinders individual progress hinders that of the

community also. Now the main-springs of individual development are desires implanted within the man seeking gratification. Therefore, to allow each man to seek his own gratification in his own way, must result in the greatest progress of the entire body politic. It has not been the beneficent interference of the State that has lifted poor fallen humanity from a state of barbarism to that of refinement and culture, but the man has lifted himself through the pursuit of his own gratifications. He has produced crops of lucious fruits where once wild berries fed the birds of the air. He has erected beautiful mansions where once the wigwam housed the savage. He has built up an immense system of commerce whose limits are only fixed by the confines of the globe. Impelled by man's enterprising spirit, white sails have floated over every sea from the frozen regions of the North to the mysterious realms of the South. Instead of the State aiding these enterprises its whole course has been to thwart and derange. It was not the State that surveyed the miraculous movements of the planets and brought the heavens in reach of earth. It was not the State that developed the sciences of mathematics, physics and chemistry which have made the Nineteenth century a noonday in the march of civilization. But all these things have come of the spontaneous activities of individuals, while the State incessantly endeavored to hinder, fearing lest by such improvements it would lose its own unjust ascendancy.

And history establishes the fact that all this progress has varied inversely as State interference. When State control has been great, progress has been proportionally slow; when the State has been less paternal, progress has been greater.

It was just after free institutions and open discussion had been wrenched from the ruling despot and planted in the fertile soil of popular sovereignty by the invincible blades of Cromwell's gladiators that the smothered germs of physical science, which had put forth their fibres through the brain of the immortal Bacon, began to bear abundant fruit for suffering humanity wherever the proud goddess of liberty was welcomed.

Why did letters, science, and philosophy flourish more in Athens than in Sparta? Why has England prospered more than the nations on the continent? Why has progress of every kind in America surpassed the rest of the world? Clearly because where State interference is least, human achievements are the greatest. Then should State intermeddling be entirely abrogated, by a simple mathematical conclusion, the progress of mankind would be its maximum. Hence the truth of the original proposition. But an objector says that there are certain evils extant in society such as intemperance, poverty, illiteracy, and labor troubles, which the State must eradicate before the wheels of progress can roll on. Now to any one familiar with the course of events in the past there can be no doubt

that there are forces at work in nature which are tending to the perfectibility of human society. Verily there is a constant adaptation going on between humanity and its coaditions, and the evils referred to are necessary and inevitable in consequence of this lack of adaptation. But when the adaptation is complete the evils will vanish just as chaff is driven before the winds. And all the kings and legislatures and congresses this side of Hades cannot eradicate them before the time prescribed by nature. When men implore the State to interfere with such issues they remind me of musquitoes playing around the horns of a western buffalo bull praying him for humanity's sake to roll the Rocky Mountains into the sea. Nature's developments are slow. Continents rise but a few inches in the course of a century. It took two thousand years to blot from Europe the galling yoke of slavery. Hence men become impatient and implore the *State* to supplement the forces of *nature* with its own *wonderful power*. How presumptuous! how irreverent!

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light,
To seek the bounteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

We are told that a certain fellow once lamented because he had not been consulted when the world was being made, for he thought he could have given some valuable suggestions. From such unparalleled arrogance the sentimental shrink back in

holy horror, yet they smile and connive at the action of government when it presumptuously attempts to put a few *patches* on nature and so *rectify* the errors of omnipotence. "What fools we mortals be!"

Inasmuch as interference by the State beyond its natural function of protection is in conflict with natural laws, such interference must, from the very nature of the case, be a failure and inflict positive injuries. This conclusion is abundantly justified by the facts of history. Were we to search the records of State interference from the time of Julius Cæsar to the administration of Chester A. Arthur, we would find nothing but nations' crimes. I could sooner find a diamond in the dark and dingy waters of the Ganges than show a successful enactment of a paternal government. Is not one-half of the time of each legislature occupied in repealing the acts of its predecessor and the remaining half consumed in enacting laws only to be vomited out from the sick stomachs of an exasperated public? The whole range of state interference seems to be one unbroken chain of fantastic experiments. And think ye that an impracticable experiment can be tried on the public with impunity when the property, the happiness, the lives of millions are at stake? From the time of William the Conqueror to the semi-centennial of Victoria's reign more than twenty thousand measures were enacted by the British Parliament which either directly or indirectly affected the people's industries;

yet we find in a memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone by a highly influential public assembly concerning the state of the nation in consequence of these numerous interferences, the following conclusive words :

Says the memorial—"There is still a lamentable and deplorable state of our whole arrangements, with regard to public works—vacillation, uncertainty, costliness, extravagance, meanness and all the conflicting views that could be enumerated are united in our present system." And this is the result of the interference of a legislature containing the "collected wisdom of the nation" and having at its disposal the experience and warnings of its predecessors for centuries.

Again, the poor-law commissioners, after surveying the entire field, make this discouraging report to Parliament: 'They say—"We find that there is scarcely one statute connected with the administration of public relief which has produced the end designed by the legislature and that the majority of them have created new evils and aggravated those which they were intended to prevent." Can words be more conclusive? Yet, in the face of these convincing facts, men continue to fall at the feet of the government like the heathen worshippers of Juggernaut and implore its beneficence. For long years greedy England has endeavored to manage affairs in Ireland. How has she succeeded? Has the late coercion bill accomplished its purpose? On the contrary, whereas England intended to promote happiness

and thrift, she has blighted the land with indolence and misery; whereas she intended to do justice to Ireland, every nook and corner is familiar with her injustices; whereas she sought peace and tranquility, devastating war and civil insurrection has drenched the fated land with human gore. And this is a fair illustration of every department of British interference. If all the miseries entailed by interference on the part of the British Parliament could be brought together in one volume so heart-rending would be the scene methinks the stars now set in the firmament would veil their faces and refuse to behold the awful sight! And if it be objected that I refer to excessive and unqualified interferences, I reply that one must be as justifiable as another, for all were enacted in the vain attempt to promote the *general welfare*.

Not unlike this has been the result of interference by the American Congress. Our constitution was framed on the principle of individual freedom and equality of right as its fundamental idea. And it was well known that this principle could not be maintained intact if any interference beyond specified powers were allowed. For "to interfere either to aid or to restrict any industry of any person, class, or section would be to vouchsafe to one person, class, or section an advantage not guaranteed to another;" hence equality of privilege would be violated and the fundamental idea set aside. Seeing the situation in this light, and being familiar with the abuses of paternalism, the fathers determined to

debar the general government from any interference by expressly defining its functions. And so long as Congress adhered to the letter of the organic law the American government was the very *embodiment* of *laissez faire*. And I need not add that during this period America was admired by all the world. Her star was seen in the east and wise men came to worship at her shrine. But no sooner did Congress begin to meddle beyond its specified limits than the fundamental idea was set aside and a long train of unjust discriminations began. When a protective tariff was first enacted contrary to the constitution which allows a tariff for revenue only, there began that current, then small, but now voluminous, which, gathering its waters from many sources, rolls on in solemn majesty, enriching the few at the expense of the many. It is this which has transformed the once opulent and independent farmers of the South into a class of helpless slaves, bound hand and foot to Northern capital, and tottering under heavy and increasing debts. It is this which has built up those colossal fortunes which are now even more threatening to American liberty than was the sword of Cæsar to the liberties of Rome. It is this which has engendered in the administration of public affairs extravagance, corruption, and monopoly. It is this which is now selling free sons of Columbia into the fetters of their landlord neighbors. Away with such interference! Away with that delusive phantom—protective tariff! It is a

child of aggression; it has been rocked in the cradle of injustice; it is crowned tyrant of the free!

Another unqualified interference was in the enactment of the Internal Revenue law. It is tyrannical in the extreme. It has instituted a system by which officers of the government pry into the most private concerns of the people. It has impaired that fraternal feeling so essential to the perpetuity of a free country. It has engendered a species of robbery, theft, and murder. Memorials of its wrongs mark every county in every state from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Oleomargarine Act, which sought to discourage the manufacture of that commodity, has, on the contrary, encouraged it. The newly enacted inter-state commerce law, which was intended to regulate traffic more equitably, is now pronounced a failure.

These instances are sufficient to prove that the entire scope of interference in America is strown with failures, wrongs, and abuses. But still some call on the general government to assume control of railways and telegraphs, establish and maintain by taxation free public schools, and be in general the guardian of the people's affairs.

In Germany and Belgium, where railways and telegraphs are under the control of the State, and partially also in England, the same complaints are heard, the same unjust discriminations, the same high rates except where they are lowered at public expense.

The loan made to the several States in 1826 for education by the general government resulted in the moral and economic degeneration of the educational spirit, which once strong and independent, now crouched as a pen-sive suppliant at the doors of the federal capital. Is it the part of wise men to fly in the face of experience? Ah! whenever a Senate of money-bags and a House of capricious and untrustworthy demagogues are fit subjects to educate the rising generation, it will be time to look for grapes on thorns and figs on thistles. But if this perilous tendency to centralization be not checked it will ere long become irresistible. Already bills are introduced to single out certain states to put their elections under the control of national officials; whole societies are praying for the establishment of national newspapers and printing presses; so-called reform parties are demanding that every delinquent voter be driven to the ballot like a beast of burden under the lash. Is the freedom of the press to be abrogated? Will men "listen to the song of the siren until she transforms them into beasts?" When the wooden horse was about to be rolled into the city of Troy as a peace offering, well did that noble Trojan exclaim: "I fear the Greeks even when bringing *gifts*." And well might we add, "I fear the encroachments of the government even when *promising good*."

To the foregoing let the proposition be subjoined, that paternalism, socialism and anarchy are inevitable if *laissez faire* is rejected.

Says a distinguished English professor in speaking on this subject: "When once you begin to interfere with the order of nature there is no knowing where the results will end." Let the waters of the great Mississippi once transgress their natural bounds, though the break be small at first, the whole adjoining country will ultimately be submerged. The natural tendency of State interference is by no means dissimilar. Let us observe this tendency. When the State once interferes beyond its natural functions in behalf of a supposed common interest and fails to accomplish the end designed, as we have seen it must, the deluded public believing the State to be able to do anything, conclude that the end has not been prosecuted with sufficient vigor, and so begin to clamor for a strengthening of the machinery and a multiplication of its resources. In response the government enlarges its functions and multiplies its offices until step by step the entire field of private enterprise has been swallowed up and all individual interests crushed before the remorseless wheels of the idol god—common interest.

Thus it is that the State by furnishing free public schools has produced a clamor for national aid on a larger scale. Thus it is that a small percentage ad valorem on a few imported articles has grown into an onerous, discriminating and aggressive tariff. Thus it is that interference to regulate the duties of the Sabbath has led to such fingerings in time past that the State was actually

crowned god of the heart and its emotions. Thus unconsciously men sell their bir h-rights for a mess of pottage, but soon, like the deluded Esau, they lift up their voices and weep because they find themselves unawares slaves—slaves to an irrepressible sovereign!

But those of the opposite school assure us that State interference is to be limited ere it reaches such a fatal issue. And how? Suppose the State be allowed to interfere by sanitary regulations to promote health. Now if it is the business of the state to promote health it ought to use every means to accomplish this end. Then it would be well to have a government official to supervise each table and prescribe the time of going to bed, for gluttony and late hours are said to impair health.

Or, if the object of the State in educating be to make good citizens, then every means to attain the same end ought to be allowed. And as a healthy body is as necessary as a cultured mind in making a good citizen, if the mind be educated the body ought to be fed, clothed and kept decent all at the public expense. Hence "between the one extreme of entire non-interference and the other extreme in which every citizen is to be transformed into a grown-up baby with 'bib and pap-spoon,' " where is the line to be drawn? and why must it be just there and nowhere else?

Each interference is justified on the broad basis of general welfare. And who is to judge whether a measure

is for the common good or not? Certainly the body that wants it, the State—there is no other. Then the State is made the sole judge of all its acts and accordingly an irresponsible entity. Now on this basis of action every measure of every despot in ancient and mediævil times, however extravagant, can be justified. No doubt when Pharaoh ordered the Jewish infants to be drowned he firmly believed it to be for the *general welfare*. Spain sought to promote the *general welfare* by exterminating all dissenters from the established faith. It was for the *general welfare* that France instituted that system by which all manufactories were inspected, and unless certain articles were made of certain prescribed material and sold at the price fixed by the state, the transgressor was marched out to the guillotine. Rome tried to promote the *general welfare* by dealing out bread to the populace after the manner of feeding swine.

Hence on this basis of legislation there is positively no limit to the functions and powers of the government and republics become mere modernized monarchies endowed with all the powers of oppression ever possessed by their ancient sisters. The visions of the great Jefferson vanish like ærial phantoms, and mankind must tread once more the beaten paths of subjection, not freedom.

Some have supposed that, although paternalism is the ultimate goal of State interference, the inevitable result of *laissez faire* is anarchy, and between the two evils the former is

preferable. But so far from this being true, I consider, and am fully confirmed by facts, that *laissez faire* is the only safeguard against anarchy as well as socialism. Anarchy and socialism are the immediate products of a paternal government. They were not begotten on American soil but are imported articles, and I think they were admitted *free of tariff*. They hailed from Germany, and what government is more completely paternal than the German? — the last resting place of the iron crown of Lombardy. Here about the beginning of the century a confederation of laborers began to petition a redress of grievances and a recognition of their voice in political affairs. The State hearkened not but drew together the reins as their cries rose higher. Finally a part of those thus oppressed, judging all governments by the German, concluded that government in the abstract was a curse, and therefore resolved to overthrow it. Others having agitated their own interests so long and being unmindful of the interests of others, formed naturally an exaggerated opinion of their own importance, and so conceived the idea that all government should be for their especial benefit, and whoever chanced to occupy a higher position socially or financially ought to be dragged down to the general level. The one party became anarchists, the other socialists. Hence these pests of modern times are sprouts from the old trunk of a paternal government.

Such reflections as these once gave utterance to some noble and patriotic

words of warning: "Paternalism is a hydra-headed monster which carries in its bosom a *brood of vipers* that in the end will sting to death the dearest liberties of the people."

Paternalism and *laissez faire* being openly antagonistic, it is hardly to be supposed that their products would be identical, but the one is likely to be antagonistic to the fruits of the other, hence *laissez faire* becomes a safeguard against the evil effects just mentioned. For this is the most vigorous government possible within its sphere since the government performs one function and is especially adapted to this one. Anarchy cannot exist where justice is vigorously administered and social order carefully maintained. And besides, free soil is not adapted to the cultivation of anarchy; the two are incompatible.

Equally is *laissez faire* averse to socialism. The one makes the State one thing, the other makes it everything; the one makes the State the servant, the other the master of the people; the one secures the greatest progress, the other the greatest stagnation.

But it is still further objected that *laissez faire* is a weak government and must of necessity expose the body politic to the dangers of civil insurrection. No objection could be more utterly unfounded. History bears me out in the assertion that there never has been a civil war engendered because the State *failed* to interfere, but because the State *did interfere*, beyond its proper bounds. It was this which incited the French revolution.

It was this which caused the revolt of the Roundheads in England. It was this which kindled the fires in our own lamentable civil strife. These, with a hundred other civil insurrections and their attendant evils, must all be referred to their real source—state interference. Had the let-alone policy been at all times strictly adhered to, instead of cementing nations together with brothers' blood—instead of pinning together the social structure with poniards and bayonets—they would have been maintained by a strong fraternal feeling, united by a common patriotism, in bonds such as no earthly or human power could sever.

Seeing these truths as they are, no one at all interested in the welfare of our republic can but tremble in viewing her probable destiny. The truths embodied in the doctrine of *laissez faire* are those conceived by the illustrious sage of Monticello, propounded by South Carolina's eloquent son, and engrafted in the hearts of the people by the matchless hero of New Orleans, and on which the security and prosperity of our country assuredly depends. Portentious shadows cluster about the pernicious tendencies of these latter years.

Virgil tells us that when the ancient city of Troy lay smoldering in ashes; when her once glorious magnificence was but a heap of ruins; when her patriotic sons were writhing in Grecian tortures; while yet the faint groans of Hector were heard from the flying wheels of Achilles, that the avenging gods and goddesses convened on the hills o'erlooking the fated city to sing a last sad requiem over her fallen glory. In like manner I see paternalism, socialism, despotism, anarchy hovering around the very dome of our capitol in plain view of that monument erected to commemorate the deeds of the illustrious father of the republic, longing to sing the last funeral dirges over the ruins of that beautiful city on the banks of the Potomac.

Is it not the part of every patriotic man to stay this fatal hand? The paternal legislation of the United States Congress will eventually end in dissolution. The only antidote seems to be in a strict construction of, and a close adherence to, the powers delegated in the Constitution—herein our fairest hopes may be realized.

D. A. DAVIS.

EXCURSION TO NIAGARA.

"Now is my time to visit Niagara Falls," said I, as my eyes fell upon an advertisement stating that on August 2d, 1887, an excursion would be run from Connersville, Ind., to Niagara. About 4 o'clock P. M., we boarded a crowded train at Kingsland, Ind., and pulled out for Niagara, 400 miles distant. To my intense delight I was joined by a fresh Carolinian, who, of course, made a most genial companion.

All on board. A few puffs and jolts bring us to Fort Wayne, a city of eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants. Here several other coaches, filled with excursionists, were coupled on, increasing our number to more than one thousand people. With one notable exception, all were complete strangers to me, but I was Niagara-bound all the same.

With a view to the full enjoyment of the scenery which we hoped to take in on the following day, we thought it wise to pick up what little sleep we might on our way. With this consideration I soon found myself off mid the sweet scenes of slumber, while my more wakeful comrade kept watch over my couch. But, hark! what does this mean? Is the world all on fire, or have I flown away into the Saturnian system? Neither. I had only awoke to find myself flying through a constellation of natural gas lights. This *sub-terra*

gas has lately been obtained in quite a number of the towns and cities of this state. It burns with a pale-red luminous flame, and is utilized to great advantage in various ways—for cooking, warming, lights, &c. It is kept burning day and night to prevent it from escaping into the air, as it has a very disagreeable odor. It is generally found at a depth of from nine to twelve hundred feet. In some places wells have been sunk to a great depth without finding it at all. Some of these lights, it is supposed, make a vacuum of two million cubic feet per day. Scientists predict, as a result of these natural gas wells, either an awful explosion or a terrible earthquake, unless Congress takes some measures to prevent their further use. Their theories seem not to be entirely groundless.

"The lake! the lake! how beautiful!" cried the voice of a lonely sentinel, who was keeping watch over the slumbering freight. We are now in full view of Lake Erie, and all rush to the windows anxious to get the first glimpse of her cerulean waves. It was night, but the moon had climbed high up the eastern sky, whose light, aided by that of the stars, was sufficient for us to get some conception of Erie's sublimity. But as we shall have more to say of the lake on our return, we pass on to the Forest City, Cleveland, Ohio. Again

I awoke, and, looking down from an elevated railway upon a thousand lights beneath, it seemed as if the heavens had made some kind of a semi-revolution, and all the stars and planets were beneath, so brilliant and beautiful were these lights.

It is now morning, and we are in Pennsylvania, traveling at the rate of forty miles per hour, having on our right a blue mountain (to me like an amethyst jewel) overlooking the silvery lake which lies just on our left.

We tarry but a moment at the beautiful city of Erie; thence for Buffalo, N. Y. But, just before reaching the city, all were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement by another passenger train coming up on a parallel track. Men, women and children waving their handkerchiefs from the windows of either train, mingled their shouts of joy with the deafening thunder of the rival trains. Like two great wild beasts rushing on in their maddest fury to the rescue of their young from an intruding foe, these two "iron horses" plunged forward at lightning speed, as if each was determined to win the race. For some distance I thought the victory ours; but, alas! to our chagrin we soon observed that they were only giving us a banter. Having mocked us for a spell, they gave their impatient steed the reins and left us far behind.

Buffalo! Judging from the dark and voluminous clouds of smoke which boil up over the city as from a nest of young volcanoes, one would

take this to be a manufacturing centre. From Buffalo to Niagara Falls it is about thirty miles, the most of the way in full view of the Niagara river. About 11 o'clock A. M. we arrived at Niagara, a city of several thousand inhabitants. Now, to see the falls one-fourth of a mile distant. The street between the Cataract and the International Hotels leads to the river, where it is spanned by Goat Island bridge, from which we get a splendid view of the rapids above the falls. Here the first conceptions of power and grandeur begin to awaken in our minds. To fully realize the fact that nature has but one Niagara, one has only to stand for a few moments upon the fearful brink of these stupendous falls. The majestic river, with its broad sweep of a mile's width, rolling on in the power of its mighty waters, goes foaming and dashing beneath our feet towards its final leap, and seems as if it would sweep away our frail footing and hurl us headlong over the dread precipice. The wild fury of the boiling flood, rushing and hissing in wayward billows down the descent, as if fretting with impatience for the final leap, is in beautiful contrast to the uniform magnificent sweep with which they plunge into the thundering floods below.

We will now pass over to Bath Island, frequently called Lover's Retreat; thence to Goat Island, which is said to be about one mile in circumference, and quite heavily timbered. A man by the name of Steadman, in 1770, used this for a goat pasture;

hence its name. From here we pass on to Luna Island. Many tourists claim to have felt this island tremble, which, no doubt, is true; but the impression made by the tremor is probably heightened by the imagination.

Far away below us we can see the queenly little "Maid of the Mist" (a small steamer) floating silently but proudly upon the tumultuous waves. Thence to Biddle stairs, built for the purpose of enabling visitors to descend to the cave of the winds. This cave is indeed the home of Æolus, the den of storms, where the war of conflicting elements is chaotic. Deafening sounds, like unto deep thunder or volcanic explosions—loud, heavy, awful—stun the tourist as he stands above the struggling, strangling storms. In this strange yet beautiful cavern the morning sun sheds its refulgent glory upon every part of the scene—a glory such as can be displayed by the rainbow alone. This region I did not care to explore, but I give you the words of one who did:

"As the traveler advances he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise. Clouds of spray sometimes envelop him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the scream of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor, which obscure the gulf of the Cataract, and at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obscure his way, the traveler gains the bottom of the Fall, where

the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion—that of uncontrollable terror."

From here we press on to "Terrapin Tower." This is thought by some to command the most magnificent view which can be safely obtained, the rapids above rushing headlong towards you, the bruised and quivering waters at your feet. Passing on up the river, we come next to the Three Sister Islands, all of which are tied together by massive iron bridges. Here upon one of these little rock-bound isles impressions of imposing grandeur and sublimity were made upon my mind, which only rugged rocks and dashing floods can make. Thence to Prospect Park, which is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful scenes of terrestrial nature.

Would that I had time and space to mention a few things of interest connected with the Inclined Railway, Whirlpool Rapids, Whirlpool Railway, Suspension Bridge, and Table Rock. Of these gorgeous scenes, Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist, says: "It was not until I came here and looked on the fall of bright, green water, that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. The Niagara was forever stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat forever." Thence we pass to Horse Shoe Falls, which extend from the Canada shore to Goat Island. Here, again, when the sun shines, a beautiful rainbow, most magnificent in grandeur, can be seen, extending

from the American to the Horse Shoe Falls. The view here is grand—awfully grand. The roar of the water over the falls is said to have been heard at Toronto, a distance of forty-three miles. As we look up at the frowning and impending cliffs, and are deafened by the thundering roar that issues from the misty vortex below, a strange indescribable feeling of awe steals over one, which forever impresses him with the overwhelming grandeur of Niagara Falls.

We now start for Canada and have only to cross the new suspension bridge. The poverty of language will not permit one to do this magnificent structure justice, but we give you the following beautiful description by an American writer:

“Over the river, so still with its oily eddies and delicate wreathes of foam, just below the falls, they have of late years woven a web of wire, high in air, and hung a bridge from precipice to precipice. Of all the bridges made with hands, this seems the slightest, most ethereal. It is ideally graceful and droops from its slight towers like a garland. This is the longest suspension bridge in the world. Its great length, symmetrical form, graceful curve and obvious strength, cannot fail to strike every beholder with equal surprise and pleasure.” After spending a few hours on the Canada side, visiting the different places of interest, we return to the city on the American side. And now, having wandered for eight hours o’er rugged cliffs, smiling valleys and glittering sands,

by silvery lake and winding rivers, we must leave the scene *full half unseen*.

The glory that “blushed and bloomed” around this place I shall never forget. In such an infinity of greatness man must sink to nothingness. Here you may see the power of Omnipotence more grandly displayed than in any other scene on earth. To describe it is impossible. Futile have been the attempts of the most skillful pens. Too much sublimity, majesty and power for the human hand to paint. Who can describe the indescribable? These falls are well known to the civilized world, but never can one realize fully how imposing and awe-inspiring they are until he stands upon the brink of the yawning gulf and watches the crystal floods plunging over the deep precipice, a clear leap of 164 feet. “Oh! unceasing thunder and eternal foam—who gave you your power, your speed, your fury and your joy? Who bade the sun clothe thee with rainbows? Who, with living flowers of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet? God! let the torrents like a shout of nations answer. Ye living greens that skirt the eternal brink, and ye waters with gladsome voice, all utter forth, the God of nature, and fill the hills with praise.” After a sweet night’s rest and a morning stroll for three hours over the city, we bowed Niagara good-bye, homeward bound.

On our return several others and myself “planted” our Sunday hats (my only hat) among Pennsylvania’s

floral hills as memorials of our respect (?) for the Keystone State. Passing in sight of the birthplace of our martyr President, James A. Garfield, we soon arrived at Cleveland, where we made a short visit to the Garfield monument, which will be a beautiful structure when completed. Thence we take a pleasant ride on the street-cars down Euclid avenue, five or six miles. The beautiful and stately mansion occupied by the Garfield family is situated on this street.

Now, just a word about our boat ride on the lake, and I have done. An excursion of three hours on the lake was gotten up; and I thought I could not afford to miss it, as our train would not leave the Forest City till midnight. We hurried down to the landing and boarded a small steamer, which was in waiting. Fortunately my friend and I were in time to get comfortable seats on the deck where we could command a nice view of all that was to be seen. The vessel was said to be large enough to hold only 300 people, but in a few moments she was

groaning beneath a burden of 500.

About sunset, amid the playing of music, the beating of drums and the merry shout of half a thousand anxious souls, the boat moved slowly away. Quietly and pleasantly we were borne along till everything terrestrial was wrapped in darkness and hushed in silence save here and there the dim light of a floating bark. "It was night and the waters slept. Evening's silvery veil hung low on Erie's bosom and the eddies curled their glossy rings beneath it like the still unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse."

Long ere we had reached the shore the moon was high up in the heavens and fair Venus had kissed the waters good-night and sunk to rest, while Father Jupiter was taking his evening bath in Erie's crystal waves.

Once more ashore and homeward bound, having realized as never before the beauty and grandeur of nature's God.

S. D. SWAIM.

LESSONS FROM HISTORY AND SONG.

Although it may cause us to smile at our boyish tastes, and possibly may occasion a blush of shame at our juvenile efforts at declamation when we remember the time-worn but time-honored tale of Casabianca, yet we can gain inspiration, and may possibly learn some valuable lessons, by recalling that self-same story, familiar as it is.

Laugh and smile as we may, we can but acknowledge that this young hero possessed the ring of the true metal; that he was built of the right material and showed it nobly, although it was at the cost of his bright young life. As we see him standing at the post assigned; standing while the battle was raging about him; still standing though the shot and shell had given place to the still more terrible oncoming flames, as they climbed up the masts, crackled amidst the rigging, and seemed to glory in the very devastation they were occasioning, we are but led to exclaim: "What a subject for the poet's pen! What a scene for the painter's brush!" Who would not decide that to die is better; that even this awful death is sweeter than to live a life distorted by wrong doing and haunted by the ghosts of thousands of dead opportunities and of advantages worse than wasted?

The world is better to-day from the fact that this grand devotion to duty,

leading into the jaws of an awful death, as it did, has been told so often and so simply within its nurseries, as it teaches that duty should be the supreme consideration, and that devotion to duty is the true mark of one of God's noblemen, whether he be fully grown or but a youth emerging from the pleasure-grounds of childhood.

When one is disgusted at reading the reports of man's degeneracy from the morning newspaper, reeking with the records of villainy and crime, how refreshing to know that man is not utterly gone wrong; that, stationed along the road which the world has so slowly trodden, are examples of high manhood, giving evidence of what can be done when any one has ever before his eyes the regard for the duty placed before him—"doing with his might what his hands find to do"—and taking for his motto those beautiful words of Alice Carey:

" True worth is in being, not seeming ;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good ; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."

Such milestones as these we see in glancing over the history of mankind; in taking a survey of the names of great men; but such acts of self-denial, devotion to duty, and doing what needed to be done at whatever hazard, has been nobly furnished by the less famous of the earth. Indeed, they may be seen by surveying the

"short and simple annals of the poor." True, such examples as these are not so well known, and are but the blushings of the hidden flowers; for "many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

What boy is there who does not aspire to great things? What one is not in full accord with Scott when he says:

"Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

A boy has not the true spirit in him; a man is not a man if he is perfectly satisfied with himself and surroundings. Think not that I speak of that spirit of restlessness which seems to pervade so many of our young men. I refer to that spirit of emulation which causes one "to think the most, feel the noblest, and act the best," and which urges him to press onward and upward in the right direction, even as it did that noble boy, who, climbing the snow-clad Alps, struggling through wind and rain, cried with each onward step, "Excelsior," and who, though finally conquered by the snowy storms, feebly gasped with his dying breath, "Excelsior!"

Yes, what is needed to-day is energy and perseverance. Note the following words from the pen of one who himself was a great man, and who has shown as much by his example the truth of them as he has taught by precept: "What men want is not talent—it is purpose; in other

words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor." Yes, we need men who, although they may have a lofty ambition, nevertheless have the spirit in them to work with duty as their task-master; to begin where Providence has placed them, and, by persevering labor, to climb but a step at the time. Surely, such is the safest, the most natural, and, consequently, the most healthful progress.

But some say that such a course will not lead to success; that it is too laborious, and that a man should stand waiting and wilily watching for that "tide in the affairs of men which leads on to fortune." Then, with a great flourish, they add that if such a crisis be taken advantage of, and with ambition as one's guide, that surely success, and no other end, will result. I would like to ask such an one what is his idea of success? By success does he mean that rising to dizzy heights by whatever means are within one's reach, legitimate or otherwise? Does he think that the life of Alexander, for an illustration, was a success—Alexander the Great, who, by his own power, conquered the known world, and was flattered and cajoled by every civilized inhabitant of the globe, but who nevertheless knew not how to rule himself, and, at an early age, died a victim to his own evil propensities? If he thus thinks, I can but answer in the words of Gray: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Let no one, however, think that I wish to decry ambition; I only desire

that ambition be seasoned with judgment, and that both be subservient to obedience and duty. Ambition, although when allowed to rule and to dominate a man's whole being, has been a power for evil; nevertheless, when kept within proper bounds, it has been the Archimedian lever, and with right for the fulcrum, it has moved the world, which is to-day benefited because men have lived who have had an ambition to do good, to rule well, and to be good. But for this mighty principle, the history of the world might not have been written; or, if it had, it would have been of the most ordinary and commonplace character—merely chronicling this one sad sentence: "Men have lived, worked and died." There would have been no towering of mighty intellects above the common level; no great generals and wars wherein they displayed their powers; no mighty kings or powerful rulers, who have divided the world into segments, of which they have taken possession; no rising of empires, and resounding clash of falling thrones, with which the history of the world is filled, and which invite the attention of the reader.

As we read of such accomplishments, and know that fame, the same prize, is at stake in our case which the world's illustrious sons have be-

fore won, and as we know that the game is now left in our own hands either to lose or to win, no wonder that some lose heart in the struggle, while others, mistaking the true end of life, and trying in a wrong way to gain success, make wreck of their characters, their interests and their lives. Let us, while yet there is time, learn the lessons which history teaches. As we read of Alexander, let us endeavor to shun his vices; as we think of Napoleon, let us try to eschew his excess of ambition, and with the true manly feelings and noble aspirations which are given to every man when the stamp of divinity in the shape of God's image is stamped upon him, and which alone marks him as distinct from the beasts of the jungle, let us, as did Casabianca of old, stand by our posts and keep to our duty, even though it be in the very face of death itself; and, doing this, ours will be the fate which Longfellow so beautifully describes when he says:

"O, what a glory does this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well
spent!
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent
teaching."

J. W. MILLARD.

FRAGMENTS OF A MOUNTAIN TRIP.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

The sun was still struggling with the darkness when we arose to prepare for our journey. There was a cool breeze stirring in the green woods, and the leaves were still dripping from the recent showers. The first songs of the birds were heard in the lowlands; the partridge whistled low and soft from the stubble, and the wood-thrush soon began to pour forth his rich, melodious strains; startled almost, it seems, at the compass of his own voice, he holds and trembles, until in sweetest modulations the notes drop lower and lower and become more and more tremulous.

Not a trace of the hot, scorching sun is seen. It was one of those beautiful mornings in August when a few clouds are left in the east for the sun to paint with all the beauty and splendor of his morning glories.

At last the hack stands waiting at the gate, and our horses, "Bonny Belle" and "Nig," are impatient to start. Cousin Lee, my genial companion, bethought himself to put in a few watermelons, and we were off at a clever pace toward the mount-

ains. The day passed pleasantly away, and by mid-afternoon, having left the Brushy Mountains behind us, we arrived at a stately residence at the foot of the hill overlooking the Yadkin bottoms and surrounded with many beautiful flowers. Here we receive a hearty welcome and spend the night. Next morning a fog hung heavily over the river along its winding course, but this is not uncommon and soon disappears after sunrise. Fifteen miles farther and we eat dinner at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Then five weary miles upward and the world is at our feet; in our front Negro Mountain, lone and majestic, and as blue as the sky, stands like some vast cathedral, while all around the mountains rise like the turrets and spires of ten thousand cities.

Many are the times I've seen this before, but every time I see those huge undulations rolling off, off, off; far, far away, rising and falling like a great sea, till it touches the sky in the far dim distance, my soul rises in me and swells and soars. The air now becomes cool and bracing and the mountains are fresh and fragrant. Sometimes, winding our way along the streams, we are shut in by large mountains on either side; sometimes, on a slight elevation, we look down on the growing corn or large hay-fields, with here and there a squad of hands raking and stacking hay,

and here and there the click of the mower. As the evening shadows grow long and the mountains throw their long black veils toward the east, the perfume from the new-mown hay grows denser and more fragrant, and more than once we see a Maud Muller, with rosy cheek and comely form, in the hayfield.

The horses now begin to shy at every rock by the roadside as twilight is folding itself over the deep valleys and the coves begin to look dark and threatening. But here we are at Jefferson! and Cousins Laura and Mammie, who have been spending the week in the mountains, come running out to meet us. Glad were we all, and not a few were the pleasant words of greeting we exchanged, for I had spent two summers here, and never have I found a more sociable and hospitable people. Now, Jefferson is a little sequestered village, nearly three thousand feet above the sea, while the Negro Mountain and the Phoenix on either side look down from two thousand feet above. So, on the next evening, Cousin Laura and I decide to go to the top of the Phoenix. She rode "Bonnie Belle," a beautiful bay, and I rode "Nig," a spirited black. It was three miles to the top, but we could see plainly the rocks standing above the trees, forming a kind of chain for several miles along the crest of the mountain. We were not long on the way, though sometimes we had to hold on by the mane as the horses climbed the "straight-up" places. We rode to the very summit, and, after hitching

our horses, climbed to the edge of the rocks and looked down on the other side, two thousand feet, almost perpendicularly, and there lay the New River, for miles and miles, glistening in the evening sunlight. We could trace the water from the coves and almost from the cold, clear springs, as it found its way through every ravine, forming into creeks, watering every valley and refreshing the meadows as it rippled on to "join the brimming river."

Away to the northwest, White Top, in the edge of Virginia, rises clear above the surrounding country, and to the southwest Three Top stands erect, like a deer with antlers, while all around and about us the heaving crests, multitudinous and vast, lose their individuality as with one sweeping glance we survey the scene.

"Ah! there are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves."

We sat on the overhanging rocks and talked for a long, long time, watching the rushing river's gleam as it rolled on, rushing to the sea as though—

"Its heart was full of longing
For the secret of the sea."

"Here in the forest primeval," with the murmuring and rustling of leaves, nothing broke the monotonous cadence of the wind save when a crow or raven darted with swift wing across the spur of the ridge and down into the woods, or the chirping of snow-birds, as they dart in and out of the thickets of rhododendrons and moun-

tain ivy. But the evening is coming on, the sky growing red and beautiful in the west, and we must return to the village. All along, as we descend, the snowbirds flit across the pathway and chatter as though they thought us intruders. Just as the shadows deepen and deepen into twilight, we ride swiftly down into the village and relate what we saw from the Phoenix.

As the clock struck eleven we were all eagerly planning for the morrow, when one suggested that we arise at three o'clock in the morning and climb the Negro to see the sun rise. All agreed and promised to be up and ready at three; so we retired and slept.

At the hour appointed the boys and girls were ready, and, starting southward, we have but a few hundred yards to go till we begin the ascent. After walking for half a mile, we come to a clearing and rest under the silent stars, while the summit hangs almost perpendicularly above us. That it might be the more romantic, we had brought no lantern; so under the thick shadows of large chestnut trees we feel our way up a little ravine, till the path turns straight up, and the climbing begins. Now the "stars flee away" and the dawn scatters a glimmering around the head of the old Negro, while at his feet Morpheus is king of the slumbering village and "sable Night sits brooding" in her pavilion of gloom and darkness. Climbing and resting alternately—first over great boulders that had fallen years ago from the massive

rocks above; then around steep precipices, from which a stone dislodged is heard till the echoes fall feebly on the ear, then die away, lost in the silence of the distance below; and again between steep ledges of rocks and around cliffs hanging threateningly above us, up, up we mount, till the lofty summit of the Negro, a huge rock, is gained. The scene that lay at our feet was such as man seldom witnesses. Far, far away, as far as the eye could see, along the valley of the New River, a dense fog was stretched from mountain to mountain, and, in graceful windings, followed every streamlet, leaving the tops of the cone-shaped mountains above the level of the sea of clouds. White as snow and level as the sea, it looked as if we might plunge into its waveless billows and be borne upon its bosom. Sheltering ourselves from the wind, we await the brightness of the sun's appearing. First a little red is seen; then the clouds beneath us, like a silver sea, tinged with scarlet and yellow, foreshadow its brightness, painted as no mortal can paint; for no artist, with all his skill, can ever touch lines or shades so delicate. But the sun itself, rising from the cone of a distant mountain, rivalled even the splendor of its rays sent before—large and full and round, beautiful beyond description, while that silver sea is turned into a lake of burnished gold. My heart breathed fervently these lines:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my
soul,
While the swift seasons roll;

Leave thy low-vaulted past;
 Let each season, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
 vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
 unresting sea."

O come ye from the cities and the
 prosy haunts of men, where the air is
 filled with groans of the suffering and
 sighs and tears; where men are eating
 the bread of poverty and drinking the
 cup of sorrow, to where the air is
 pure and undefiled and Nature upon
 the plains is scattering from her boun-
 tiful hand the glories that enrapture
 the soul and teach it to love and wor-
 ship the beautiful and sing the en-
 charmed song of the forest.

We notice, before descending, that
 the rock at the top has many times
 been riven by lightning, caused, no
 doubt, by the presence of magnetic
 iron ore.

On this mountain also a rare plant
 is found, called *aconile*, valuable for
 its medicinal properties, which grows

nowhere else in the United States ex-
 cept on a mountain in West Virginia,
 and perhaps one or two other places.
 Going down the mountain, we come
 to a soapstone quarry, where we found
 some coarse asbestos. Farther down
 we observed some corundum. Copper
 and iron ore and mica are abundant
 in this section and have been profita-
 bly worked. * * * *

To-morrow night we must be at
 home, and again, as we cross the
 Ridge, we take a long look at the
 mountains, "inaccessible, silent, in
 mystery mantled," and here are my
 thoughts in the language of Taylor:

"The years of the world are enrolled on the
 thy forehead,
 Time's morning blushed red on thy first
 fallen snows;
 Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
 Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air;
 Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and
 the forests,
 Seats of the gods in limitless ether,
 Looming sublimely aloft and afar."

J. L. KESLER.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Whether the public schools of
 North Carolina, upon their present
 basis, are a fraud and a "humbug"
 or not, I will not venture to say, but
 that they are a shame and a disgrace
 to our State I do venture to affirm and
 believe. The facts in the case,
 whether I shall be able to present
 them adequately or not, fully justify
 me in making such a sweeping, and

what may seem to some, such a dar-
 ing statement. By way of prelude
 let me say the following is written
 not because of any ill will or ani-
 mosity toward any school authority,
 but because some observation, a little
 investigation and a bit of experience
 have proven to my mind conclusively
 that our "free schools" are *not* what
 they should be, and because of at least

some sympathy for the hundreds of children growing up in our State in almost if not in absolute ignorance. I do not expect this article *per se* to improve them, but I write hoping that it may meet the public gaze in such a manner as to evoke some discussion, or perchance come under the observation of some one who is abler than myself to present the facts so that the people may see them as they are.

Art. IX, Sec. 3, of our State Constitution reads as follows: "Each county of the State shall be divided into a convenient number of districts, in which one or more public schools shall be maintained at least four months in every year; and if the Commissioners of any county shall fail to comply with the aforesaid requirements of this section, they shall be liable to indictment."

The above is the Constitution—the supreme law of the land, which yet is habitually violated without the infliction of any penalty. If any of our Commissioners or school authorities have been recently hung, imprisoned or otherwise punished, the writer has not been able to find it out; but that the schools are carried on only two months per year, or thereabout, whereas the Constitution says they *shall* be maintained *at least* four months, is shown by statistics. Perhaps the authorities would say, "It is not our fault; the money is not in the treasury, and schools can't be run without the money." Well, that is a fact, and that, too, is one of the very reasons why we are led to say our present system is a shame and a disgrace

to the State, because the State enacts a law and neither indicts its offenders nor provides the means whereby the ends may be accomplished.

Again, Art. IX, Sec. 1, reads: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Now, it appears to me very much as if the failure of the State and her authorities to do their part, instead of being an encouragement to the furtherance of the great and grand and glorious cause of education, are, on the other hand, a hindrance.

One more point as to the State on this subject, and we turn our attention to things more personal and "nearer home." The question is: Is our State abreast of her sister States as to her public schools? If so, we will feel somewhat relieved, since "misery loves company." Here are the figures; judge each one for himself: Census returns of 1880 (Census Bulletin, No. 303) show that of the *white* population of ten years old and upwards who were unable to write—Florida has 19.9 per cent; Georgia, 22.9 per cent; Kentucky, 22. per cent; Louisiana, 18.4 per cent; Mississippi, 16.3 per cent; Tennessee, 27.3 per cent; Texas, 15.3 per cent; South Carolina, 21.9 per cent; Virginia, 18.2 per cent, and North Carolina, 31.5 per cent. Thus we see her far behind her sister States, having, in proportion to population, over 9. per cent more of the *illiterati* than South Carolina, and over 13. per cent

more than Virginia. Then, for sake of contrast, let us compare ours with some of the Northern States: Connecticut has only 1. per cent unable to write; Maine, 1.9 per cent; Massachusetts, 0.7 per cent; Minnesota, 1.9 per cent; Wisconsin, 2. per cent; Dakota, 1.8 per cent; North Carolina, 31.5 per cent. Look, North Carolinian, and when you boast of your "Old North State," when your heart throbs and thrills with an ecstasy of joy over the "bold deeds and noble doings" of your Revolutionary fathers, and of the stand North Carolina has taken and held in every conflict, let your eyes revert to the present situation and see how your sister States are outstepping and leaving you behind enveloped in a cloud of ignorance, which is but another term for vice and crime.

Why is this illiteracy greater in our State than in any other State? Is it because of the inability on the part of the youth to learn? By no means; but because there are hundreds of children over the State who have no other opportunity offered them than these so-called free schools (and numbers of them do not take the advantage (?) of these), which are by no means what they should be. The children are then left to be reared, live, die and be buried in ignorance.

Let us look for a moment at what we give for public school education in comparison with other States. In Alabama the amount per capita is \$2.09; Georgia, \$1.99; Mississippi, \$2.70; South Carolina, \$2.42; North Carolina, \$1.12, while in Connecticut

the amount is \$17.80; Massachusetts, \$14.93; New York, \$10.09; Rhode Island, \$11.63. Why cannot North Carolina afford to spend an amount somewhat equal to that of her sister States for the education of her poor children? Is it because the State is too poor? Perhaps that is it. But she will be *very likely* to remain poor as long as she allows 31 per cent of her children to grow up in ignorance and vice. It will take all her surplus to support her penitentiary and county prisons, wherein the ignorant may receive their just reward (?). Ignorance, crime and vice go hand in hand and march side by side in the broad road to ruin and destruction.

"It shall be the duty of all persons entrusted with or engaged in the instruction of the young, diligently to impress upon their minds the principles of piety and justice; a sacred regard to truth, love of country, humanity and benevolence; sobriety, chastity, moderation and temperance, and all the other virtues which are the support of human society." So reads the Revised Statutes of our State; and for the purpose of putting into execution the above (as we suppose), the following will be found written in bold type near the bottom of every certificate issued to teachers: "And having also furnished satisfactory evidence of good moral character, this certificate will authorize said applicant to teach in public schools," etc. Now the question arises, What means do our County Superintendents of Public Instruction employ for obtaining their "satisfactory evidence

of good moral character" of applicants? Who ever heard of the examiner asking the applicant *anything* concerning or in the least prying into his or her moral character? Consequently one of two things must be evident: county examiners must be the most easily satisfied people on earth concerning a topic which has to do with the welfare of our government and the enforcement of our statutes, or they must have an extremely low regard for moral character. I know whereof I speak when I say that persons have been granted certificates to teach in public schools who curse, swear, engage in debauchery and frequent gambling hells. We would like to know if such characters are what superintendents would call "moral," and if they are fit persons to impress upon the youths entrusted to their care (?) lessons of "sobriety, chastity, temperance, a sacred regard to truth," etc. The teacher exercises a very powerful influence in fashioning the manners, morals and character of the young. Since the development of the intellect begins with the earliest observations of youth, its first teacher is of necessity the mother, with whom lie more of the causes of success or failure in life than many are accustomed to think. World-wide is the maxim, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"; but the people seem to heed it not. Education consists largely in the training a person into good habit, and school work is useful or hurtful, just as it aids or hinders the accomplishment of this end. The true object of educa-

tion, as has been defined, is to give children resources that will endure as long as life lasts, habits that time will only ameliorate, occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Just a mere knowledge of the elementary branches does not eminently prepare one for teaching in the public or private schools, unless he is endowed with the faculty of communicating this knowledge and is conscious of the good or evil influence he wields over his pupils. Education means something more than dealing out lumps of knowledge and the acquisition of book lore. It also implies character, mental life and growth. Where is the young man or young lady, with an average or ordinary mind, who cannot apply themselves for a few weeks to their grammar, history and geography and acquire a first, second or third grade certificate? Yet this is made the one prerequisite for teaching in our public schools. What is the result? It is that we have vast numbers of men and women, both young and old, calling themselves teachers, who are no more fit to be entrusted with nor to instruct the youths of our State than they are to plead law or to occupy "the bench."

Another reason may also be given for the last-named result. The price paid, in most districts at least, is not sufficient to secure those who are best fitted and competent to teach; hence, those who are competent seek employment elsewhere than in public schools.

The fact is, in most instances the committees do not try to secure the best fitted and the most ably prepared, but those whom they can get for the least money. If A, B and C lay in applications for the district school, and A's price is \$30 per month, and B's \$27.50, and C, rather than miss, will teach for \$25, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred C will be the successful applicant, it matters not how much better the other applicants may be fitted. If only he can get a first or second grade certificate, that is sufficient. About the middle or last of July, when the sun pours forth its tireless rays with "heated energy," or, late in November, after the "crops have been housed," and the dreary rains and beating snow-storms have well begun, C goes over to the school-house (?) to open school. Did we say "house"? If the word house brings within its scope some of the places wherein the public schools of North Carolina are taught, the sheltered abode where human beings dwell for comfort, pleasure and ease ought to come under some other name. Instead of being houses, some of them are mere shanties, twelve or fifteen by twenty or thirty feet, with plank for weatherboarding, nailed perpendicularly to the surface of the earth; covered with sufficient space between the shingles (or boards) to admit plenty sunshine and rain "according"; windows without sash or glass; doors without locks and often without hinges, and a chimney occupying the main part of one end. Within we see cracks in the

floor sufficiently large to drop pencils, pens, books, slates and "thumb-papers" (a necessary evil) through. For seats, plank with four holes through them—two at each end—with sticks (of various lengths) as legs, are used. As desks, for writing purposes, one or two planks, twelve or fourteen inches wide, are nailed to the side of the house, which serve also for shelves on which to place hats, bonnets, shawls, books, dinner-buckets, bats, balls and a great many other articles of commerce, too numerous to mention. These are the edifices; this the equipment—a few better, *many* worse—which North Carolina, in her pride and glory, pleases to call her public school property, and where she proposes to educate the youths of the State. Since the schools are almost invariably taught in warmest summer or coldest winter—piece-meal at that, when the children *can* do nothing else—if what *little* money is appropriated for this purpose was put to the very best use and the best of teachers were employed, how can the children learn when they are almost frost-bitten, when the cold wind is whistling through the cracks; when the sun, on a hot summer day, is streaming through the house, and when they have nothing by the name of seat which has a breath of comfort about it. Shame!

Other impediments to our progress in free schools might be mentioned, such as too many students under the supervision of one teacher; irregular attendance, which is a drawback to the whole school and a source of great

discouragement to the teacher; too many text-books by various authors, which renders it impossible to classify students to any advantage, while the length of the school term will not justify the parents (as they say) to buy new books, and many others which we forbear at present to mention. A further contemplation of these horrid facts is sickening.

Would to God the people of our dear old State could get thoroughly aroused on this all-important question and improve—and, it seems, we might say, thoroughly revolutionize—the present free school system. It needs improvement, and there is certainly

room for it. Why will North Carolina lag behind her sister States in the cause of public school education, which is the only source hundreds of her children have for obtaining any education at all, without which life is but a burden, a horror. When we look around upon the vast hordes of children growing up in ignorance, we must conclude that the State is not rightly providing for the education of her children. Then let us have reform in our educational system, which means broader views of life and of our obligations to ourselves and to one another.

J. O. ATKINSON.



CARMINA.

Earnest student, onward go ;
 Let thy zeal no languor know.
 Storm the forts of ancient lore,
 And let nothing stand before
 An ambition that can force
 Everything within its course.
 With true nature as thy guide,
 Into science boldly stride,
 Eager to behold the cause
 Back behind the subtle laws
 Which control and guide and move
 Things on earth and things above ;
 And through nature's every phase
 Thou canst see the hallowed rays
 Coming from the bright abode
 Of Jehovah, nature's God.
 And in nature's varied forms,
 In her thunders, in her storms,
 In the wonders of the sea,
 In the rose that crowns the lea,
 In the mountain stern and high,
 In the zephyr's gentle sigh,
 In the cyclone's maddening sweep,
 In the river broad and deep—
 Yes, in all these thou canst view
 Glimpses radiant and true
 Of a power all divine ;
 Of a wisdom and design
 Which proclaim in thunder tone
 Nature as Jehovah's throne.
 Backward then direct thy gaze ;
 Mark the strange and divers ways
 Through which man has plodded on
 Struggling, hoping, for the dawn
 Of an era bright and blest,
 When the warrior's notes should rest,
 And when knowledge bright and grand
 Should encircle every land.

Now on mountains high he stands,
 With bright trophies in his hands ;
 Victor's spoils before his tread,
 Victor's wreath upon his head ;
 Grecian art and Roman arms
 Blind him with their dazzling charms,
 Holding e'er before his sight
 Glory's grand and glittering height,
 Where his longing soul and mind
 Rest and peace and joy might find.
 Now he's plunged in bloody war,
 Steeped in ignorance ; with no star
 Left to guide him to that life
 Where sedition, feuds and strife
 Lose their fierceness and become
 Reconciled to freedom's home.
 With no star? *No*, far above,
 In an atmosphere of love,
 Still the Star of Bethlehem,
 Earth's salvation, heaven's gem,
 Shone through all those ages drear—
 Shone with rays undimmed and clear—
 Shone to guide poor mortals on
 Till their conflicts here were done,
 And the music of the spheres,
 Breaking on their raptured ears,
 Should proclaim creation's goal
 In the ransom of the soul.
 And in all the course of man,
 In his every move and plan,
 In his ignorance, in his strife,
 In his low and higher life,
 In his freedom and his rod,
 Thou canst see the hand of God
 Leading upward on the way
 To the climes of perfect day.

BETHUNE.

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY REWARDS.

In reading a sketch of Paul Hamilton Hayne a short time ago, we were struck with the fact that his later years were spent in comparative poverty. Notwithstanding that for forty years—from the death of Poe to his own in '87—he was the acknowledged Poet Laureate of the South and was a contributor, at one time or another, to all the leading northern and southern magazines, his lyrics rivalling those of any other southern poet, and his sonnets ranking with the best work of American and English sonneteers, he only managed to eke out a scanty livelihood. No poet ever had less poetic surroundings. Buying a few acres of northern land in the woods beside the Georgia railroad, he built of “upright boards a story-and-a-half cottage, rough, poorly joined and roofed with clap-boards. It was just such a house as one sees occupied by the truck-men’s families along any railroad.” Here, in an almost desolate wilderness, with high hills, straggling trees and barren fields composing his entire field of vision, he lived and died.

Granted that he was a gentleman of the old school and possessed of but little business ability, still we cannot but admit that he was poorly compensated for his labor.

For years Matthew Arnold was one of the foremost lights in English literature. No magazine considered its list of contributors complete unless it contained his name. His literary activity was amazing, yet we see it announced that \$5,000 is all the worldly store he left behind him.

It is true that some authors, like Macaulay and Scott, make vast sums by their pens, still such is the exception and not the rule. Others of probably as great genius, as Goethe, Emerson, Coleridge and Wordsworth, have not been able to earn a decent living by their writings.

Nor is the remuneration for newspaper labor much greater or more certain. With the exception of the editors, who receive regular salaries, the pay is surprisingly small. The regular rate of payment in standard magazines, so it is stated, is only one cent per word, while in the New York dailies the prices range from five to seven dollars a column. When one considers the smallness of the type and the quantity of matter in a column, he sees at once how meager is the pay.

Still people continue to write. There is no dearth of matter submitted to the press. The *Century Magazine* has already accepted enough manuscripts to fill its pages for the next four years. Nor is this to be so

much wondered at. There is a peculiar fascination connected with authorship—the pleasure of seeing one's thoughts standing in print and the fond hope that one is on the eve of writing something that will raise him at one bound to fame and fortune. Old writers have confessed to this pleasure. Bayard Taylor, just before his death, admitted to Prof. Boyesen that he had never lost the pleasure incident to seeing one of his productions in print for the first time.

The true artist does not write primarily for money. He who does so debases his art. He writes because he has something to say—something that will burn his brain unless it finds utterance. These are the ones whose works will be handed down to posterity—men who, like George Meredith, can work on regardless of the neglect of countrymen and sneers of the critics, keeping in view a noble, exalted standard and ever approaching nearer and nearer to their ideal, until their contemporaries are forced to recognize their genius.

After all, the author's life is not all shadow. There are many beams of sunshine for him who has the right conception of the nature of his art. It is no small reward for one to know that he has influenced his time and generation, and that others are better and nobler for his having lived and written. And now, could Arnold and Hayne be called back to life and given their choice between their old life and one of sordid gain, would they prefer the latter? No; we do not believe it.

H. A. F.

WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

Why go to church? Why pray? Not because you are compelled, but because it is your duty, and because you lose a great deal by neglecting so important a matter. Perhaps some may think, and properly too, that duties to God are much more important. And why the comparison? We acknowledge that these duties are paramount, but those to ourselves come next in the category.

It would be absurd to make so dogmatic a statement as to declare that a collegiate course is absolutely necessary to success in life, for honorable examples would come up overwhelmingly against us; but we do believe, where individual greatness has been obtained without college training, that the individual would have been greater still by the aid of it.

"It is the men who think that move the world," and it has been the few men of thought, coming down the ages in small flocks and sometimes alone, who have moulded the minds and characters and in many instances shaped the destiny of the millions.

All who know will admit that the faithful performance of all duties which devolve upon a young man during a college course are the most effective means of making him a man of thought. Going to college makes one pay more attention to little things; and it was attention to detail that made Michael Angelo one of the greatest sculptors and architects that ever lived. Once, while explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been

doing to a statue since his previous visit, he said, "I have retouched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked his friend. "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle."

No one can write all the German, French, Latin and Greek exercises required at college without paying strict attention to detail. And who can afford to be careless while performing experiments in the chemical laboratory when personal safety depends upon accuracy?

Knowledge of men and nature transfers a man from a low, passive and self-righteous state to a higher plain of progress and liberality. It makes him larger and smaller at the same time—smaller in his own eyes, larger in the eyes of other people. It gives him more respect for the ideas of other men. It opens his mind to facts, and he is no longer afraid of the truth. It gives him better sense than many possess (we are sorry to say that some of our preachers belong to this ignorant class), who will not hesitate for a moment to say, "Your difference from me is your measure of absurdity."

There is great benefit and pleasure derived from forming the acquaintance and friendship of a goodly number of the best young men of your own and sister States. Some of each graduating class will be apt to follow literary pursuits, and one now and then will

be heard from in after years. Endeavor to be one of the favored few, and if you fail, it will be a pleasure to know your more fortunate brother.

"Self-made men make themselves," but the work of a large number of the most celebrated characters enter into the composition of most great men. It is only by coming in contact with the great and good that they wield an influence over you. It is at college where you have access to a large library and good literary societies, where you have the privilege of reading and discussing the lives and deeds of all the great statesmen, military commanders and reformers of all ages; and the great men you fail to become acquainted with in this connection you meet in the different courses of literature. There is no place else where you form these acquaintances so rapidly and well as at college. Then, if you have not enjoyed the privilege before, go to college now and form the acquaintance of the world and make the best men of all the past and present, your friends and companions, and they will do you good.

T. S. S.

HOW IT IS.

What patience is to the fisherman calm endurance is to the student. In fact, it is the one overruling virtue of almost every vocation in life. Hence the great necessity of its cultivation. The young man, buoyant with hope, starts off to college, baits his hook with dollars and eagles, thrusts it into the stream, expecting, in a few weeks

or months at most, to drag from its depths a Horace or a Homer, a Newton or a Shakespeare, which would make for him but a dainty meal. He feels quite sure that he can digest all of them in a few months at most. ("What course are you for, Mr. A?" "A. M. course," is his curt reply). But alas! a few meals from each not unfrequently deranges his digestive organs. He becomes fretful. He decides to drop Greek and take up something more practical. ("What course, Mr. A?" "A. B." is his answer). Another week passes by and his digestion is no better. He thinks best now to drop Latin and take up something of more service in after-life. ("What course are you for, Mr. A?" "B. S.," he then replies). He drags out a few more weary days with the chronic "blues," and concludes to drop that abominable Math., which can be of no earthly use to him. ("What course now, Mr. A?" "Optional course," is his faint reply). Another week rolls around and his books and "household and kitchen furniture" are for sale. ("What course now, Mr. A?" "Homeward-bound course," he murmurs, as he shakes the president's hand for the last time).

The crisis in Mr. A's life is passed, his destiny fixed, his doom sealed so far as an education is concerned. Trace the cause and draw your conclusion. In nine cases out of ten the answer will be, *sheer impatience*. Like the eager nestling, impatient for the flight, with wings half fledged, he soars away and gravitates to mother earth and finds himself unable to rise

again. I can conceive how a young man who is so unfortunate as to have no parents, no friends and, worse than all, if possible, no sweetheart at home to inspire hope and infuse courage—I say I can conceive how such a one could take such fatal steps, where prudence strictly forbids, but, under any other circumstances, such a course seems to me inexcusable, or to say the least, very unwise. Thousands of young men with bright minds cast their hooks and nets into the great literary ocean of priceless gems, but, not willing to wait and see, return to their homes with empty nets. How many, even in the sight of victory, have fallen victims to the sting of impatience.

Sir Isaac Newton said the only difference between his mind and the minds of others consisted wholly in his patience. Thomas Gray's immortal "Elegy" is the product of seven years of patient toil. The same is true of a thousand others whose works have become the admiration of the learned world. The sprout must feel the sharpness of the pruning-knife before it can bear its sweetest fruit. There is much truth in the old maxim, "No true excellence without labor," but the reverse is equally true—"No true labor without excellence." The men who have enrolled their names high upon "fame's eternal scroll" have ever been patient sons of toil.

" Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

S. D. S.

THE ELEVENTH "SCHOOL."

It hardly seems necessary to urge the hygienic importance of corporeal exercise and physical culture at this late day, though it can hardly be overrated. Exercise and pure air quicken the pulsations of the heart, furnish oxygen for the lungs and help the system to free itself from the waste tissue of the body that is oxidized by every movement, thus helping to vitalize every muscle and nerve of the whole human system.

Violent exercise does not produce the most beneficial results upon the system of a person of sedentary habits. What the great majority of students need is an opportunity to take regular, systematic, moderate exercise. To furnish this opportunity every college needs a well equipped gymnasium, with an instructor, and those students who do not willingly take gymnastic exercise should be required to do so. There is no doubt but that our colleges commit a great blunder in neglecting this important subject. They undertake to educate a man for usefulness in life, but too frequently it is the case that, long before his course is finished, dyspepsia or something worse lays hold upon him and his usefulness to the world is greatly impaired, if not entirely destroyed. Thousands of pale-faced dyspeptics, with emaciated forms, are living witnesses of the baneful effects of ordinary college life. You see them in the pulpit, at the bar, in the counting-house, along the street and in the more sequestered walks of life.

They look at you with eyes that tell of misery, blighted hopes and utter despair.

There is no doubt but that a great deal of this could be avoided if our colleges had means for corporeal culture and would encourage or compel students to employ them. The world wants men of strong and active physique as well as men of cultured minds. A recent article in the *Progressive Farmer* is to the point. That excellent paper says:

"The mind is not the only faculty that should be trained and disciplined and developed. It should be stored with useful knowledge and polished, but it should not be allowed to launch out on its voyage in the frail bark of a diseased and decaying body, if it can be avoided. And in thousands and thousands of instances it could be avoided by a proper system of physical culture in our schools and colleges.

"We anxiously desire to see this great feature engrafted on to our system of education, and we feel that Wake Forest College, for obvious reasons, might well take the initiative in this matter. We would rejoice to see this progressive institution establish a splendidly equipped gymnasium and employ a first-class instructor to take charge of it. Properly conducted, it would be one of the most attractive as it would be one of the most important and valuable branches taught in that popular institution."

We sincerely thank Col. Polk for these words. He is a wide-awake, progressive, sensible, enthusiastic,

Christian gentleman, a strong friend of education, and especially does his heart go out toward Wake Forest College and whatever pertains to its best interests. His remarks are timely, and we hope the press will assist in keeping this subject before the public mind until every college in the State has a well equipped gymnasium in charge of a competent instructor. We are glad to present the subject to the minds of our readers.

This institution has a larger patronage than any other college in the State. It has never attempted to advertise itself abroad to any great extent, but it now numbers among its students young men from Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. A good gymnasium would be an attractive force, drawing young men to this college, and we know of no place in the State where a gymnasium would do more good. The opportunities for mental culture are among the best in the South, but here, as in almost every other Southern college, the opportunities for corporeal exercise are sadly wanting.

At one time the old chapel on the first floor of the dormitory building was fitted up for a gymnasium and several pieces of apparatus put in for the use of the students, but this is now nearly all broken and destroyed. Why? Because no one was present to exercise a general supervision over the apparatus while the hall was open. All this would not happen with an instructor present. The old chapel is not large enough for a gymnasium;

neither is it properly situated for such purposes, even if it were fitted up ever so well. Located as it is, in the very centre of the dormitory building, the noise emanating from it disturbs every student who may be trying to work in that building.

What we need is a building constructed and equipped exclusively for gymnastic purposes, and an instructor to have charge of it and drill students in moderate exercise, especially such as will produce a healthy action of the heart and lungs. It is not necessary that the college should turn out a set of athletes, but men with vigorous and healthy bodies and well cultivated brains are needed in every walk of life.

The *Religious Herald*, in speaking of Richmond College, says:

"For the latter (corporeal culture), a generous friend contributes the means of employing an expert who will form classes and give them regular moderate exercise, not with a view of making gymnasts or athletes, but to develop symmetrically the whole physique, especially those two feet of 'the tripod of life,' the heart and the lungs."

That is a step in the right direction, and we congratulate Richmond College and the young men there upon this new feature in the work of that excellent institution. That "generous friend" is a benefactor of his race. Would that our country had many others just like he is. Most Southern colleges are poor and are not able to build and equip gymnasiums. They are dependent for this upon the benefi-

cence of the friends of education and the friends of the human family.

To erect a gymnasium on the campus at Wake Forest would be to erect for one's self a monument more lasting and a magnificent than marble shaft. To endow the chair for corporeal training would endear the noble and generous man to the thousands of young men who shall come here, sanctify his memory and confer a lasting benefit upon every man whose blood shall grow redder, whose step shall become more elastic and whose system shall be made to perform more perfectly the functions of life on account of the opportunities afforded by his beneficence.

We believe that this feature would be worth more than either one of the ten "schools" now taught here. Friends, think of this, and let some friend or friends build, equip and endow a gymnasium for Wake Forest College. This shall be our eleventh "school."

C. G. W.

READING.

People *will* read. The disposition to read seems to be innate. It is universal. The lad of a dozen summers, whose feet are just beginning to tread life's rugged pathway and whose eyes for the first time behold its beauties and flowers, devours with restless avidity the tale of a Crusoe or the adventures of a Gulliver. The old man of eighty winters, whose steps are fast descending life's gentle slope, whose pensive gaze turns backward to the joyous scenes of bright child-

hood and vigorous manhood, still lingers with unabated interest over the pages of the inimitable Bunyan or drinks from the inexhaustible treasures of the Book of Life.

But great as is the demand for reading matter, greater still seems to be the supply. We have books of all grades of merit and demerit, and on all conceivable subjects. If the wise man had been so unfortunate as to live until this book-making age, he would have double occasion for his oft-quoted observation in regard to the publishing business. Truly there is no end to the making of books and the publishing of newspapers and magazines now.

And when, in connection with this almost limitless supply of reading matter, we take into consideration the inborn and general thirst for knowledge which characterizes all classes and ages, some observations as to how to read, when to read and what to read may not be amiss. No man, however long his life or ample his opportunities, cannot hope to read all that he would wish to read or ought to read. The field is inviting, but it is too broad to be traversed in one short life. But, with care in the selection of books and a diligent use of the time at our disposal for reading, we may read the best and most useful books.

Some persons read as though their sole object was to count the pages and complete the book. They can count the books they have read by hundreds and the ideas they have gained from them by tens. They are like persons

dashing through a lovely flower garden, with eyes closed, beholding none of the beauties that lie outspread around them. Others read to the end that they may startle their friends and the world generally with the magnificence of their attainments and the scope of their knowledge. They gather the flowers, but miss the fruit. They are like a man who, having found a diamond enclosed in a paste-board box, loses or throws away the diamond, but flaunts the box as a token of his good fortune and unwearied zeal.

Both these classes make a mistake. We should read not with a desire to count pages and books, not to appear learned simply, but that we may master the thoughts of him whose words we read and add to the sum total of our own knowledge.

When should we read? The answer is clear. We should spend as much time as possible in reading. The men who have been leaders in the progress of the world, who have left an impress on the thought and character of their fellows, have been men who read much, who used well the passing moments in gathering bright gems of thought from the writings of their predecessors, thus fitting themselves for their own achievements.

What should we read? This is a question of importance, especially when we consider the influence which a good or bad book may have upon

us. The orator, controlled by the power of his own emotions, may overwhelm us with the might of his eloquence; the lecturer, reasoning with mathematical precision, may convince us with his logic, but the effect that these can have upon us may be transient and unimportant. No so with what we read.

The books we read become part of us, shaping our character and controlling our habits of thought and action. Hence the necessity of reading only the best books. We should not confine ourselves to any one particular line of reading. Poetry, fiction, general history, biography, all should receive our attention—poetry, because it cultivates and charms the imagination and the finer feelings of our nature; fiction, because it shows us humanity in all its phases and manifestations; history, because it gives us the philosophy of events in the progress of civilization; and biography, because it shows us man in his relations to society and unfolds the secret forces of his character.

It remains for us to urge students especially to read more. Too many students burden themselves with college work and have no time for reading. This is a serious mistake. A man may know all the languages and all the sciences, but, without some general knowledge—knowledge which can be obtained only through a systematic course of reading—he is not an educated man. J. B. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMAUFY.—China rejected the treaty and the President signed the exclusion bill.—The present wheat crop is estimated at 411,000,000 bushels—about 40,000,000 bushels short.—Sitting Bull and other Sioux chiefs recently visited Washington to confer with the President with regard to new treaties.—Miss Jane Harding, the French actress, is winning golden opinions in New York.—October 10th a collision occurred at Mud Run, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, that caused the death of sixty-three persons.—The Chicago street-car strike has been declared to be off.—Sam Small was defeated for Congress in Georgia.—Sam Jones began a series of meetings at Durham, N. C., October 20th, which continued for ten days. There were three thousand persons present at the first meeting.—Rev. Mr. Pearson has closed his meeting at Goldsboro. There were about five hundred public professions of faith.—The crops have been cut short, but the business outlook is reported to be good.—In her Exposition Durham is said to have surpassed herself.—The State Fair was a financial success.—North Carolina has a fine exhibit at the Richmond Exposition.—There were fifty new cases of fever and one death reported at Jacksonville, October 20th. Total cases 2,769; total deaths, 327.

CONGRESS ADJOURNS.—The first session of the Fiftieth Congress adjourned October 20th at one o'clock P. M. There were only seven Senators and sixteen Representatives present. This was the most protracted session in the history of Congress. Congress has done absolutely nothing for the relief of the tax-payers of the country. We believe that the people wished a reduction in the tariff. The House passed a bill making a reduction of about five per cent, but the Republican Senate "stood pat" for more than two months and would do nothing. The records show that the number of bills and joint resolutions passed at this session was 1,443. The President approved 1,197 of these, 95 became law without signature, 120 were vetoed and 23 failed for lack of signature.

INSTALLATION OF FULLER.—Hon. Melville Weston Fuller, the eighth Chief Justice of the United States, was installed October 8th. The oath of allegiance was administered in a private room by Justice Miller, and then, in the presence of the Associate Justices and quite a large audience of other distinguished personages, the incoming Chief Justice, departing from the usual custom, swore himself in, reading the oath in a clear voice. He took right hold of his work and

is dispatching the business of the Court with rapidity.

PHYSICIANS QUARREL.—German and English circles are greatly agitated over the controversy between the physicians who attended the Emperor Frederick in his last sickness. The German doctors at first had charge of the Emperor's case, but, for some reason or other, Sir Morell Mackenzie, an English physician, was sent for. The very best of feeling did not exist from the first between Dr. Mackenzie and the German doctors, and soon plausible but incredible rumors were set afloat on each side, each accusing the other of ignorance of medical science and of a lack of interest in Emperor's welfare.

The Emperor died, and Dr. Mackenzie has published a defence of his professional character and skill, in which he makes a violent attack upon the German doctors and says that but for their ignorance the Emperor's life would have been prolonged. Dr. Burgmann makes a dignified reply to the attack and completely vindicates the cause of the German doctors. These men are simply making themselves notorious and are not doing the cause of medical science any good by their bickerings and attacks upon each other. Mackenzie has an utter disregard of professional courtesy. He has betrayed every trust reposed in him, profaned the sanctity of the chamber of death and shown himself to be unworthy of the respect of humanity.

THE EMPEROR AT ROME.—The German Court had not laid aside the

emblems of mourning for the dead Frederick before the Emperor William began a great tour among European capitals. He has just visited Rome, going as a guest of the King. The Pope thought that the Emperor should first pay his respects to the head of the Roman Catholic Church, and feels very much slighted that the visit to him was postponed until the second day in Rome. The relations between the civil and church authorities have been very much strained of late, and the Emperor may live to regret the visit in State to the Vatican.

A LOSS TO SCIENCE.—Richard A. Proctor, the distinguished scientist, died of yellow fever in New York, September 12th. He had gone there on his way to England, where he was engaged to lecture. Just a few days before his death he had left his home at Oak Lawn, Fla., in apparently good health, but soon after reaching his hotel in New York he felt unwell and sent for a physician, but he grew rapidly worse and died in less than sixty hours after his arrival there.

His life had been a busy one. His financial needs compelled him to turn his mind from his astronomical studies, in which he especially delighted, and he labored with his pen almost incessantly, writing upon a great variety of subjects for quite a number of magazines. He had an observatory at Oak Lawn, where he spent much of his time in original work, and he had intended to make the "Old and New Astronomy" the crowning work of his life.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

THE State of Michigan takes the lead in female lawyers, twenty-four having graduated this summer.

MISS ELLA SABIN has lately been chosen Superintendent of Schools at Portland, Oregon, which position pays a salary of \$3,000 a year.

THE University of Pennsylvania began its present session with an enrollment of 102 Freshmen. Numerous changes have been made in the faculty since its last term.

THE late Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, leaves to Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, the handsome sum of \$30,000 to endow a professorship of Mechanic Arts in that institution of learning.

THE entering class of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., numbers 153, of whom 128 are applicants for degrees and 25 are special students. The entire number of students in attendance is 450.

THE Normal College of New York City, whose fall term opened recently, is crowded beyond any previous year. The number of young women in attendance is more than 1,700, of whom 780 belong to the Introductory Classes and were admitted last June.

DENISON UNIVERSITY has an enrollment as follows: Seventy-two in the college, eighty-six in the acad-

emy and seventy in the woman's college, which sustains co-operative relations with the University, making in all a total of 228 students. Reported everything bright and hopeful.

THE Southern Baptist Theological Seminary opened the first of October with an enrollment of one hundred and forty. Quite a number of these are expecting to devote their lives to the missionary work in foreign fields. Eleven of the students are from North Carolina. One of the new students from North Carolina, a last year's graduate of Wake Forest, writes us that "New Testament under Dr. Broadus is the richest thing in the world."

IT WILL be gratifying to the Baptists of the State to know that Furman University has opened with a larger attendance than in any year since its reorganization in 1881. The session opened on Wednesday morning of last week with an enrollment of eighty students, and this number has since been increased to 103. Others are expected to arrive in the course of a week or two, and it is thought that the attendance this year will reach 150.—*Baptist Courier*.

SHURTLEFF COLLEGE, Illinois, enters upon its present session under favorable auspices; opened with 150

and expects to enroll 200 before the end of the year. A new building, costing \$11,000, has gone up, the credit of which is due to the young women of the institution. Already it is nearly filled with young ladies, who are in attendance upon the college. This is only an index to what the fair sex can do and will do in the future. They intend to raise an endowment as soon as possible. This is a Baptist institution.

IN opening his letters a few days ago, Rev. A. E. Dickinson, D. D., opened one containing one thousand dollars for Richmond College. There is no name to the letter and no postmark or anything else by which to tell who is the generous giver.—*Richmond Dispatch*, 3d inst.

Richmond college, at its opening, scored 145 students. It has a patronage from fifteen States and one student from a foreign country. Forty-nine of its matriculates are preparing for the ministry. A large majority of the others are professors of religion.

SINCE the year 1881, the beginning of Russian immigration to this country, not less than thirty Russians have graduated from the medical department of the University of the City of New York. A number of whom are successful physicians. The College of Pharmacy has also graduated a number of apothecaries, and School of Mines of Columbia College has graduated one. In 1889 the University promises fourteen new Russian doctors, the Woman's Medical College two, the Dental College four and

the College of Pharmacy three—in all, about twenty-five Russians.—*Ex.*

DE PAUW University, Greencastle, Indiana, has entered upon the new year with the largest number of students of any corresponding period in its history, the enrollment exceeding by one hundred that of any other year. The attendance last year in all the schools was 853, and the prospects now are good for 1,000. The principal increase is in the College of Liberal Arts. The Freshman Classes will number more than one hundred. The University is gradually coming into the bequest of the late Washington C. De Pauw, which, within the next few years, will amount to about two million dollars.

VASSAR COLLEGE is happy and even more prosperous since the abolishment of the preparatory department. Freshman Class numbers seventy students, the largest matriculation in its history. The whole number of students of the school is about three hundred. It has a new scholarship given by Mr. Calvin Huntington, of Fort Scott, Kansas. They are making a strong effort to obtain an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars. To complete this sum they have only twenty-nine thousand to raise by the first of December next. In the doing away with the preparatory department this model institution of learning has verified the propriety of such a step and set an example which many other colleges ought and doubtless will follow in the not distant future.

SCIENCE NOTES.

BY ALUMNI EDITOR.

FIELD MOUSE.—A new species of field mouse (*arvicola pallidus*) has been recently discovered in Northwestern Dakota. Its habits are peculiar as well as its appearance. It is cunning and very hard to catch. It seems to be a social little creature, living as it does in families or colonies. It is noticeable, too, that it fixes its habitation and digs its hole on a steep hill-side, and usually on the north side of the hill. It has been supposed that it selects the north side because, like some poetic lover, it glories in the twilight, and mid the thickening gloom of this sentimental hour it romps and roams and frisks and feeds and visits its neighbors, finding this favorite period longer on the north side of the hill than elsewhere. Its food seems to be the seeds, leaves and flowers of certain plants. Unlike its cousin which lives in the house, it never trots across the parlor when a ladies' society is in session to cause a stampede and break up the meeting, nor leaves its footprints on the good wife's butter to increase her sorrows and volubility on the morrow. It is harmless. It differs from other species of the *arvicola* in two respects: it has extreme paleness of color and extreme shortness of tail; its ears are also large. Altogether considered, the *pallidus arvicola* is a strange little creature and the study of its habits and gen-

eral appearance cannot fail to be of interest to the naturalist.

SEISMIC EFFECTS ON ANIMALS.

—The effect of an earthquake on *man* has long been known. It deepens and intensifies his religious feelings and cures his Sunday ills, thus enabling him to attend church regularly; but the effect on *animals* has not been so well understood. The Seismological Society of Japan has, however, made some discoveries in this direction. In a recent meeting of this society, Prof. Milne discussed the subject fully and ably. During a mighty earthquake dogs bark, horses neigh, cows low, sheep bleat and even fish become frightened and lose their wits. During the great earthquake which occurred at Tokio in 1880, cats ran out of houses, foxes barked and horses kicked down the boards of their stable doors. These dumb animals seem to be aware that old Tellus is undergoing a fearful convulsion. But stranger and more interesting still is the fact that they appear to have a kind of foreknowledge of these dread events. Frogs are said to cease their dismal croaking before an earthquake and moles return to their burrows in the ground. This is accounted for on the supposition that animals are more sensitive than man to the slight tremors which precede an earthquake.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

A VOLUME of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons will soon be issued.

It is stated that the body of Keats is about to be dug up for the formation of a new road at Rome.

OIDA is writing a new story, which will be entitled "Gilderoy."

MR. ANDREW LANG has in press a volume of poems, to which he gives the title of "Parnassus."

THE pictorial French Journal *Paris Illustré*, which has gained much popularity in Europe, is now being issued in America.

THE Frenchmen of letters are said to be rare who can grasp either the humor or tragedy of the plays of Shakespeare.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL say that within six months they have sold 158,000 copies of their shilling volumes of Carlyle.

"FORTUNE'S FALL," by Julian Hawthorne, has reached its sixth edition, which is conclusive evidence of its popularity.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S tariff message of last December has had the distinction of passing from the category of public documents into literature.

MR. EDWARD EGGLESTON has probably struck the key-note of success for writing history. He has written a history of the United States some-

what in the style of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Swiss Family." It requires no study to learn such history, because it is so attractive that it "finds a lodgment in the mind through the interest felt in the narrative."

JAMES PHELEN has written a history of Tennessee, which elicits much praise from competent critics. Who will do likewise for North Carolina?

THE Italian edition of the Bible reached the remarkable sale of 50,000 copies in one week. The parts of eight pages each are sold at all news-stands for one cent.

GEORGE McDONALD'S eleventh novel is "Elect Lady." In this, as in the rest, he deals in the mystical, and is sometimes a little difficult to comprehend without a second or third reading.

MR. WALTER BESANT says the time is not far distant when writers will be able to make as large fortunes as bankers. Mr. Besant must have the gift of long sight admirably developed and we recommend him for watchman to the Parnassus Observatory.—*The Independent*.

MRS. MARY E. TYLER, of Somerville, Mass., was the little Mary whom the lamb followed to school, and John Roulstone, who happened

to visit the school that day, is the writer of the few famous verses.

MR. LABOUCHERE, who is said to be the always veracious editor of truth, accuses John Bunyan of plagiarism. He thinks that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a literal translation from a French work, entitled "Ye Pilgrimage of Ye Soule," by Guillaume de Guileville, a monk of the Fifteenth century. He also thinks that a copy of the original manuscript may be found either in the British Museum or the Bodleian Library at Oxford.—*The Examiner*.

AMONG the fall announcements of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the prose and poetical works of John G. Whittier, in seven volumes, with two

etched and three engraved portraits. The poems have been re-arranged, classified and revised by the author, with notes and an appendix consisting of poems heretofore omitted by Mr. Whittier from the successive general collection of his verse.—*The Nation*.

"UNCLE TOM'S TENEMENT" is the title of a book lately written by Mrs. Rollins. The work, of course, was suggested to her mind by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, as Mrs. Stowe depicted the condition of the colored man, Mrs. Rollins shows the condition of the poorer classes who dwell in tenements and slums of Northern cities.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

THREE cheers for our team!

TWO HUNDRED AND TWO students!

Backward, turn backward, O, Time, in your flight!

Make me me a *Prep.* again just for to-night, exclaims the Senior as he sits on the rostrum and counts the minutes before his time comes.

HERE are the marshals for anniversary: Eu., J. A. Holloman, E. S. Coffey, G. W. Ward; Phi., J. O. Atkinson, D. B. Oliver, J. C. Beckwith.

A BRANCH Y. M. C. A. has been organized and nearly all the students have connected themselves with it.

THE many prophesies of evil consequent upon the abolition of medals have not been verified. The two societies are moving off finely and much hard work is being done.

REV. E. M. POTEAT spent a couple of days on the Hill on his way to New Haven. He is very enthusiastic over the college and predicts a glorious future for it. He preached an able and eloquent sermon Sunday morning, September 30th.

REV. E. F. TATUM occupied the pulpit at night. His remarks to his former school-mates were especially

touching, and not a few moist eyes were observable. He sails for China about the last of November.

WE ARE very glad to chronicle the fact that Mr. Simmons' health is much improved, and it is hoped that he is almost entirely well. Mr. James S. Purefoy has also recovered from his late illness, we are glad to note.

THE Students' Aid Fund has recently received gifts to the amount of \$5,350, Mrs. Dr. Yates donating \$4,350 and Mr. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, \$1,000. Many thanks to these generous friends. They have aided in a noble work. Would that the college had many more such friends.

OUR old friend, D. B. Kimball, of Middleburg, stopped over on his way from the Fair. Boyd is greatly missed at base-ball and foot-ball. Much to the regret of various and sundry college mates, his views have changed and he is now a staunch *Royalist*.

A PHRENOLOGIST lately visited the Hill, and a certain Newish, having had his head examined, was told that he was "knaveish." The Newish straightway went forth and confided to a friend that the phrenologist had paid him the highest compliment, namely, that he was "knaveish." Guess who he is.

WE WERE favored with a couple of political speeches during last month by Hon. F. N. Strudwick and Senator Vance. This is the only political speaking our town has had during the campaign, and it was greatly enjoyed by all.

WE DESIRE to call attention to what has become a perfect nuisance. It is, ringing the college bell. The old bell is rung at all times, from day-break to midnight—how much longer we have not stayed awake to find out—much to the annoyance of all who room in the dormitory building. Where the fun comes in we have never been able to ascertain. It ought to be stopped. The belfry ought to be kept locked up, and if the ringing should then continue, we suggest to the faculty that they make every offender, who is caught, ring the bell for recitations the following day and demerit heavily each failure to ring it promptly.

THE following speaks for itself:

"Our genial and good friend, Dr. Charles E. Taylor, is in the city again, and what he has come for is told by himself in another column. We like Wake Forest College because it is doing a great work, and also for the reason that it is content to be a college. The passion to be called a university has a very ludicrous side to it, as, for instance, when we hear of "the president of the Dacotah Baptist University," a poor little thing just beginning to live. What a university is may be learned from those friends who are smitten with the notion that the city of New York is in perishing need of a great Baptist university, made up of college graduates, and that shall cost high up into the millions of dollars. The time may possibly come in the far future when so vast an undertaking may be called

for. But the first pressing necessity is to give such Baptist *colleges* as that of Wake Forest the means of a vigorous life. Most of our Baptist institutions, which are *colleges* and nothing more, need many millions of money divided among them to have a life of growth and power."—*N. Y. Examiner*, October 18th.

In another column Dr. Taylor states that he is endeavoring to raise an additional \$50,000 for the endowment of two professorships, and calls on all friends of education to aid him. He will succeed if any man can, for the word "fail" is not in his vocabulary.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Vol. 8, No. 1, has been received at our office, and shows ability and enterprise as a college journal.—*The Schoolteacher*.

The above is one of the many compliments the STUDENT receives on all sides. We expect to print such extracts from time to time to show our students in what esteem their magazine is held abroad and to awaken them to a due appreciation of it.

DURING the absence of Mr. Vann, Dr. Wm. Royall occupied his pulpit Sunday morning, October 21st, and preached one of the best sermons we have ever had the pleasure of hearing from him. The Doctor is a thorough believer in the "old-fashioned religion" and handles heterodoxy with ungloved hands. Mr. I. T. Newton (a student) preached at night.

REV. T. C. BRITTON and bride, *nee* Miss Nannie Sessions, have been visiting Mrs. R. T. Vann.

PROF. W. V. SAVAGE, of Henderson, was on the Hill October 21st.

REV. W. H. OSBORNE, of Asheville, preached an excellent sermon in the college chapel Tuesday night, October 16th.

THIS ISSUE has been unavoidably delayed. We hope our subscribers will pardon us, as we promise that it shall not be so again.

MRS. JOHN G. WILLIAMS and daughter, Miss Mattie, of Raleigh, have been visiting the family of Maj. Riddick for several days.

THE event of the session, so far, was the game of foot-ball between Chapel Hill and Wake Forest Thursday of Fair week, at the Raleigh Fair grounds. Our team had had their ball only three days and were sadly out of practice. Nevertheless, when they appeared on the grounds in their neat new uniform, they created a most favorable impression and loud and continued cheering rent the air. The first game resulted in favor of the Chapel Hill team, owing to the fact that our boys played under two new rules and had the disadvantage in position of their goal. The next game our boys went at it with a vim, caught on to their opponents' dodges and won the game in a short time. The third game was simply a repetition of the second. Our boys were favorably impressed with the gentlemanly conduct of their opponents and expressed their complete satisfaction with the decisions of Mr. William Wynne, of Raleigh, who kindly umpired the game.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

—'55. Dr. Marable is one of the best ministers in the State, but, on account of his delicate health, is confined to a quiet life.—*Fayetteville Journal*.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett, Esq., of Elizabeth City, was in attendance at the Supreme Court recently on professional business.

—'80. J. N. Holding, Esq., assisted the State's attorney in the recent trial of Cross and White at Raleigh, N. C. He opened the argument for the prosecution and his effort is very highly compliments by the *News and Observer*, of that city.

—'81. Mr. C. J. Hunter has accepted the State agency for the Union Central Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, with headquarters at Raleigh, N. C. He is a man of push.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of St. Joseph, Mo., is one of our most enthusiastic and progressive young alumni. Besides serving the South Baptist Church as pastor, he is associate editor of the *Central Baptist*, president of an important mission board and chairman of the Executive Board of his association.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, of New Brunswick, N. J., has been preaching a series of sermons on "Social Vices" that has very much inter-

ested his people and filled his church with attentive listeners. His sermons have attracted the attention of the New York and New Jersey papers.

—'81 and '87. Revs. L. N. Chappell and E. F. Tatum, missionaries-elect to China, were ordained to the full work of the ministry at Forestville, N. C., during the recent session of the union meeting at that place.

—84. Mr. W. H. Kornegay is winning distinction as an active, enthusiastic educator. He is now principal of the Academy at Richlands, N. C., and is making a decided success of his school.

—'84. Prof. Charles L. Smith has returned from Europe and has entered upon the discharge of his duties at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he is assistant lecturer on general European and church history.

—85. Rev. J. B. Pruitt, who has been preaching in Anson county, N. C., has resigned his churches and gone to the S. B. T. Seminary.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell, of Mt. Olive, N. C., has resigned his churches and gone to the S. B. T. Seminary.

—'85. Rev. E. Ward, of Texas, recently paid a visit to friends in North Carolina.

—'86. Rev. T. C. Britton, missionary-elect to China, and Miss Nannie E. Sessoms, of Bethlehem, N. C., were united in matrimony October 3. He and his bride recently paid a short visit to the Hill.

—'86 and '87. Mr. C. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, and Mr. W. P. Stradley, of Oxford, N. C., have been granted honorary scholarships at the Johns Hopkins University. An honorary scholarship is worth \$225 per year.

—'87. Rev. W. S. Olive has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Holly Springs, N. C., and will preach there two Sabbaths in each month.

—'87. The Supreme Court of North Carolina recently granted license to practice law to Mr. E. J. Justice, of Rutherfordton, N. C.

—'87. Mr. J. J. Lane is at the University of South Carolina, devoting himself to the study of chemistry.

—'87. Mr. T. E. Cheek is keeping books for the large dry-goods house of Jones & Lyon, at Durham, N. C.

—'87. At Harrellsville, N. C., October 1st, Rev. L. R. Pruett led Miss Dora Shaw to hymen's altar.

—'88. Mr. R. B. Lineberry is principal of the Rocky Mount High School at Rocky Mount, N. C. Those people are to be congratulated on securing his services.

—'88. Rev. J. W. Lynch is at the S. B. T. Seminary. He preached at the Broadway Methodist Church, October 7th

—'88. Rev. J. R. Pendergrass is pastor of churches at Carthage and Bethlehem, in Moore county, and is reported as doing a good work.

—'88. Rev. T. C. Buchanan has charge of Cullawhee High School, in Jackson county, N. C. He also preaches for the churches in the surrounding country.

—During vacation we had the pleasure of seeing Messrs. J. G. and W. F. Stokes, of Duplin county, who are so pleasantly remembered by the faculty and many of our students. Mr. J. G. Stokes has won quite a reputation as a teacher, having been principal of the Graded School at Magnolia during the past year. He is now principal of the Academy at Burgaw, N. C. Mr. W. F. Stokes took a two-year course in medicine at the Kentucky School of Medicine at Louisville, Ky., where he graduated in a class of fifty-six, winning the prize in therapeutics.

—News of Oxford: Just as we go to press we learn of the death of Mr. Titus T. Grandy, Wednesday evening. Mr. Grandy was one of Oxford's oldest and most respected citizens [Mr. Grandy was a very devoted Baptist, an alumnus of Wake Forest, a man of excellent sense, an excellent citizen, and, prior to the war, a man of large wealth. He was the father of the late Professor Grandy, of the University, and has also two very promising sons, who are distinguished graduates of the University.—*Star*.]

The above we clip from the *Wilmington Star*. We have been unable, however, to find the year he graduated.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

—The *Thielsenian* is one of our favorite Northern exchanges. The September number is before us. Its editorials are especially breezy. Its department of "Books and Authors" contain much information. Its contributions are, in the main, very readable. The "Attack on Fort Sumpter" is exceedingly lurid and abounds in sophomoric eloquence. We would advise its author to make a more extended study of Constitution-History before he makes such glaring assertions as these: "What she (the South) could not accomplish by ballot she would attempt by bullet. Perverting the meaning of liberty, she assumed rights and claimed privileges contrary to the spirit of Democratic equality. The Constitution which she could not shape to suit her views and institutions she would tear to shreds and trample under foot." We can overlook this, however, as the piece in question was evidently intended for a speech, and its author was straining for effect.

—The *Trinity Archive* for October has been received. Its editorial work is good as usual. Its contributions are all selected. While they are very good, still we think that only original pieces should be published. It comes out strongly in favor of inter-collegiate games for our North Carolina col-

leges. It says: "They (the games) are calculated to encourage among the students of the several institutions a desire to excel in the contests. This will, of course, lead them to pay more attention to physical training and development, which is woefully neglected in our Southern institutions, but which should be made a requisite." This is a most excellent suggestion, and we sincerely hope it will meet with approval from all our State exchanges. In addition to a series of games, we think there should be an oratorical contest between representatives of our colleges. Such a contest is regularly held in Illinois and other Western States and, if we can trust our exchanges, are both enjoyable and profitable. Among other things, they would give the students of our different colleges an opportunity to become acquainted, and the hostile rivalry which now, we regret to say, exists between them would give place to a friendly emulation beneficial to all. What say ye, fellow Ex's?

—The September number of the *Franklin Collegiate* is a very readable issue. "My Neighbor's Story" shows considerable talent. The critique on Geoffrey Chaucer is well written. We are especially pleased with its dignity and tone and the delightful absence of

all slang phrases in its local department.

—We place the *Schoolteacher* on our exchange list with pleasure. It employs only the best talents, and its editor endeavors to give only the latest and most practical methods of teaching.

—The *Thompson Student* is decidedly one of the best high school magazines that has reached us. The article on "Shakespeare's Commentaries" is very good. The one on "The Lazy Man" is original and unique.

—The *Guardian* for September is before us. "The Microscope and the Telescope" is well treated. Great as have been the advances of science, they have been due in no small measure to these two instruments. The "Eulogy on Edgar Allen Poe" we especially enjoyed. Poe was undoubtedly a great poet. European critics have long since discovered it, and Northern critics cannot hold out much longer. The recent contribution of Mr. Edmund Gosse, the ablest critic in England, to the *Forum* took them completely by surprise. Mr. Gosse pronounced Poe the greatest poet America has produced, and this judgment will undoubtedly be the verdict of posterity.

—We notice a decided improvement in the *Oak Leaf*, but we are not surprised at this, as we notice that our old friend and former school-mate, M. O. Nelson, is one of the editors. The September number contains an interesting article on Sir Isaac Newton. We heartily concur in what X says of the late Press Association.

We, too, would like to know how the school magazines of this State could bring reproach upon or lower the standard of journalism. We, too, believe with the *Oak Leaf* that "the position of the school journals of North Carolina on all questions vitally affecting morality or society is well known and needs no apology. . . . If we have touched politics we have touched them to argue and not to abuse, to defend the organic principles of our political faith and not to villify those who have seen things differently from us. Truth has never suffered at our hands. We have catered to no depraved tastes, cowered before no vital question and left no stone unturned to develop the highest types of citizenship in our beloved State!" Notwithstanding we are left out in the cold, we presume that we can get on without the association. At any rate, we have not discovered any falling-off of subscribers because the Press Association refused to admit the *STUDENT* to membership.

—The *North Carolina Teacher* is undoubtedly the best-printed educational journal in the State. Its personal notices of teachers are especially good.

—The *College Message* for September is a most excellent number. Among its contributions we notice "Sonnets to Amelie Rives," "Physical Culture," and "Heimgang." Its editorials are spicy and to the point.

—The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Adelphian*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, and *The College Rambler* have also been received.

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
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A SONNET.

TO C. E. T.

No heedful eye can pass him lightly by;
His face is as the face of one we knew
Long, long ago—some friend, beloved and true.
How soft the light of his clear, humid eye,
As if its earliest look on cloud and sky
Had caught the light and shade of Heaven's own blue;
His shoulders bowed, while yet his years are few,
Show more than one life's cares upon them lie.
Oh, hear him read the Master's Holy Word;
Then strange, sweet feelings all my being thrill,
As if the Master's blessed voice I heard;
And when he prays there falls a holy still—
God's messengers, I know, are waiting there
To hear, before His throne, the sure, true prayer.

HINTS ON THE STUDY OF LATIN.

There has never been an age in the history of the world more devoted to the study of letters than the one in which we are now living. Never before have the methods of studying and of teaching attracted so much attention. Let this be said to the credit of the age, for knowledge is one of the greatest blessings to the human race, and the best methods of acquiring it are of great importance, inasmuch as they involve the expense of time and resources. Life is too short to admit of a man's using any other method than that which will carry him in the quickest time to the highest results. One's time and strength ought to be made to produce as much as possible.

So far as the method of studying Latin is concerned, it is safe to say that the present tendency is one which promises great results. For one thing, there are many indications of greater thoroughness in the last decade of years, both in colleges and academies. There has been unquestioned improvement. A large number of students go to college prepared to profit by their course. But while this is true, it must also be said that a large number of men go to colleges in the South with a faulty preparation—faulty not because of a lack in quantity so much as in quality. They have been over enough ground, but not in the right way.

Perhaps the greatest mistake that is made by students of Latin is at the beginning, with regard to the forms. They find the paradigms dry and hard, and, not seeing the practical use that is to be made of some of them, do not learn them thoroughly. The first principles of syntax are treated in the same manner, and when they come to read and explain the texts of Latin authors they find the subject very hard and uninteresting. If they then succeed at all it is only by prodigious exertions, in which a bitter atonement is made for previous neglect.

The forms ought to be so learned that they can be presented as quickly as they can be called for. No hunting in the dark, no painful racking of the mind should be required to determine exactly what they are and to give them a prompt expression. This ready acquaintance with the forms is not to be understood as applying alone or even principally to the mechanical recitation by rote. There is a far more important sense in which they ought to be familiarly known. One may be able to say them by rote and not know them any other way—not be able to give promptly the particular form needed in a given case. This latter is precisely what is so much needed. The acquaintance should be such as to furnish the form promptly when it is needed to give the proper

expression to thought in Latin, either in a written or oral exercise, and to produce a quick recognition of it, with its entire force and meaning, when it is met with in a sentence. If, then, a student wishes to enjoy and profit by his study of Latin, let him learn at the start the forms and first principles of syntax so thoroughly that he will not only be able to recite them with credit in the class next day, but will never be able to forget them. Continued practice in reading and writing Latin can alone produce and furnish a test of this knowledge. Let the student acquire the habit in reading of observing most closely the precise forms that are used and their exact force. With sufficient practice he will do this almost unconsciously.

Another thing about which students often make a grave mistake is the very careless and incomplete study of the meanings of words. How often is the dictionary used only mechanically for the purpose of finding an English word which will suit to make some sort of translation of the Latin. Their object is to "make sense" out of an apparently senseless piece of Latin by the substitution of words which have some sense in them. Students of this class will look out in their dictionaries the same word a dozen times in a year, and then not understand the word, because they have each time been merely desirous of finding some definition which would help to make sense, and, outside of this, they have not cared to know the word. This is all wrong. A very large part of the time spent in acquiring a knowledge

of a language should be spent in the close and accurate study of words. This is an indispensable prerequisite to the intelligent study and appreciation of the literature. Words, as we meet with them, should be treated as new acquaintances, whose names, ideas and behavior we notice and remember. A second introduction ought never to be necessary. What is learned about them at the first meeting ought, even to the smallest details, to be retained in memory if we wish to know how to treat them the next time they are met. It should be a rule to study the definitions of a word in such a way that it will rarely be necessary to look into the dictionary again to find the same meaning or usage. Persons with poor memories, or, indeed, those with fairly good ones, may help themselves here by various plans, such as that of writing down the unfamiliar words on a slip of paper and studying them over at the end of the day or week. Dr Kerfoot, of Louisville, who cannot complain of a bad memory, used this plan in his study of Hebrew. Others put a dot or dash by the side of every word whose meaning they seek in the dictionary, and then, in turning the leaves, they notice especially the words that are thus marked. It is not too much to say that a student ought to study with care all that is said about a word which he has occasion to look up in a dictionary which he is prepared to use. It will be sufficient for beginners to notice what is said in the appended vocabularies, prepared for their special use, but one who has come to the use

of a dictionary should, by all means, study everything that is said about the meaning and use of a word, first noticing the original idea, then the various derived and figurative meanings, and lastly, the constructions in which it is used. The very examples which are given in every good dictionary to illustrate the use should often be examined. A whole column—two, three, or more, should be carefully studied by the advanced student, all about one word. When the word is one that has been met with before, it is a good plan to pause a second and endeavor to recall all that is possible about it before consulting the dictionary. This will strengthen the power to recall. Words should also be studied by comparison and contrast with each other. Synonyms should be classed together in the mind as far as possible, and those almost synonymous with the prevailing differences noted. Familiarity with words ought to be such that we associate with them not the corresponding English equivalents, but the concrete objects or abstract ideas which they represent. As fast as we become acquainted with the Latin the English ought to be put aside, so that we may read simply Latin words, and, in doing so, think Latin thoughts, without the intermixture of English.

But this leads to the consideration of the proper way of reading Latin. And here, first of all, a word ought to be said on the question of pronunciation. This is not by any means a matter of indifference or of little consequence. It is of great importance

that those who are working together in the same class should have some definite system of pronunciation. If, then, any system at all, why not one which approaches at least near to that which was used by the ancients themselves? Does not the pronunciation belong to the very genius of a language? Ought not that to be given to the Latin which is accorded to other languages, viz., that its pronunciation be respected so far as we know what it was? Great pains are taken with that of the German, French and other modern languages, and if one is to be mentioned from ancient times, the Hebrew or even the more ancient Assyrian can be cited as cases in which the ancient, distinctive pronunciation is preserved by modern scholars. Why not respect that of Latin? It is, to say the least, quite unscientific to afflict a language with the peculiar, unsystematic pronunciation of another language, as we do when we read Latin according to the English method. The drift of opinion on the subject can very easily be seen by noticing the large number of the very best institutions of the country, which use the Roman or continental method. The following list (furnished by a friend who has had special opportunities for knowing) will show what grade of institutions countenance these: Johns Hopkins, Yale, Harvard, Brown, Washington, Lee, University of Virginia and many others of various grades.

The Germans pronounce according to their own language, but that is because their mother-tongue has so

nearly the same pronunciation. There is a vast difference between reading and translating a language. The two are practically often confounded. It is by no means too much to say that a mere process of oral translation into one's mother-tongue never does and can never do the original complete justice. The language must be understood as it is, without translation, in order to be fully appreciated. This is the only proper way in which to read a language, and this should be the aim and method of every earnest student of Latin. If, in the beginning, the sentences are studied very thoroughly and read over very frequently, the student will find that they yield their thought directly to his mind without the intervention of any English words. He will keep up the practice of repetition as he goes from shorter to longer sentences, until he finds that long, connected sentences give a clear meaning as he reads without translating. He ought to avoid with care the bad habit so usual among students of picking out the words in the sentence here and there to suit the English order. This is simply a mixing up of Latin and English syntax in a very awkward way. Let the author say what he will in his own words and in his own order of thought. A man cannot regard himself as master of a language so long as he is compelled to change the natural order in the sentence or to substitute English words in order to get the sense. It will be important to read many times the same passages in the effort to acquire this skill.

With each repetition the thought will come more accurately and more promptly, and the pleasure of reading increases in the same proportion. This repetition is precisely what the average student does not fancy. He wishes to be able to translate the passage tolerably well in the class, so as to get a good mark. In other words, he does only that which, by his plans and aims with regard to Latin, he feels compelled to do. This much needed patient work, however, if resolutely begun and persisted in, soon becomes pleasant and, in the highest sense, profitable.

It is also a great advantage to read much aloud. This helps to make one's pronunciation accurate and gives occasion to bring out the exact thought of the writer by the expression of the voice, which, in turn, impresses the thought upon the mind of the reader and gives him the power to render the original in such a way as to be comprehended by those who may listen.

The habit of memorizing passages of prose or short poems, does a great deal towards bringing the language home to us with its power and charm, and adds much to our mastery over it. The mind, in this way, grows accustomed to the words and construction, and is taught to think in the original to just that extent. If this exercise is extensive enough, covering many pages and much time, it will enable the mind to frame sentences promptly in Latin as the expression of its own thoughts. This is a practice which is much prized in

the German schools. The professor of Latin in the University of Leipzig has often expressed his surprise that it is so neglected in America. On examinations for degrees in Latin he invariably asks the candidate to repeat, in the original, some one of the odes of Horace.

The most perfect mastery over a language can not be acquired when the thoughts are allowed to flow most of the time in the channels of some other language. It would be very difficult, however, to make an arrangement by which, in our schools and colleges, the Latin should be the principle means of communication and the medium through which all studies should be carried on. We would then be compelled to have

arithmetics, geographies, histories and sciences,* etc., all written in Latin. This is, of course, impossible; but it remains true that the more nearly we confine our minds to a language, to the exclusion of all others, the easier and more complete will be the acquisition of the language. Many go to Germany to learn German, and, though they stay there two or three years, do not master the language, because they spend a large part of their time talking their mother tongue.

If these few hints serve to assist or stimulate any one in the study of an important subject, the writer will be amply repaid for the time spent in writing.

G. W. MANLY.

THE HERO OF THE RED SHIRT.

When we think of our great inventors, and hear the clicking of the telegraph instrument, and note its marvelous utility; the rushing locomotive and the plowing steamboat; the vast improvements in all machinery; the unlimited power of steam harnessed, and its force brought to bear upon the industries of the country, we are apt to think that the 19th century is the age of inventions.

To some who note the long strides which science has made from the darkness and chains of bigotry and intolerance to the light and liberty which broadened thought made pos-

sible, it is the scientific age. But to men looking back two or three hundred years hence upon this century, it will appear in the light of history not inventive—not scientific—but *romantic*.

Social upheavals and great revolutions, bring to our view flashes of genius and daring; men who think themselves children of destiny, and who believe that the common laws which control men's actions do not apply to them. The history of the 19th century, in the light of such characters as these, has a romantic aspect. Napoleon, with his star lead-

ing him to victory after victory, and leaving him when his star had set at Waterloo, leading his horse aimlessly from the "king-making" field, dazed and stunned by the fall—"the mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream" The history of all Napoleon's wars is romantic. The character of his Marshals—Murat, with his waving plume and chivalric bearing; Ney, the dashing hero of the famous retreat from Moscow, and the very spirit of the French soldier and his blind devotion to his chief, all blended in history, give a weird and romantic coloring to Napoleon's wars.

It is so with our own struggle for independence. William Gilmore Simms found but little trouble in weaving his romances around the lives of the leaders in that struggle, and our late war developed none the less the same romantic spirit. Sheridan, Kilpatrick and Hancock, of the Northern army; Stuart, Hampton, Mosby and Ashton, are the romantic names which have come to us from that conflict. The Stuart, Hampton Mosby, of "Mohun," were not creatures of John Esten Cooke's imagination, but lived and fought the war for Southern rights with that romantic valor which history attests. Nor was it a staid and common spirit which fired Kosciuszko in his struggle for Polish liberty.

The lives of such men as these enliven the dull course of history. To be mentioned with them is he of whom we wish to speak, the epic hero of Italian unity—Guiseppe Gar-

ibaldi. In the gallery of romantic characters he deserves the largest space, for his whole life was a *drama*. From the black-eyed, restless sailor-boy to the most worshipped man of Italy, he was the same passionate and impetuous lover of freedom. He was its apostle wherever he went. Especially did his heart bleed under the continued wrongs of his native land. But he loved liberty for liberty's sake, and he led the Italian troops without thought of reward. He fought not for position and emolument. His love for liberty was intuitive, and it always found in him a champion, whether on the Pampas of South America or among the beautiful valleys and snow-crowned mountains of his own country.

In order to appreciate the efforts of this man in behalf of Italian Unity, we must have some idea of the condition of that country when he took up arms in her behalf. Italy had long been enslaved. Although nature had been prodigal and unsparing in her gifts of beautiful scenery and lofty mountains, yet she had not given her the freedom which was necessary to their enjoyment. To be a prisoner in a palace is as galling as to be in chains in the meanest hut; and so the lofty Alps and the sunny clime, which excite such admiration in the foreigner, did not fill the breast of the true Italian with joy. He could not stand upon the mighty peaks, capped with perennial snow, and glance upon the country around and thank God that he and it were free. He could not stand as "Tell on his native hills"

and cry to the winds around him:—"Blow on; this is the land of liberty!" The beauties of nature on every hand only awakened a greater longing for freedom.

The provinces of Piedmont had once been the heart of the mighty Roman Empire; but, after its fall, Italy had never been united under one government; but in sympathy and purpose she *was* united, and she needed but a man to kindle the flame and she would be united in action. That man came. With outstretched arms the people welcomed Garibaldi as their Savior.

We now turn to give a brief account of the life of this man, whose place in Italian history is similar to Washington's in American or Alfred's in English history. He was born at Nice, and always cherished the warmest affection for his native town, and exhibited great indignation when it was ceded by Cavout to France.

The ordinary observer would scarcely have noticed anything unusual or striking in him as a boy; yet one observing closely now may see in the reflex light of his subsequent achievements some of the germs that afterwards became so distinguished in the man. His father was a sailor, and Garibaldi himself at an early age acquired a restless desire for roving; and a great part of his early manhood was spent in this perilous occupation. His love for the sea carried him to South America. He found that part of the American continent struggling in a revolution, the smaller states try-

ing to throw off the Brazilian yoke. He immediately and necessarily enlisted on the side of the weaker, for their condition was somewhat similar to that of his own country. He fought here bravely for about nine months.

The rebellion failing, he returned to Italy and took up her cause with the same ardor and boldness that had characterized his course in South America. The people of Italy were fully ripe for the revolution, which he began to preach. Long years of servitude, instead of quenching the old Roman spirit, had embittered and strengthened it. As this slavery grew worse, the more determined it became; and it was growing worse. Austria still hung like a millstone around her neck. The church had become corrupt. The Bishop of Rome, forgetting his spiritual mission, lusted after worldly power. He established himself as temporal sovereign and elevated his cardinals into temporal princes. He opposed every effort looking towards Italian Unity. He declared Victor Immanuel an impostor, and when Garibaldi came to Italy he found the people ready to strike a blow for their own freedom against the Church and Austria. Sicily was in a state of open insurrection. The rest of Italy openly sympathized with her attempts to free herself from her hated king, Ferdinand II. But, while the people were willing to aid her, both Victor Immanuel and Cavout hesitated to give her the aid she asked.

But, while they hesitated, there was one who had come to the conclu-

sion that he, at any rate, must act—must gather around him those who, like himself, would, at any risk, go to the aid of the Sicilians striving to throw off a hated yoke. This was Garibaldi. He had fought heroically at the defense of Rome in 1849, and the people had confidence in him. On the 6th of May, accompanied by about one thousand followers, he left the coast of Genoa for Sicily. He landed there on the 14th of May and in two months he had overthrown the Neapolitan Government.

His power and fame increased beyond measure. He had accomplished in two months what years of diplomacy had failed to do. Troops from all parts now flocked to him. He raised the cry: "Italy and Victor Immanuel!" and pressed on with his increasing army. Although all the cabinets of Europe frowned at his audacity, he was determined to take Naples itself. Victor Immanuel tried to dissuade him; but, with Italy behind him, he told the honest king that the actual state of Italy compelled him to refuse his majesty. "When," said the hero of the Red Shirt, "I shall have delivered the population from the yoke which weights them down, I will throw my sword at your feet, and will then obey you the rest of my life."

He continued his march against Naples, and on the 7th of September it was evacuated. He entered in tri-

umph. For long hours he received an ovation such as seldom is given any other man. "And when late in the evening it was announced that, worn out with fatigue and emotion he had retired to rest, a sudden quiet fell upon the vast crowds, and repeating to one another: 'Our Father sleeps,' they dispersed to their homes, their right hands raised above their heads, with the first finger alone extended, a sign expressive of the cry reiterated again and again that day: 'Italia Una!'" This was the beginning of the end. The rest may be told in a few words. He turned his face towards Rome, declaring that Rome should be the capital of United Italy and the Alps her boundaries.

When this had been accomplished and Italy had begun that career that all Italians of to-day are so proud of, he resigned the command of the army and retired to his island home of Caprera, where he died a few years ago. It can almost be said of him as Everett said of Washington, that, after having emancipated a country, he resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land whose liberties he might almost be said to have created. His countrymen know how to rank him upon glory's page, and but to mention the name of the Hero of the Red Shirt to an Italian is to fill his lips with eulogies.

JOHN E. WHITE.

A MOTE IN THY BROTHER'S EYE.

It is a well-established fact that the climate of the South is unfavorable to the production of literary genius. Some unlearned and unsophisticated people, sadly behind the times, may be disposed to question this statement; they may say that the scenery of this section is fully as favorable and inspiring to writers—quite as capable of exciting great thoughts in mighty minds—as that of any New England State. They may be even presumptuous enough to compare the blessings that we have received from nature's hands with those of any other States. Perhaps they will suggest that the comparatively small number of Southern writers is due to the fact that we have never paid quite as much attention to the art of letters as have our neighbors.

These deluded mortals may even go so far in their unmitigated ignorance and blind stupidity as to claim that within our borders literary genius not only can be, but has, already been fostered. They may mention a certain Edgar Poe, who wrote a few rhymes, but was clearly proven not to have been a poet at all by many eminent critics. They will probably tell you that, though this man was vilified and most foully abused during life, and though the vindictive malice of his enemies did not permit him to rest quietly in the

grave, but pursued him even there and reviled his senseless dust, still his fame is to-day fresh in the memory of his countrymen, while the great majority of his defamers have sunk into oblivion. And, by the way, there are in the history of literature many things which are difficult to understand. This is a very puzzling question—about that fellow Poe. Of course he has not the slightest claims to distinction as a writer; the critics made that evident long ago. We turn as we write to Mr. Backus' sketch of American literature. One short half page was all he was thought worthy to receive of that author's valuable space. Subjoined we find this comment: "A gambler and a drunkard, he wasted his genius and threw away his life." Tell us ye critics, learned in the law, why it is that, in the face of such weighty authority from eminent men, this fellow's words continue to be read, while those of N. P. Willis, Fitz Greene Halleck and others lie untouched on their dusty shelves? If he was the stupid, drunken, besotted wretch which we are told he was, why have "The Gold Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Black Cat" been carried across the ocean into so many strange lands and translated into so many foreign tongues? Why is it that "The Ra-

ven" is accounted one of the most precious gems of poetry in existence? and the hearts of humanity are even to-day thrilled with the magic chimes of "The Bells" and the exquisite melody and beauty of "Sunabel Lee?" Why is it that the eyes of so many thousands grow dim with tears as they read the pathetic tale of his life, his sufferings and his death? The verdict of History is just being recorded and honor awarded to whom honor is due. Justice—tardy Justice—comes to lay her chaplet of fame upon the coffin-lid and mingle the laurel crown of praise with the snow-white burial-wreath of immortelles when the heart is cold and still forever that would have beat so rapturously once to receive them. This is the solution of that literary puzzle.

For the benefit of those who are sceptical about the remark made at the outset, we will say that we have the statement of the critics for what we say, and, compared to their opinions, the judgment of the great reading public-at-large is valueless. But we ought not to feel bitter or resentful to our kind neighbors for disabusing us of the delusive idea that we could ever hope to have a writer or a literature of our own. Indeed, such a spirit as this would indicate the basest ingratitude on our part, for had it not been for their timely information we might have supposed some of our men and women worthy of honor, and thus we are saved from bestowing undeserved praise. How grateful we ought to feel! Moreover, we might in time have grown proud of those

whom we thought to be authors. To be proud is a sin. Again we are under obligations for having been delivered from the folly of pride.

But the kindness of our friends did not stop here. That would not have helped us much. To be sure it was not very consoling to know that we had no literature, no knowledge, and so recognizing this they very considerably determined to furnish us with both. There were a good many customs at the South, a good many institutions among us which it was thought ought to be noticed, and as our brains were unequal to the performance of the task, they decided to perform it for us. There was an institution called slavery. Of course no Southern man knew enough about that to tell the world of it. Here was a fine opportunity for some eloquent writer; but the account of one who, dwelling here, was well acquainted with the subject could not be received. Oh, no! He was incompetent. Some one living in another country, profoundly ignorant of the subject to be discussed, must tell about slavery. This was about like a man, after a five-minutes' view with a two-inch spy-glass, attempting to write a geography of the moon. At last we had the picture of Southern society and manners, drawn in a most peculiar style, combining the lurid elements of the dime novel and the sickly moral tone of the modern Sunday-school book, by Mrs. Stowe. We had almost forgotten that we were intruding on sacred ground. A committee composed of certain of the learned has re-

cently decided that this thrilling volume is one of the world's great works and is entitled to a place alongside of Dickens's "David Copperfield," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Hugo's "Les Miserables." It purports to be a true description of slavery at the South, and a falser claim was never preferred. By the ignorant masses it was received as entirely legitimate, and in the excited condition of the public mind its sale was immense and is said to have done more than any other one thing to bring on the civil war. If such is the case, we owe to this lady a deeper debt of gratitude than we can ever hope to discharge.

The hero of this novel was a negro called Uncle Tom. Of him it is sufficient to say that the world has never heard of but one other exhibition of such sublime fortitude, such meek and patient endurance of injury and wrong; and that was displayed well nigh two thousand years ago in the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate. The lady cannot be criticised for creating a perfect character. That is the recognized prerogative of the writer who endeavors to inculcate in the minds of men any great moral or religious principle; but he must not do it at the expense of truth. He has no right to describe people otherwise than as they are when he attempts to tell of the manners and customs of a country. It was ridiculous to claim that such a book was a true delineation of slavery. As well might Ginn's "Household Tales" profess to be a description of social life in Germany.

This class of literature, which is not Southern, though of the South, is not represented by this book alone. It has found an able exponent in Albion W. Tourgee's "Fool's Errand," which rivals it in falsehood and misrepresentation, and we believe the same spirit which prompted the one displayed with all its pristine malignity in the other, and both are ably supplemented by the statesman-like utterances of John J. Ingalls and of that polished Christian soldier, William T. Sherman. These gentlemen talk much of the suppression of the negro vote; but the long-suffering public, upon whom their articles have been so unceasingly inflicted, have expressed a hearty regret that the efforts have not been directed toward the suppression of such contributions as we read in the *North American Review* from men of this stripe instead of the negro vote. Gen. Sherman's article might some time call for a reply, and we would suggest as a title, by way of a contrast to "Old Shady: with a Moral," Old Sherman, without Morals.

However much we must regret the heavy losses which the late war entailed upon us, viewing it from a literary standpoint alone, we acknowledge that we were benefited at least indirectly by the struggle, for it brought forward a number of prominent writers. They found in the stirring events, from '61 to '65 and the years succeeding, a wide field for exercising their talents. That the South had done little before in the cultivation of letters we are free to confess,

but it is equally true that it was owing rather to the lack of inclination than to want of capacity. Man is so constituted that in nine cases out of ten he will do only what is imperatively necessary. The average Southerner, possessed of all things requisite to render his life an easy one, had no stimulus, no incentive to engage in literary pursuits, and so paid very little attention to them. But at the close of the war the established order of things was materially altered. He no longer had unlimited means at his command and instead of writing occasionally for amusement, when he saw starvation staring him in the face, began to write as a matter of meat and bread. And as the pen was instrumental in causing the late war, so the same agency was equally instrumental in removing many of its hostile effects. The world knew nothing about the character of our people. Most of the knowledge which we obtain, the opinions that we form of other countries, is acquired by the perusal of books written about them. We had written nothing, and others were able to judge us by no means except such as was furnished by authors like Mrs. Stowe. So we were considered a nation of semi-barbarians, upholding slavery in its vilest form, and this impression remained uncorrected until the South, speaking for herself, proved how foul was the slander. It was shown that slavery, though essentially wrong, was not without redeeming features. The work of Joel Chandler Harris on this line cannot be overestimated.

His tales of "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit," as literary productions, alone entitle him to a high place among our humorists and story-tellers. They recall to the mind many an exciting hour spent in "Ole Mammy's" cabin, where the children were gathered together around the fire, listening with bated breath to the thrilling tale of haunted house or dire visions of ghosts seen by the belated traveller in some deserted grave-yard. They revive old memories of happy gambols with the negro child in hay-field or orchard. Since the slaves have been freed, these things have been rendered forever impossible. To one who remembers the days before the war nothing can be more natural than the little boy's childish discussions with Uncle Remus. But in these stories, considered only as such, there lies a deeper meaning. It is a protest against the false position which we have for so long been holding—a vindication of the Southern people from the calumnies heaped upon them.

We find the strong bond of affection which so often existed between master and slave exemplified in a beautiful and touching manner in the sketches of Thomas Nelson Page. Though young, he has already won for himself an enviable reputation, and we look for still better things in the future. If, as many hold, the chief aim of the story-teller is to interest and please, then assuredly he has no reason to be dissatisfied with the success which has attended his efforts. Who of us has ever read "Mars Chan" and not felt deeply

moved as he drew to the close? How true to life is the representation of the old negro's devotion through the different scenes and events of his career. How tenderly he takes his master up from the battle-field and sadly carries him home where the family is gathered on the porch eagerly awaiting the coming of him whose smile is to greet them no more on earth forever. With what simple pathos is described the grief of the aged parents and of his sweetheart, Annie, as she kneels beside the coffin and kisses with heart-broken tenderness the still, cold face within! In all these sketches we find the same impressive style, which, whether expressive of joy or sorrow, so directly enlists our sympathy and so strikingly commands our attention.

These writers, in benefiting themselves have benefited us also, and deserve our respect and warmest gratitude. But what shall we say of a recreant to principle—one who has turned his back upon his people and forsaken the cause which he once defended? George W. Cable, for his own self-aggrandizement, has truckled to Northern sentiments and pandered to Northern prejudices, by advocating wild and unsubstantial theories about the negro. When "Sieur George" and "Don Joaquin" first appeared they created a profound sensation in the literary circles. They disclosed to us a comparatively new order of beings and revealed the existence of a foreign people among us. Around the Creoles and the land where they dwell Cable threw a veil of romantic interest. It is partly to the novelty

of his subjects that his popularity is due. And happy had it been for him had he been content to confine his treatment of the negro to his works of fiction; but desirous of still greater popularity at the North, he published two articles entitled "The Silent South" and "The Freedman's Case in Equity," in which he advocated social equality between the races. Doubtless they are well written, and his false doctrines are presented in a manner highly calculated to mislead one not familiar with the truth. Of course his action excited almost universal indignation, and finding this climate rather too warm for him, he removed to Connecticut. In natural ability, in force and vigor of style, we are inclined to place him at the head of his contemporaries at the South, and his culpability is thereby rendered greater.

Another writer who deserves special mention is Mrs. Chandler, *nee* Amelia Rives. We do not propose to enter into any long discussion of her work. Her longer and more ambitious publications we do not exactly understand. The criticism that has been offered upon them repeatedly and which would seem to be a just one, is that she is entirely too morbid, overstrained and unnatural. This probably arises from extreme youth and unchecked imagination. It is true that "Herod and Miriamne" does not describe events likely to occur every day, nor is it clothed in altogether the same language which sane people are supposed to employ in conversation. The oaths contained in it are

perfectly shocking, and would do honor, or rather dishonor, to any of Her Majesty's gallant tars who sail the briny ocean. There never was, so far as our knowledge extends, a couple who could accomplish the perfectly astounding feat of kissing each other four thousand times per minute. We have consulted several who have acquired considerable proficiency in that delightful art, and they inform us that such a thing cannot be done. But, though Herod is inclined to be rather careless in the use of his adjectives, and though Miriamne is rather more affectionate than any youth ever having experienced the decided coolness which marks the society girl of to-day would believe possible, still it is universally admitted that her tragedy bears strong marks of uncommon talents. In regard to the redoubtable "Quick or the Dead," we need not dwell. It has become a pretty familiar title among the patrons of magazine literature. Indeed we know none more familiar, unless it be that of one of the numberless parodies which this novel called forth, such as "The Rock or the Rye," "The Trick of the Wed." We will not take up the cudgel; but there is a good thought in "The Quick or the Dead" which has not been sufficiently noticed, in the general storm of ridicule and abuse which marked its first appearance. It is the expression given by her to the doubt which so frequently arises in the mind as to the propriety of a second marriage. This occurs to almost every one, either as a matter of speculation or of experience. The

question must frequently arise, and there will be a lingering impression that the devotion of the heart is still due to the one on whom was bestowed the first and earliest love. But whatever other faults there may be in it, still it has never been called dull and no one ever goes to sleep over it, which is more than the Boston critics can claim for William Dean Howells or Mr. Henry James as the unfortunate readers of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "The Bostonians" can abundantly testify. And though the errors in "Herod and Miriamne" and "The Quick or the Dead" may be serious ones, the true merit of her shorter sketches cannot be denied, the genuine excellence of "A Brother to Dragons," the simple pathos of "Virginia of Virginia" or "Nurse Crumpey." There is no deep insight into the characters and motives of men found in her works. They are the overflowings of a strong, passionate nature, dictated, as it were, by impulse rather than by reason. There is in her shorter works none of that exhaustive treatment of the inward workings of the mind, so much of which we find in the recent realistic and scientific school of novelists; no attempt to inculcate any abstract principle of psychology or metaphysics. One would do well to let her works severely alone if he wishes to be taught any great moral truth. But if he wishes to find some pleasant relaxation for the mind, some delightful employment for an idle hour, we know nothing that would repay him better than the perusal of Amelia

Rives Chandler's sketches. It is a matter of regret that she should have married so early; for with women the married state is not conducive to the development of genius. It is an old truth that Pegasus does not work well when hitched to the family coach and hampered by the harness of household cares and duties. What the future of this gifted young authoress will be of course no one can tell. Like many others, she may have done her best work in these first compositions, or there may be yet in store for her a career which shall win still higher fame and send her name abroad into other lands where hitherto it has not been mentioned. Let us hope, for the sake of the South, that the latter may be the case. Certainly she has given in her works many bright indications of promise, and in them are contained the germs of great possibilities.

And now we cannot close this sketch without mentioning one who

was, in many respects, the most characteristic of all our Southern writers; who, not many months ago, dropped from his busy fingers the pen that had for so many years been wielded tirelessly for the glory of the South; over whose new-made grave our people mourned with a sincere and unostentatious grief, and who left behind him with those who knew him personally and those who did not, except through his works, that sweet and lovely memory which literally blossoms in the dust. And as long as the traditions of the past remain fixed in the hearts of this nation, as long as the morning dew-drops kiss the fragrant petals of the lilies that bloom around the spot he loved so well, the name of Paul H. Hayne will continue to be loved and revered among us.

"His life was gentle;
The elements in him so mixed
That nature might stand up and say to all
the world:
'This was a man!'"

THOMAS McDOWELL.

EDUCATION AND WHAT GIVES US THE ADVANTAGE.

All nations living and dead have or did have their systems of education. The most aggressive and powerful of the ancient nations had an end in view. Many of them partially accomplished their object; some utterly failed; and we, standing as we do above them all, may easily glance at the panorama and profit by their successes and failures. There are

two general divisions of education: the active and the passive, and these are each sub-divided.

The Chinese have a passive system. Theirs is familistic; they have no desire to surpass their fathers, and glory in their genealogy.

The Hindoos have also a passive system. The caste in which a child is born determines its destiny for life.

The education of the ancient Persians was active and nationalistic. They worshiped the god of light and thought the more of this world they conquered for him the better it would be for them. Thus they steered for the port of conquest. They taught the youth to "ride the horse, tell the truth and draw the bow," and so long as they adhered to these principles they were invincible; but when the youth became corrupt and their King, although able to lead a million men to war, was so foolish as to whip the sea, their light was changed to darkness and their glory forever faded.

The Egyptians had a peculiar idea. Immediately after death, the death court was held and if it was decided that the individual's life had been worthy of his living hereafter, his body was embalmed and laid in the tomb to await the coming again of the soul to take it to dwell in "the quiet kingdom of Amenti." This wielded a good influence upon the youth; it actuated them to emulate the lives of the most worthy, for it was only they who were embalmed; and, according to their belief, it was only those who were embalmed who would take a part in the future Kingdom.

The Greeks worshiped the beautiful, and for this they educated. They believed the more beautiful their bodies were, the more they were like their gods. For this they instituted their national games. The necessary preparations for those games made the body strong and agile, gave it a noble carriage and a

dignified and graceful manner of appearance. Thus each one fashioned his own body into a living, divine, and beautiful statue for those games where the nation crowned the victor.

The Phœnicians aimed at something great, but of all others made the most fatal mistake. They said that industry must conquer nature so far as it limits our lives in the three forms of food, shelter, and clothing. To overcome these completely they must overcome all lands and climates. Since one locality compensates for the deficiencies of another, commerce, they thought, would aid most effectually in this conquest. They very naturally sought to break family ties and to teach the youth "to leave his home and brave the ocean." They worshiped the fire god Moloch. Mothers were forced to stand "without expressing their grief," and see their children laid in his red-hot arms, and charred in his fiery bosom. This was a most effective means of destroying all parental and filial love, and producing a population of commercial adventurers.

The education of the Romans was active and exceedingly practical. The first object of love to the old Roman was Rome; the next, individual freedom, and had he adhered strictly to these principles, I see no reason why Rome should not still be standing in her pristine glory—the first city of the world.

Our advantages over all these come chiefly through the Christian religion—through the discovery of our own weakness—through our

knowledge of an omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent Being.

Unlike the Chinese, we not only endeavor to equal, but surpass, our forefathers. Unlike the Hindoos, the mountain hovel is no barrier to the White House of the capital. Unlike the Egyptians, we know that it matters not whether the Nile has been singing its requiem to the mummies for thousands of years, or whether the body returned to dust soon after death, all will have a like part in the future Kingdom. While the Persians thought the more of this world they conquered, the more they would please their god, we know that the more thoroughly we conquer ourselves the more we please *our* God. And as the Greek thought the more beautiful he made his body the more he was like his god, we *know* that the purer we make our thoughts and the more beautiful we make our souls, even though as pure and beautiful as a snow-drop in the ocean of air, the more we will be like *our* God. Unlike Rome, who wielded her tryannical and bloody scepter over the world, and of free and noble men made menial slaves, we open our doors to the distressed and oppressed of almost every land, and of slaves make free men. But if those whom we welcome come among us, holding and practising fiendish schemes inculcated in their former places of abode—schemes which are inimical to our free institutions—yes, when these become so reckless as to throw a bomb of dynamite into Haymarket, or into any other market, it

has been clearly demonstrated that they are then elaborately fashioning a proficient weapon, whose centre of percussion is well known to the goddess of liberty, and one with which she knocks the heads from their anarchistical shoulders, without the least jar to her holy hands.

While the Phœnicians thought that, in order to made fearless adventurers it would be necessary to break all family ties, we *know* that the lines of steamships which carry the traffic and travelers of every land, upon every sea, and the cables which bind continent to continent, and over which knowledge passes at lightning speed through the dark regions of the ocean, are the most effective means of bringing all nations of the world into one great family of Christian brotherhood.

Our education is individualistic, active, and, in most cases, practical. The fault is not so much with the system as with many individuals. This is an age of specialists, and, in many cases, of unnatural development. To-day a large number of unprepared young men madly rush into the professions, imagining, in their own undeveloped minds, great structures which they will build with such rapidity as to surprise the world, but the old world has seen so many rise and so many fall that she is no longer taken by surprise.

If any of us are building air castles I am of the opinion that if we ever hope to see their shoddy walls transmuted into solid reality we had better dig through the soft material till

we strike a stratum of solid rock, and upon it lay a broad foundation upon which to rear a structure that will stand firm against the storms of criticism, opposition and competition of the world.

The savage surrounded by the forests, the deer and the turkey, possessing his bow, and a skill in its use, his wigwam and his passions, is infinitely more happy, has a higher conception of life, and the world seems longer to him than to the man who rushes unprepared into law and does little more than sweeps the office for his superiors, or into medicine and reads all his life about eyes or ears, or perhaps the diseases of children.

What is the best plan for acquiring an education? And why should we become educated?

If we really wish an education let us remember that intermittent and spasmodic effort will avail but little. It is only earnest effort and steady application that insure success.

We must give our undivided attention to our work. "Attention is the door of the mind" and knowledge is no burglar; she has never been known to break open the door of any man's mind and force an entrance. On the contrary, the man must open the door of his own accord and make free use of his best mother-wit to induce her to enter at all.

We ought to become skilled in the use of books, because "the wisdom of all the past ages is recorded in them." We should learn what men have been doing, for fear that we may spend all of our lives to make an invention or a discovery, which became obsolete a thousand years ago. We should not be afraid of doing too much. "The word has done infinitely more for us than we can ever do in return."

What a boon it is to live in this age of the nineteenth century; this glorious age, to which all the past ages bow their venerable heads in reverence, acknowledging it the superior of them all, and more still to be a native of America, the country of countries and hub of the world. Yet to be without an education now is to be in a worse condition than any pessimist has ever conceived in his most gloomy meditations. Let us then take our uncomely, natural selves, place them high, make of them "our ideal selves," then go to work with all our soul, mind and strength, and, with the abundant means which God has placed in our power, to bring about the desired change. Remembering that we can live here but once, let it be the one grand, and noble effort of our lives to leave the world better than we found it.

T. S. SPRINKLE.

"WANTED!"

Many articles have been written on the wants and needs of Wake Forest College. Some of these writers want a new gymnasium and a Professor of Physical Culture; others want a Biological Laboratory. The Seniors want "Senior Vacations;" all of us want a week for Christmas. But there are some things wanted here which have not been considered,—at any rate, nothing has been written concerning them. We want a crowd of handsome young men, who are good gazers, to assemble in front of the entrance to Memorial Hall every Sunday morning, when religious services are over, and gaze in wonder at the dispersing congregation. It need not be said that the entire congregation is usually composed of *strangers*, who cannot be seen on the streets or in the campus oftener than several times every day, and those students fond of beholding startling and wonderful sights cannot afford to miss this opportunity of seeing a crowd of people emerge quietly from a door-way. A crowd is also needed at the depot when the mail trains arrive to fling discourteous remarks at the passengers and make rude comments about any young lady who may be so unfortunate as to occupy a seat by the car window. A large number of boisterous, impolite students should be stationed at every train, to "hack" and annoy passen-

gers, and should any luckless traveler thrust his head from the car window, he must, of course, be greeted with a chorus of sweet sounds, resembling the brays of the animal which Balaam rode. The reputation of the College has waned for the lack of such behavior, and the matter should receive immediate attention.

It is sincerely hoped that, at the next public reception, a number of young men will plant themselves firmly in the passages connecting the society halls with the library, to prevent ladies passing from one hall to the other. Of course if a lady should attempt to elbow her way through this crowd, every man for politeness' sake is expected to stand firm, comment on her appearance, and puff cigarette smoke as fast as possible. These worthy sentinels might render their stronghold more impregnable by producing a dense fog of this smoke, taking pains to direct an occasional puff into the halls for the benefit of the ladies. Heretofore, as everyone knows, this matter has been neglected and consequently the ladies have suffered much inconvenience and discomfort. To increase the pleasure, and insure the success of the next social gathering, the writer suggests that a band of loafers provide themselves with cigarettes, rudeness, impoliteness and a variety of slang expressions, and occur-

py these passages to the exclusion of both ladies and gentlemen. Very choice, expressive exclamations of slang for the occasion can be procured from some of the thoughtful and more refined students, who play foot-ball on the grounds near the depot. The students rooming in the Dormitory building desire to be disturbed as much as possible, especially during study hours. In order that this desire may be gratified the college bell should be rung from day-break to midnight. All those who have of late experienced such peculiar delight(?) in pulling a bell rope are earnestly requested to continue their occupation. We are also very anxious that a number of meddlesome persons of the town should organize a Newsmongers' Association, and hold secret sessions in the Gossip Exchange for the purpose of devouring the characters of wayward students and confirming current rumors, as to the misdemeanor and evil conduct of said students. In ventilating the record of some students, the amount of work done and the talent displayed by these very useful and enterprising individuals, have been wonderful. Their reports have often been *reliable* and very instructive. We suggest that for the enlightenment of the community they adopt for their official organ, *The Newsmongers' Gazette*, edited by Paul Pry & Tattler.

The Faculty, and all those interested in the college, are desirous that *good order* in the chapel at Senior speakings, public lectures, and other exer-

cises of like nature, should be conspicuous for its absence. In order to create a sufficient amount of disorder, to make such occasions unusually pleasant, every one should apply himself to the task. I have noticed that a *few* are already eminently proficient in the art of misbehavior. The zeal with which they have practised this art, and the wide popularity gained in consequence, induces me to suggest that all of us follow their example. Some of these young Chesterfields, who seem to have been intimately connected with his Satanic Majesty in their day and generation, have made themselves very agreeable on several occasions by disturbing the speaker and at least half the audience. The writer offers a few suggestions regarding the proper manner of conducting one's self on these occasions: Wait until the crowd has assembled and the speaker has begun his discourse before you think of entering the hall. Then, with a pair of crying shoes, an abundant supply of peanuts, a cane, and a blustering air of self-confidence, walk heavily down the aisle. Be slow in selecting your seat, and before sitting down look over the audience to see who's there and stand still a moment to let everybody know that *you* are there. This being done, you have made a fine start. The speaker has been interrupted, the attention of the audience divided, and *you* have distinguished yourself. Now settle down and proceed to business, remembering that you want to make the occasion pleasant for both audience and speaker. Drop your

cane on the floor several times and notice the pleasant effect produced on the audience. Now begin with your peanuts, shelling them loud enough to disturb every one in your vicinity; but if your own efforts prove futile, distribute them freely among your neighbors. You may further entertain the audience by trampling the hulls on the floor. This produces a gentle, crackling sound, extremely sweet and musical. Those desiring to do so may chew tobacco. The place to spit is on the floor, but be careful not to spit over the backs of the bench, for the man behind you would then receive the honor of staining the floor with tobacco juice. If you have no tobacco, write a note to some friend asking him for a chew. Only a dozen persons will be bothered to pass your note and return the tobacco. By all means keep up a chatter with your neighbors. For this whispering conversation is inappropriate unless you have the rare gift of whispering loud enough to be heard across the hall. It is always best to talk out loud, but a slow grumbling undertone will answer. Induce about fifty others to join you, so that a noise resembling the dull roar of a cataract will be heard. Certain young ladies are expected to engage in this practice and then complain of the general misconduct of the *students*. Should any one be so vile as to wish a seat near the rostrum and proceed thither with a steady, measured step, about fifty boys, who never engage in any practice they are ashamed to own, are needed to adjust

the stroke of their shoe-heels to his tread, and begin stamping the floor. The enchanting sound resulting will be a *tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!* reminding one of a mid-summer night when African revivals are in vogue. A few old fogies have said that this practice has become a nuisance, but we all know that such ovations are often given by *barbarian* assemblies, and this alone should be sufficient inducement for *college students* to do likewise.

If any one is so unfortunate as to arrive late, it is of supreme importance that about fifty persons look around and try to stare him out of countenance.

We want a few fellows to leave the chapel during the exercises, slam the door as they go out—in cold weather leave it open—and dash down the steps like a drove of mules. The musicians of the gang are requested to whistle, in the meantime, that tuneful, plaintive, soul-stirring melody, "Johnnie, Get Your Hair Cut."

This will have a very desirable effect on the audience and speaker. Remember, however, the speaker does not speak to be heard, but simply to hear himself talk, for the honor of addressing us and for his own amusement. It is amusing—*quite* amusing—to speak *at* an inattentive audience. Therefore pay no attention yourself, and use every means to distract the attention of others. Certain weary mortals can show their respect for the speaker by going to sleep, their self-respect being shown of course by leaving the mouth open for snoring purposes. Some atten-

dants on church here need to bear this in mind. And this also: That several young men are in demand to wind up *Waterbury* watches in church every Sunday. It attracts attention, you see. When the speaker has finished, it is *customary* for the audience to applaud. It is rumored that highly refined audiences applaud by clapping the hands, but this, of course, is incorrect. The proper way is for about one-hundred and fifty stalwart parties to make a desperate attack on the floor, pounding it with canes and shoe heels. The cloud of dust raised by this method of ap-

plause purifies the air, of course, and renders the occasion more pleasant. A few shrill whistles would add much to the pleasure of the audience; especially would ladies of nervous temperament enjoy this. While the audience is retiring from the chapel, a goodly number of gentlemen are requested to block up the vestibule so that no disturbance will arise among the noisy fellows while the ladies are going out.

These suggestions have been adopted by a *few* but we want and *need* more to follow their example.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

There is no more hopeful sign of progress than the growth among us of the university sentiment. It is just begining to receive expression among Wake Forest students. Its rise may be due in part to the recent location near it in the largest Southern city of the most aggressive university on the continent. It is gratifying to note how other philanthropists are following the example of Johns Hopkins, of Baltimore; and before long the country will begin to be proud of Sanford University and Clark University, and others not yet designated. These institutions, with their ample means, may hope to compete with the best universities of the world. Indeed, there is no reason why Amer-

ica should not furnish as thorough university instruction as any country; and when Christian men who have means come to see that in a free government such instruction must be under the patronage of individuals and not of the state, they will give such endowment to universities as will secure as good equipment and scholarship as can found anywhere. Germany has done the world's thinking long enough. The conquest of physical nature and the experiment of a republican form of government have advanced far enough in the United States to allow the diversion of our energies to scholarly pursuits with an enthusiasm, which has not been possible heretofore. In the leisure,

which must accrue as our wealth increases, young men will more and more devote themselves to study, and hence there will be—should be, no lack of students in the universities which are coming to be. The location among us of institutions consecrated to the advance of human knowledge will refine and heighten our whole intellectual life. Here is a prospect most pleasing to contemplate.

Meantime, many young men now in college should avail themselves of the universities now open to them. Time was when a diploma from Wake Forest College was a passport in North Carolina, among Baptists at least, to responsible positions. The young men who hold these diplomas *are* able to fill responsible positions. It would ill beseem the present writer to disparage the certificates given by his *Alma Mater*. But the impression that said diploma was the last achievement of devoted scholarship has been far too general among the young men. The very high esteem in which the College is held in the State has deepened that impression. I doubt not that many a young man has felt, on graduation day, that now he was educated and ready to “fight the battles of life.” Graduation was the fulfillment of all his desire. It is only speaking simple truth to say that the best college education furnished in the country is only a preparation for

studies which ought to be eagerly taken up by many. It is a grievous error to assume that because a young man has graduated at a good college he is therefore able to teach Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, Natural History,—what not. And the time is rapidly passing when such assumption can longer be made. What college graduate is really *master* of any department? The day is coming and now is when, if we would hold our ground and advance upon it, we must use the preparation gained at college in further special study in the line of our pursuits in life. Other men are doing this, and their number is constantly increasing. We must do this. A college education gives us eyes, but does not lead us into the fields, luminous and vast, which await our study. Colleges are true to their function according as they see that their work is preparatory, and disclaim the prerogative of doing final work..

If I may indulge a word of exhortation as I close these brief suggestions, it shall be this: Prize your college for what it is, not for what it is not; make it a stepping-stone to higher things, and be assured, there never was a time in history when richer rewards were dispensed than will crown your wider studies now.

ED. M. POTEAT ('83.)

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 12, 1888.

EDITORIAL.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Last summer the Democratic party, with one voice, nominated Mr. Cleveland to succeed himself to the Presidency. He had administered the government of the United States for more than three years, to the great satisfaction of those who had promoted him to the executive chair. His record was before the country. There was nothing concealed about his administration of the government. His public utterances were not obscure; they were dignified in tone, were given forth in unmistakable terms, and had a ring about them that told of his candor and clear-sightedness and his devotion to the public good.

The unanimity with which he was nominated by the party in power showed that they enthusiastically endorsed his administration. He had maintained peace with all foreign nations, imparted dignity and tone to our own, and increased respect for us abroad.

His attitude toward the South had been such that we had begun to feel that we were again in and of the Union. The "era of good feeling" seemed to be about to come again upon the country. He was beyond doubt the best President the country had had since the time of Thomas Jefferson. There was apparently no

good reason why the country should desire the administration to change hands.

The contest came and when it ended the fiat had gone forth in accordance with which a change takes place next March. Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, will then be inaugurated President of the United States. He was the nominee of the Republican party, is a lawyer of good ability, and has been in the United States Senate one term. We hope Mr. Harrison will be wise in his day; be President of the whole country, and look after the interests of the agricultural South as well as those of the manufacturing North. A wise administration of the government by him would do much to destroy sectionalism. The opportunity for drawing the sections together and establishing a bond of brotherhood between estranged peoples is perhaps better now than at any other time since the war. But the South need look for no favors at his hands. It is contrary to the traditions of his party. We thought it better for the present Administration to continue in power, but we do not expect the nation to go down in one vortex of ruin because of the change. Mr. Harrison will doubtless act well his part unless he allows himself to be influenced too much by such men as Blaine, Sherman and Foraker.

The result of the election is significant. There were those who said that there was no issue before the two great parties, utterly ignoring the fact that the contest was being waged upon a great economic question. The man who made that question an issue in the campaign went down; but the question still lives, and the work that has been done has had and will continue to have an influence upon the minds of the American people.

The Republican party declared in its platform that it would oppose any reduction whatever of the tariff, but before the election took place they had offered a bill in the Senate to make a reduction almost equal to that proposed by the Mills Bill. This was a victory for Mr. Cleveland and the Democracy. The public mind is being educated on this great question and party leaders must yield to the demands of the people or they will be left behind. The Democratic doctrine with regard to it is too sound to fail; it will live and must ultimately triumph.

Some thought that the old parties were disintegrating; that certain elements in each would soon coalesce and form a new party—a party whose principles would call forth the support of the great majority of the American people. There was much bluster and hurrah in the early part of the campaign, but when the tug of war came, party lines were clearly drawn. There was little sign of disintegration. Both parties live and will wage many a conflict yet.

Many reasons have been assigned

for the defeat of Mr. Cleveland, but no man knows the "causing cause." The tariff was clearly the main issue in the campaign. We can conceive how ignorance of the real merits of the question on the part of voters could make a decided difference in the way the vote was cast.

We believe the campaign was largely a measure of purses. Ignorance wrought upon by money may have largely influenced the result. Boodle is a power in this world. This may not be the golden age, but it is an age in which gold has an immense power, and it was largely used by both parties in the recent election. We are told that a Presidential election costs this country \$500,000,000. Think of that. It is a bad state of affairs in a Republic when the offices are controlled and measures carried or made to fail at the pleasure of the Plutocrats of the land.

Of course we cannot even guess what will be the policy of the incoming Administration, backed as it will be by a Congress of like political faith. Will the party that advocates the civil service demand of its leader to "turn the rascals out" to make room for Republican office-seekers, or will the Executive patronage be bestowed according to the principles of the civil service? What will be done with the surplus? How about paternal pedagogism? Will the Congress reduce the tariff? These are pertinent questions just now, and we shall watch with interest the course pursued by the new Administration.

C. G. W.

"THE GREAT."

The world has produced but few men in apposition with whose names the word "Great" has been appended. Indeed, if it may be used to describe the good and the bad as well, no other word more appropriate could have been employed to represent Alexander the Great.

It is not my purpose in this short writing to give even an outline of his disastrous career, but simply to express an opinion as to whether he deserves the praise which has been heaped so indiscriminately upon him. No one will hesitate to concede that some of his acts resulted in good; but the question is: Did the means employed justify the end? A man is to be justified or condemned, as the case may be, not according to the act itself, but according to the motive which prompted him to the action.

Simply because a man is great, it does not necessarily follow that he is good; but this is the conclusion at which many seem to arrive, and especially is this true of the youth of the present age—hence, hero-worship. In fact, there is, and always has been, in man, so far as we have any data from which to judge, an inclination to despise the weak and worship the strong, regardless of true merit.

Alexander the Great had more admirers than "Aristides the Just." With the ancients—and the same is more or less true with the moderns—no one was great whose hands had not been dipped in human gore. Al-

exander was, and is, called great—great because he was ambitious; great because he was strong; great—pre-eminently great—because he had been able to inflict more wrong and suffering upon defenseless humanity than any enemy of mankind who had preceded him. Greatness purchased at the price of human blood and human misery! "Injustice pays itself with frightful, compound interest."

His whole career was like the trail of some poisonous vapor, scattering in its course the seeds of disease and death. He had trampled the world under his feet and bound it together in one great mass. No iron chain or tyrant's hand was half so strong. His yoke was more galling than were Nero's chains or Pharaoh's bands. He was ruthless, ferocious, "drunk with might."

The following does him no injustice:

"He marched to the watchword, Vengeance!
And followed the captain, Death!
Born of deep passion or malign desire,
He roved 'mid thunder-peals and clouds of fire.
Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
Guides each blind force till life is overblown—
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night."

Pretty much the same might be said of many other heroes, who flourished in that age of carnage and blood. The whole world was paralyzed at hearing their names, and yet all the "good" adjectives in the English language are employed to paint the glory (?) which their lives

had shed upon the pages of its history. I should not be surprised if this open inconsistency has been the means of warping and distorting full many a youth's conception of true heroism. Unconsciously, he learns to admire and wishes to imitate such characters, not because they are good, but because of the daring spirit which they displayed.

Roman "grandeur" and Grecian "glory" would lose much of their charm and lustre, with the school-boy, were it not for the records of such lives as Alexander's displayed upon the pages of their histories. It seems to be a peculiar characteristic of the reading world to prefer to revel in the bewildering jungles of delusions, confusions, falsehoods and absurdities; and what is still more peculiar, to admire the false and reject the true.

Mr. Janes is my authority for the following definition of a hero: "A man who adopts the sublime end of the highest good of his race or nation, and pursues it amid the seductions of pleasure, and the threats of power." Measure "The Great" by this standard and draw your own conclusions. S. D. S.

PROGRESS AND A WARNING.

That this is an age of unprecedented progress no one will be so stupid as to deny.

In no departments of knowledge has there been more progress or a greater number of startling discoveries made than in the sciences of zo-

ology and geology. We shall confine our remarks chiefly to geology, and will, by no means, attempt to discuss the minutiae of this science, for we well know how rash and foolish such an attempt would be for one who has merely taken a sip and tested its palatable qualities.

A few centuries ago little was known, or cared to be known, concerning the formation of the earth. Now, what is it that is not known, or in some way explained? The field is great and laborers are not wanting. Numbers of wise men throughout christendom are successfully spending their time, talents, and means in geological research. The sea is dredged, the land explored. The highest summits are compassed, craters are peeped into and explained. Geysers are viewed with admiration and their overflow is understood. We think we know why gold is in veins, and from what coal was formed, and give reasons for its degrees of hardness. Of course there can be no doubt(?) how mountains have been raised, why the ranges are generally parallel with the nearest coast and one side nearer perpendicular than the other.

We divide time into ages, examine the dip, strike and texture of rocks and tell to what ages they belong. We dig into the hearts of the tallest mountains and find the remains of an animalcule probably older than some of the planets. We use the spectroscope, and by spectrum analysis discover the same metals in the sun that are in the earth, thus corroborating the nebular hypothesis.

Our fields of research are as deep as the ocean, wide as the world, and high as the heavens. We divide the crust of the earth into strata (the central portion is too hot to fool with yet awhile), lay it off into volumes, and read its history as we read the chapters in our bibles, and I fear with more interest. With our geological knowledge we read the first chapter of Genesis with an understanding that our forefathers would have thought absolutely absurd, and hated as profoundly as did the people of Northern Europe the Inquisition. We understand the six days of creation to be ages, and some of the first, millions of years in length.

The Bible is the most wonderful of books. It spoke to the Israelites nearly three thousand years ago in a language perfectly consistent with their understanding. It speaks to us to-day in the same language, and is consistent with our understanding.

It cannot be successfully, simply because it cannot be truthfully, denied that reading certain scientific works to a very great extent is, under all circumstances, a perfectly harmless indulgence for all young students. We have known some bright minds poisoned to a considerable extent, and will give a few of the reasons:

Some young men who are in deep earnest go to college with the intention of learning everything that their minds can possibly grasp in the limited time they intend to remain. They determine to read the greatest possible number of books while there, of which they will be deprived after leaving.

On this account they leave their old Bibles at home or in their trunks. They have a great thirst for knowledge; their minds are plastic and expansive. A single sentence sometimes frees a lofty idea that seems to have been incarcerated for years and just lacked a little light for its liberation, and in its ecstasy it circumnavigates the globe a dozen times before the poor fellow can control it. After a few such experiences the mind is eager for new ideas, and devours them with avidity. This is laudable in itself, but pretty soon the young man finds himself reading Huxley and Darwin, whose works are tattooed with biological and evolutionary ideas, and he digests them in large numbers. This probably is all right; but if he neglects his Bible and salts them down with the beautiful, atheistic verses of Shelly, or some other infidel, he is then treading dangerous ground, and ere long may be forced to exclaim with this poet—

"Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And waked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another
measure."

We have heard smart young men say, "Well, I guess I shall have to lay my religion aside while at college." Now we are no preacher, but will offer no apology for saying that we do not believe that any young man can go to college where his mind should be developed more rapidly

than anywhere else, and wholly neglect the study of God's Word and be developed into a symmetrical gentleman.

If you wish to study science take, for instance, the work of Guizot, and other Christian writers on religion and science. Or, if you read only Huxley and Darwin, preserve your mind as it develops with the conserving power of the Bible, and it will benefit you here and hereafter.

T. S. S.

A COMMON FAULT.

It is not the desire of the writer to find or magnify faults. In fact the fault of which we would speak is not a great one, nor is it very injurious in its consequences; but it is exceedingly common. It may be laid to the charge of everybody in general and newspaper men in particular. We refer to the habit of bestowing extravagant and unwarranted praise upon both deserving and undeserving persons. The press is the great conservator of manners and morals. It crystalizes and furnishes convenient means of expression to what is usually termed public sentiment. By it, wrongs are righted, and rights are vindicated. Through its wholesome and powerful influence error is divested of its every deceptive covering, and truth, heaven-born and eternal truth, is made to shine in its native strength and beauty. Impelled in no small measure by the power of the press, human progress has moved steadily, grandly onward until to-day

every school-boy understands phenomena that would have startled the most advanced thinker of fifty years ago. It is a potential factor in developing the forces and carrying on the great purposes of our modern civilization. No one will question then the dignity, influence or importance of journalism.

Now one word about the fault. Editors are usually good natured men, who desire to produce the maximum amount of happiness in the hearts of their readers. They understand human nature well too, and know that nothing will give the average mortal more pleasure than to see his name in the papers embellished by the honeyed words of praise. Hence the shrewd, far-sighted and ambitious editor desiring to please his reader too often indulges in a habit which does violence to the truth, and lowers the standard of journalism.

A preacher comes to town. He may be awkward and ugly; his views may be erroneous and his manner undignified, his logic may be faulty and his rhetoric worse; his style may be dry and his voice unmusical; it matters not. He preaches on Sunday, and Monday's paper has something like the following: "It has seldom been our happy privilege to listen to such an able and lucid exposition of scriptural truth as we heard yesterday from the eloquent lips of Rev. John Smith, D. D. For more than an hour he held his immense audience spell bound by the matchless charm of his eloquence and the per-

suasive power of his reasoning. His gestures were graceful, his style animated and his knowledge of scripture profound."

A column is sometimes written in the above strain. Nor is this praise confined to preachers. Political speakers receive a double share. Every little second class politician is transformed into "a silver-tongued orator" before whose dazzling eloquence the words of the hoary Nestor become as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Every little lecturer is clothed with powers of speech that would have shamed Cicero in his most exuberant moments. This hyper-laudatory spirit seems to have permeated our age. Not only in journalism, but also in all the business and social relations of life may its insidious influence be seen and felt.

Now what is the result? That it is harmful cannot be questioned. The press as an agency for good in the development and expression of public opinion and in the formation of public character, loses much of its dignity and influence when it stoops thus to flatter the vanity, conceal the faults and exaggerate the virtues of any class. A falsehood is always wrong, and it has certain intrinsic qualities which stamp its identity upon it whether its mission be to besmirch the character of the innocent or to flatter the conceit of the vain. Hence the public mind soon discovers the insincerity and falsehood in the lavish and indiscriminate praise showered upon all classes, and words truthful and deserved are not believed.

We are glad to state that North Carolina journalism can claim papers that scorn to indulge in the silly gush and extravagant praise so inimical to the true spirit and success of journalism and so thoroughly opposed to the principles of truth and justice. Prominent among these is the *Wilmington Star*. Boldly, fearlessly, ably, truthfully this *paper* has ever defended the right and proclaimed its convictions, never once stooping to outrage truth and deceive the public by showering lavish praise on men and movements that deserved it not. J. B. C.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Since the discovery that George Eliot was a feminine *nom de plume*, nothing has stirred the literary world more than the announcement that Charles Egbert Craddock was a young lady of one of the best families in Tennessee. And no wonder. Her writings were so vigorous, so free from that affected sentimentality which usually characterizes feminine productions that the critics were amazed. As a friend has said, "It was refreshing to find an intellectual woman free from George Eliot's haunting spectre of despair and the morbid wretchedness of Charlotte Bronte's nervous little body; to see the cheerfulness and vivacity of Jane Austin and Maria Edgeworth once more united to genius and womanly tastes and feelings—to Christian faith, purity and goodness."

Her career is a standing witness of the truth of that old saying, "night

brings out the stars." Compelled by losses consequent upon the war, her father gave up his beautiful home at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and retired to a cottage near a popular summer resort in the mountains of that State. Here, with the most beautiful mountain scenery around her and amidst those vast primeval forests, Miss Murfree passed her girlhood and grew up to womanhood. She is not, and never was, a student of nature in the sense of being a laborious plodder after its secrets. Her knowledge of them seemed almost intuitive. With her, love of nature was inborn. She breathed in the air begotten by the solitude of the mountains and their impenetrable fastnesses until it became a part of her natural atmosphere. Her whole being is saturated with it, and her writings show that vivid description, that realistic representation and perfect portrayal of mountain life and character that can only come from an intense love and sympathy.

As we linger over her pages we seem to see the vast gloomy mountains, with their great "balds," looming up before us, the mists rising, falling, the shadows coming, growing, lengthening, until the mountains are covered with the pall of night and shut off from the world below. Again, we hear the roar of artillery and the clash of arms as the Storm King marshals his forces against the warring elements, and the shrieking wind as it howls its requiems over the fallen giants around the corner, and through the crevices of the mountain huts.

We put ourselves in the place of the lonely, silent mountaineers, sympathize with them in their solitude, their love of the freedom of the mountains, their surly independence, their distrust and disdain for the valley men, their refusal to change their ways, and, above all, in their belief in all that savors of the miraculous. To them the miracles are real and actual occurrences, and they select the places where they think Moses and Elijah abode while on earth. All this, and more, we glean from her pages.

Some pronounce her works dry and uninteresting, and object to them because they are in the mountain dialect. But dialect in itself is no crime, for both Scott and MacDonald have employed it. Besides, that of the mountaineers is not near so difficult as, and is more enjoyable than, the Gaelic. As to their being dry and uninteresting, we will state right here, that whoever expects to find in them any of those lurid love scenes and ravings or that abominable sentimentality which are found in perfection in "The Quick or the Dead," will be sadly disappointed. But he that holds with the poet that nothing human is foreign to himself, and to whom the sorrows and sufferings of the poor as well as the pleasures and gaieties of the rich, are interesting, will find in them a rich mine, a true and realistic portrayal of the sturdy mountaineer, will become acquainted with his hopes and fears, his joys and troubles, and will arise from their perusal impressed with the fact that freedom from the cares

of wealth, the desire of preferment, and the longings of ambition does not necessarily mean happiness and immunity from suffering, but that every one has his cross to bear and that happiness is confined to no one class, but that the mountaineer, dwelling in the pure air and sunlight of heaven, may be just as happy as the millionaire in his palace or the brilliant statesman at the Court of St. James.

But we do not mean to leave the impression that Miss Murfree's works are perfect. On the contrary, she often uses her rare powers of description too much, her plots are not as well constructed as they might be, and she sometimes strains for effect. These errors are due to youth, and doubtless she will correct them as she becomes older and more mature.

In the Tennessee Mountains, her first published volume, is a collection of short stories and possesses a variety that is lacking in *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*. In this work she describes a young man impressed with the duty of preaching, how he struggled with the doubts arising from his imper-

fect knowledge of the Scriptures, his severe self condemnations, how he was unjustly accused and imprisoned and desire of revenge became his ruling motive, and when at last the opportunity came his better nature conquered, and he put himself in his enemy's place and died that he might live.

In the Clouds is considered her best work. Besides these she has written several short stories, and a serial, *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, is now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In personal appearance Miss Murfree is said to be a little above the average, with rather sharp and clear cut features and a high intellectual forehead. Though lame on account of a stroke of paralysis when a girl, she is very vivacious, fond of society, and the centre of attraction in every circle she may happen to be in. Her father now lives in St. Louis; but every summer she returns to the little mountain cottage and does not leave until the woods are brown and sere and "the swallows homeward fly."

H. A. F.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Editor ----- C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMANFRY. — The pine-fibre factory at Cronly, near Wilmington, N. C., was recently destroyed by fire. It will be rebuilt. ---- There is a movement on foot to celebrate, on April 30, 1889, the Centennial Anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States. ---- Representative Perry Belmont, of New York, will succeed Hon. J. L. M. Curry as Minister to Spain. ---- Hon. A. H. Colquitt was elected United States Senator from Georgia. ---- Early in November Magnolia, N. C., had shipped \$30,000 worth of tube-rose bulbs. ---- A two-inch snow fell at Staunton, Va., November 19. ---- President Cleveland paid \$26,000 for Oak View, his home near Washington, and could now easily sell it for \$50,000. ---- Minister Sackville's effects were sold at auction and brought fabulous prices. ---- There are 157,000 Baptists in North Carolina, and they gave \$35,000 during the past year for the objects of the Convention. ---- There seems to be a revolutionary spirit brooding in France. ---- The Forestry Congress was held in Atlanta, Ga., the 5th inst. ---- The receipts of cotton in New York from September 1 to November 16 were 2,092,109 bales, against 2,625,161 for

the same period last year. ---- Total cases of fever at Jacksonville to November 21, 4,646; total deaths, 405.

THE STATE ELECTION. — After a stirring campaign from one end of the State to the other, the Democratic party is again victorious, though by a reduced majority. Four years ago the Democratic majority for Governor was 20,000; this year it is only about 12,000. The candidate of the Republican party for Governor was the ablest man they could have opposed to the Democracy. He has the reputation of being a most excellent debater and sustained that reputation in the stirring canvass he made of the State. The Legislature will be largely Democratic, and the system of county government will not be endangered, and a Democratic Senator will be elected. The amendment to the Constitution, increasing the number of Supreme Court Judges from three to five, was ratified and three Democratic Judges elected. The Democrats defeated Nichols (Rep.) in the Fourth district, lost Simmons in the Second and Morehead in the Fifth.

DURHAM'S CRASH. — On the morning of the 16th of November the

prosperous town of Durham was, for a short while, thrown into a fever of excitement when it was learned that the Bank of Durham (Col. W. T. Blackwell, proprietor) had failed. The failure was due to a lack of money to meet demands upon the bank. Col. Blackwell, E. J. Parish, and others made assignments—all brought about by the failure, which will only be temporary. Blackwell and Parish surrendered all their property, and as the assets are largely in excess of liabilities, there is not the slightest uneasiness but that every dollar of indebtedness will be paid. The other banks were not affected, but transacted business as usual, and the tobacco sales proceeded as if nothing had happened.

PARNELL AND THE *TIMES*.—Mr. Parnell has brought suit against the London *Times* for libel, and the case has been attracting much attention. It is being tried before a special Parliamentary commission of three. The *Times*, representing itself and the Tory government, charges dynamite outrages and Land-League plotting upon Parnell *et al.* Parnell represents the reform movement in Ireland.

At first it was thought that the commission was an impartial one, but as the trial slowly proceeds many begin to feel that it leans very much toward the *Times*. This is consid-

ered one of the great trials of the century, and will be watched with interest, as great issues are involved.

BELL TELEPHONE.—The Supreme Court of the United States has reversed the decision of the Circuit Court in the case of *The Government vs. The Bell Telephone Company*. This settles the constitutional question as to the Government's right to bring suit in the proper Circuit Court to cancel a patent on the ground that it was secured by fraud.

MINISTER WEST.—Lord Sackville West, the British minister at Washington, created quite a sensation just before the election by intermeddling with national politics. He presumed to instruct naturalized American citizens how to cast their votes, and his "private" letter found its way into the public prints and was being used by the Republicans to win votes for Mr. Harrison.

Secretary Bayard intimated to Lord Salisbury that the presence of Minister Sackville was no longer desired at Washington; but as nothing was done looking toward his removal, the President notified him that he was no longer *persona grata*, and refused to recognize him longer as British Minister. Lord Sackville has been recalled and Mr. Herbert, the senior secretary, has been put in charge of affairs.

EDUCATIONAL.

—The Keystone State boasts an attendance of 100,000 pupils at her public schools this year, with 3,000 shut out for lack of room.

—The University of Virginia numbers 401 matriculates up to date. Students are thus divided: Law, 114; medicine, 92; engineering, 29; academic department, 166.

—Oberlin College began the present year's work with the best attendance in its history. Already it numbers over 1,100 students, with a prospect for 1,500 before the close of the session. The entering class in all departments, 150. A "heap" of preachers—107!

—The attendance at the German Universities this year is said to beat its past record. Last year there were 28,500 students of whom one-half was about equally divided between theology and law, and the remaining half was divided between medicine and general education in the proportion of three to four.

—Daniel Hand, of New Haven, Conn., has devoted to the American Missionary Association of New York city, the handsome sum of "ten hundred thousand" dollars, to be given to the "edication ob de culud folks ob de Souf."

—Pundita Romabai, the Hindoo lady who attended the convention held

recently in Washington, returned to her native land with the nice sum of fifty thousand dollars to establish a school for widows. California gave her the most of this money.

—The board of schools in London employs about four thousand teachers, while the church schools, endowed schools, and private schools employ four thousand more, and there are eight thousand governesses teaching in families. There are in round numbers 16,000 women teachers, with upward of 3,000 male teachers in the city. The board employs half as many men as women.—*Journal of Education.*

—John Guy Vassar gives to Vassar College \$40,000 to endow a chair of natural history, to be known and called the "John Guy Vassar Chair of Natural History;" \$40,000 to endow a chair of modern languages, to be known and called the "John Guy Vassar Chair of Modern Languages;" the further sum of \$10,000 to be applied towards the purchase of materials and apparatus for the administration of the department of the laboratory; \$20,000 to be known as the "John Guy Vassar Music Fund." He wills further \$20,000 to be held and known as the "John Guy Vassar Art Fund." Besides, he gives it his portrait in oil, in Arab traveling cos-

tume, taken in Egypt. He also authorizes his executor to loan the College \$25,000 in the event it should need it. It is said that Mr. Vassar has given in all about \$260,000 to this College, which is a noble expression of his estimate of its worth as a great educational force.

—The budget of the board of education in New York city calls for \$4,108,150: Teachers' salaries, \$2,895,000; janitors' salaries, 146,600; evening-school teachers, \$120,000; clerks and employees, \$4,000; nautical schools, \$27,800; supplies, \$180,000; fuel, etc., \$108,000; gas, \$22,000; rental of school buildings, \$55,000; manual training, \$25,000; repairs, furniture and sanitary work, \$200,000; corporate schools, \$102,000; free lectures for workingmen, \$10,000.—*Public Opinion*.

—The trustees of Brown University, at their last annual meeting, learned from the report of President Robinson that the institution had received \$140,000 during the past year. Hereafter the degree of Master of Arts will be conferred upon graduates only, who take a special course of study. The committee on co-education submitted an unfavorable report, stating that there was no demand for it in Rhode Island. Dr. J. F. Jamieson, formerly of Johns Hopkins, was elected Professor of History. The Wilson Legacy, amounting to \$100,000, is to go for a new Laboratory,

and the Lyman Legacy of \$50,000 towards a gymnasium. Mr. H. K. Forster, of Petersburg, Penn., has started a museum of sculpture.

—At the opening of Princeton College President Patton, in his opening address on the "Princeton of the Future," said: "I like the phrase. I like the forward-going attitude that it implies. I like the element of expectation. We should not be doing a small work if we went on educating four hundred men every year, if we gave them a good education. But the public would be disappointed. The friends of the College would say we had been standing still. I tell you that I do not mean to have this College stand still if I can help it. Dr. McCosh, I believe, put his figures at 600—referring to the students—when he came here; and he realized his desire. I put mine at 1,000; and though I may never see so many on our catalogue, I shall work for that result. . . . The freshman class is large; upwards of 150 have been admitted, and the question of lodging is becoming very serious." All the college buildings are full, and it is becoming difficult to secure rooms in town. A new dormitory is, beyond everything else, the need of Princeton at this moment." This year's freshman class will number in its ranks the sons of three United States Senators—Gray of Delaware, Dolph of Oregon, and Spooner of Wisconsin.

SCIENCE NOTES.

BACTERIA IN AIR AND WATER.—The dissemination of bacteria in air and in water has been the subject of investigation for twenty-five years. The methods now employed yield much more satisfactory results than those of Pasteur in the infancy of the science of bacteriology, and it may not be uninteresting to describe the method by which the number of bacteria in a given sample of air or water is determined. Suppose it is desired to determine the number of bacteria in a cubic foot of air on the top of the State capitol. The investigator takes with him to that situation a small glass tube, say 4 inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter, into which have been placed near the ends, two plugs made of glass wool, coated with a solution of sugar; he takes also an air-pump of known capacity. He forces a certain amount of air through the glass tube, when the bacteria contained in it are collected by the plugs. At his leisure he transfers the plugs to a vessel containing melted gelatine-peptone. Agitation disintegrates them, the sugar is dissolved, and the bacteria are detached, and float off in the liquid. The gelatine-peptone soon solidifies and each micro-organism is isolated and permanently confined to one spot. In a few days each one

by multiplication becomes a "colony," which is visible with the aid of a simple magnifier. These colonies may be easily counted, and so the number of bacteria in the sample of air accurately determined.

Bacteria are most numerous in the air during summer, the smallest recorded average being for the month of January. Beyond 120 sea-miles from land they are invariably absent from the air over the sea, and also much nearer to land if wind has been blown over the tract examined. Their number is greatly diminished even at modest elevations in densely populated centres. The air of the country is much freer from them than the air of towns. Their number in the air of a given street varies with the amount of traffic. Within doors the number varies with the number of persons present and the amount of disturbance in the air.

For the quantitative estimation of micro-organisms in water, the method described above answers with necessary modifications. The sample of water to be tested is shaken up with melted gelatine-peptone and the bacteria present in the water are disseminated through the mixture, which is then poured out on a horizontal plate of glass so as to form a thin film. Colonies appear as in the case of air,

and their number gives the number of organisms in the water. It may be said in general that surface waters contain abundance of bacteria, but

waters, like those of springs and deep wells, which have filtered through porous strata, contain but few.
W. L. P.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Editor-----T. S. SPRINKLE.

----The principal holiday books of the Harpers' will be "Old Songs" with illustrations by Abbey and Parsons and "The Boyhood of Christ" by Lew Wallace, also elaborately illustrated.

----Miss Alcott received \$200,000 as her share of the profits on her books.

----Mr. Andrew Long, is said to spend four hours a day at "pure literature," and to write six articles a week for the *London Daily News*, two articles and two reviews for the *Saturday Review*, and two humorous sketches for the *St. James Gazette*. For his work for the three journals named he is said to receive \$15,000 a year.—*Literary News*.

----Mr. Roe performed the last of his earthly labors upon a novel, the title of which is "Miss Lou." The heroine is an impulsive, lovable young lady, and like many others, with an opinion of her own. She lived on a remote, Southern plantation near the close of the late war.

The rivals who fought nobly to win their way to her affections, were a Southern and a Union soldier. Her uncle and her aunt, whose ward she had been since childhood, used all their influence to persuade her to marry the young man in grey; but Miss Lou was partial to the one in blue, notwithstanding the fact that her people were strong Southerners. Mr. Roe's Southern characters are overdrawn, but the story is a good one.

----The *Boston Traveller* says: "To write a novel in which the impetuous rush of events shall hurry the reader from title page to *finis* with what may be called breathless interest, is not in the power of every one, but this is just what Mrs. Burr in her latest book, "Remember the Alamo," has done. The book will furnish one more claim to her right to rank, all things considered, as the foremost novelist of her day in America. The scenes are laid in Texas about fifty years ago. Gen. Sam Houston, Santa Anna, David

Crocket, and other historical personages, appear in its pages.

----Prof. Wm. C. Richards has lately written a commemorative centennial poem, entitled "The Apostle of Burmah." The poem embodies the life and labors of that great missionary, Adoniram Judson, and is expressed in an attractive and poetical style.

----Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) is just fifty years old, and has written fifty novels.

----Harpers have begun an edition, 12mo., of Walter Besant's novels.

----The Scribners have ready the first volume of their Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians, profusely illustrated, and printed in a limited edition.

----Estes & Lauriat announce Keats' "Endymion," illustrated by W. St. John Harper; Tennyson's "Fairy Lilian" and "Bugle Song," both illustrated by various American designers.

----"Rents in Our Robes" is a volume of short essays by Mrs. Frank Leslie. It is intended for her own sex. She makes good and sensible observations on such subjects as the Premature Self-government of young ladies, Flirtation, Marriage, Co-education of Boys and Girls, Pretty Women and Handsome Men, Care of Health, Employment, and other subjects of equal interest. She very sensibly leaves out woman's rights, and says "The woman of the future must

be a woman still, with all gracious and feminine loveliness of body and of mind. No development of woman's mental, spiritual, or executive powers will ever, in one jot or tittle, alter the law of nature which leads her to love, marriage and maternity."

----Jermain G. Porter, a famous astronomer of New York, has written a work entitled "Our Celestial Home." He says there are some things we know, some things we know in part, and some things do not yet appear. In this last category is the location of our celestial home. The Scriptures present to us as in a glass darkly what heaven is, but where heaven is doth not yet appear. His views are brief and clear, though, of course, not positive, only as plausible conjectures; not new, but presented in a new light. He thinks the heavenly mansions lie all about us. "Nightly we can look out and see the flashing lights beckoning us upward. Some of these mansions are now ready, some are in process of preparation." According to Scripture, he thinks heaven is a tangible and material locality.

----Mr. George Meredith has in the press a volume of verse entitled "The Reading of Earth," in which he endeavors to show that we should bring no *a priori* views of our own to the contemplation of Nature, but accept her as she is, and as herself revealing conditions of our existence.—*The Athenæum*.

----A statue of Shakespeare has lately been unveiled in Paris. The French people, after a lapse of three

centuries, are just beginning to appreciate the true worth of the immortal dramatist.

----William Matthews' "Wit and Humor—Their Use and Abuse," is an interesting work. He discusses wit and humor, and says it is difficult to discern any difference between the two, though it is possible, in a majority of cases, to distinguish them. "Wit is artificial and susceptible of culture; humor is natural. Wit implies thought; humor feeling. Wit laughs at men; humor with them. A fondness for wit and humor preserves a man's mind from warp and narrowness. Within their proper sphere they are not only a source of exquisite pleasure, but when rightly employed, instruments of great usefulness; when skillfully used, they are powerful missiles." Like all good things, wit and humor have their times and seasons, and become dangerous when misused.

----Let editors of humorous newspapers draw their cartoons, and critics exhaust their accumulated fury, but just write something that takes a proper hold upon the minds and feelings of the people, and you will be amply remunerated for your labors. The immense sale of Mrs. Rives-Chandler's works prove this, and it is now said that she has been offered \$30,000 for the manuscript of a novel. Do Howells, Bessant, or any other writers of the "higher order," as some persist in calling them when compared to Mrs. Chandler, receive higher bids than this for unborn children of their imagination?

----On going to press we learn that Mr. Gillespie's book of poems will be for sale by Messrs. Alfred Williams & Company, book-sellers and stationers, of Raleigh, after December 5th. Price \$1, post-paid.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Editor ----- C. G. WELLS.

—'54. Since his return from Europe, Dr. T. H. Pritchard has been highly complimented on his lecture on "The three Great Cities, the three Great Churches, and the three Great Men of the World." He attended the recent session of the Bap-

tist State Convention, made a good speech on ministerial education, and lectured to a crowded house, Sunday evening, on the World's Missionary Conference at London, which he attended last summer. Our boys would be glad to see the Doctor's

bright and jovial face at Wake Forest, and also hear him speak. Come to see us, Doctor.

—'54. Mr. J. H. Mills is always a powerful and pathetic speaker. He asked the Convention to give him \$150 for the Orphanage and received more than \$500. Some of the State papers have been speaking of him as *Rev. J. H. Mills*. He is not a *Rev.*, gentlemen of the State press, but is one of our most earnest and efficient Christian workers, and is content to be known simply as "Jack Mills."

—'56. Dr. Bitting felicitously styled Dr. J. D. Hufham the "peripatetic" or "walking delegate" at the Convention. The Doctor will walk the floor, but no N. C. Baptist State Convention is complete without him. The brethren always hear him gladly.

—'61. In speaking of some Virginians in North Carolina, the *Religious Herald* says: "Alongside of Prof. Taylor stands Prof. L. R. Mills, for twenty years professor of Mathematics in the same College. Once, since his connection with the College, he was elected to the chair of Mathematics in the State University, which he respectfully declined." Prof. Mills loves Wake Forest and its boys.

—'62. Hon. George W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, is a happy man. He was elected State Auditor by a majority of about twenty thousand, so we are told. He made a splendid speech on ministerial education at the Baptist State Convention. The cam-

paign improved his powers of oratory, which were already very fine. He is one of the very best speakers in the State.

—'62. Rev. J. K. Howell says little, is a close observer and a good listener. He attends the Convention regularly.

—'68. The delegates and visitors to the Convention are unanimous in their praise of Pastor W. R. Gwaltney's address of Welcome. He is an interesting speaker and a model host. He and his people know how to make visitors enjoy themselves.

—'69. W. H. Pace, Esq., was re-elected President of the Baptist State Convention. He makes a good presiding officer.

—'70. Rev. George W. Greene, of Moravian Falls, is one of North Carolina's most successful teachers. He has written for the *Recorder* some of the most sensible articles on education that we have read. He was re-elected Recording Secretary of the Convention.

—'75. H. R. Scott, Esq., is one of the best and most successful lawyers in North Carolina. He was in Raleigh recently attending the Supreme Court. He attended the Convention also.

—'75. Mr. John E. Ray, Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Colorado, has been visiting relatives and friends in North Carolina, and attended the Convention, where he spoke, to the great delight

of his brethren. He has a warm place in the hearts of North Carolina Baptists, and rightly so.

—'80. Prof J. T. Alderman has an excellent school at Fork Church, in Davie county, where he has been teaching for four or five years past. He is Superintendent of Education, and has in preparation a history of his county that bids fair to be one of the best books of its kind that has ever been written in the State. He has given much time to its preparation, and it ought to be read by every person in the county.

—'81. The Connecticut correspondent of the *Religious Herald*, in speaking of a Social Union at Hartford, says: "A banquet is spread and the clerical leaders of the church are invited to it. An attractive array of after-dinner speeches was spread out, and Central Hall, in Hartford, was crowded. * * * * Among the speakers was the new pastor of Calvary church in New Haven, Rev. E. M. Poteat. No one was ever welcomed with greater heartiness than he. His coming has been strewn all the way with prayers and hosannas, and the impression he has made in public has not been disappointing. He was listened to at the Social Union with intense interest."

—'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons, who is teaching in the Durham Graded School, was taken sick and came home for a few days. He soon recovered and has gone back to his post of duty. To a sick boy there is no one like a good mother.

—'83. Rev. W. H. Osborne, of Asheville, goes to Tennessee as pastor of churches at Greenville and Jonesboro. In a letter to a member of the staff he speaks more kind and complimentary words of the STUDENT, which are appreciated.

—'83. Professor W. F. Marshall, of Globe, N. C., writes a friend that congratulations are in order. They are twins—a boy and a girl. Shake, Professor! (Ps. CXXVII:5.)

—'85. Rev. A. T. Hord and his bride, *nee* Miss Dora Eaton, attended the recent session of the Baptist State Convention. They were married October 3d.

—'85. Mr. W. W. Holding has resigned as principal of the Sanford High School and goes into the life insurance business at Raleigh. He was a most excellent teacher, but perhaps it will be an easier, some profitable and more pleasant task to insure men's *lives* than to attempt to insure their *minds* against ignorance and stupidity.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam has a flourishing school at Bethel Hill, N. C., that makes it necessary for him to employ two assistant teachers. We do not doubt but that this young friend is happy, but did it ever occur to him that life might be rendered more pleasant by taking to himself a better half to share its joys and its ills?

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, of Elizabeth City, attended the Convention and preached a sermon on Sunday

that was very highly complimented by those who heard it.

—'87. Mr. H. S. Pickett, of Durham, is now principal of the Sanford High School.

—'87. M. H. E. Copple is teaching at Rock Rest, N. C. It has been hinted to us that he will take unto himself a w—, w—i—,—guess what, about the time when the small boy goeth forth with tin horn to break the stillness with a Christmas blast. Wonders never cease.

—'88. Rev. A. J. Howell, of Bladenboro, N. C., is principal of the Galeed High School and preaches for churches in the vicinity. He writes to the BUSINESS MANAGERS: "Please send me the STUDENT. I can't get along without it. I think it is the duty of every *alumnus* to take it." We commend the above to our *alumni*.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Boothe, besides dispensing the gospel to four of the best churches in Wake county, has been conducting a good school at Rogers Store. He has bought a

house and lot at Apex, N. C., and will move there at an early date and devote himself entirely to the work of the ministry.

—'88. We are glad to note that Mr. D. T. Winston has entirely recovered from his recent sickness and has assumed his duties as principal of the Graded School, at Clarksville, Va. He was a member of the staff last year and reads the STUDENT now, as all *alumni* should do. He says some kind things about the work that the present staff is doing, for which we return thanks.

—'88. Hurrah for '88! Mr. Claude Kitchin is the happy man this time, and Miss Katie Mills, daughter of Prof. L. R. Mills, of Wake Forest, is the charming young lady whom he led to Hymen's altar. The happy event took place November 13, the ceremony being performed by Rev. R. T. Vann, assisted by Rev. W. B. Royall. Claude says that he has a great influence with the Professor. We believe it. "Still there are more to follow."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

Editor ----- H. A. FOUSHEE.

THE *University Magazine* for October is an excellent number. We enjoyed "Old Times in Chapel Hill" very much. The metrical transla-

tions of the two odes of Horace were well executed. Apropos these odes was a well-written piece on "The Philosophy of Horace," from the pen

of Professor Winston. Horace, it seems, in early life, was an epicurean, but when age had sobered his faculties he became a stoic. He had too much practical sense to continue so long, but became convinced that neither school possessed the true philosophy of life exclusively, and settled down in the belief that "not pleasure alone, nor wisdom alone, can produce happiness; but that happiness comes from *moderation and contentment*." The article on "Macbeth" shows considerable study and thought. The writer says that Lady Macbeth is weaker than Macbeth, and that his apparent weakness was hesitancy because his reason was averse to the deed. This is contrary to usual opinion, but we must admit that he puts his side of the case in a strong light. Again he argues that it was not ambition that caused Macbeth to murder Duncan, but Lady Macbeth's indomitable, unreasonable will conquered him, and by her taunts, together with his great love for her, he was induced to commit the crime.

* * *

THE *Richmond Messenger* for October comes to us only half as large as usual. What is the matter brother? We hope that it is not indifference on the part of your students. You deserve and should have a liberal support.

* * *

THE *Trinity Archive* for November takes the palm for punctuality. It reached us on the 3rd, showing that it was out promptly on the 1st.

On an average, all of our exchanges are fifteen days, at least, behind time. We are also usually about ten days behind and would like to have your receipt.

* * *

THE *Guardian* for October does the STUDENT the honor of republishing two of its articles. Many thanks for your high opinion of our magazine. We had intended to call attention to some of your meritorious features, but for fear of being thought to run a mutual admiration society, will wait till another time.

* * *

THE *Texas University* is one of our very best exchanges. Its dignity and tone are especially noticeable. It has evidently placed before itself a high standard of college journalism, and will not be satisfied till it attains its ideal. We especially like the attention given to literature. Every number contains an article on some noted author or some famous poem. *The Ancient Mariner* is discussed in its October number. Its Exchange department is especially well conducted.

* * *

THE *Davidson Monthly*, a magazine of about twenty-five pages, is an ornament to the college which it represents. Its article on *Peter Ney*, the North Carolina school-teacher, is quite conclusive to our mind that he was an entirely different person from Marshall Ney, "The bravest of the brave." The editorial on *the Object of a College Journal* is a strong plea for a college magazine.

THE *Hamilton College Monthly* is a standing witness to what woman can do in the journalistic line. Its contributions are varied and interesting. We especially enjoyed *Contradictions in Character, Heroism in Women, and Famous Literary Clubs*. More space might well be devoted to editorials. An exchange department would also add much to its interest.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we place the *Kentucky University Tablet* on our exchange list. *Education in Germany* is a very readable piece indeed. As Germany is conceded to have the finest public school system in the world, all information concerning it is very acceptable. At home children are expected to be docile and obedient, and every act of

disobedience is punished by a liberal dose of "Hickory Tea." "Children must not speak before the towel moves itself," say the Germans. Children of course are allowed ample time to play, but it must not interfere with their lessons. Study first, play afterwards, is the German method. As education is compulsory in Germany, every child must begin school at the age of six. A heavy fine is imposed on parents for failing to comply with this requirement. School hours are from 7 to 12 and from 12 to 4. All who successfully pass their examinations are allowed to enter the University. Notwithstanding Germany's boasted superiority in education, after reading this article we are sincerely glad that it did not fall to our lot to be born in the "Fatherland."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

Editor-----H. A. FOUSHEE.

=Christmas!

=Examinations!

=Every sweet has its bitter.

=Miss Venie Allston, of Chatham county, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. F. Reid, for some time, has returned home, and we have been *be-Holding* a certain young man's despondent look ever since.

=Misses Fannie Green, Mamie Clegg, Lottie and Vickie Harriss, of Franklinton, were present at the Senior Speaking. Come again! Wake Forest boys are always ready to welcome such charming visitors.

=Mr. Claude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, and Miss Katie Mills, daughter of Prof. L. R. Mills, were united

in marriage November 11th. The STUDENT extends congratulations.

=Dr. J. D. Hufham and Rev. W. B. Morton stopped over on their way to the Convention.

=One of our North Carolina subscribers writes about the success of Wake Forest College, and adds: "The secret of it all is that we have live, progressive men as professors, and they are in perfect accord and are enthusiastic, each trying to excell the other in his devotion to the College." No other kind of a professor than that described by our North Carolina subscriber ought to be in any Baptist school under the blue skies.—*Religious Herald*.

=By reference to the table of contents our readers will find a contribution from one of our most gifted Alumni. This is the beginning of a series of articles we hope to publish from our former students and Alumni. We have the promise of contributions from Prof. C. L. Smith and Mr. Walter P. Stradley, of Johns Hopkins; Revs H. W. Lynch and M. L. Kesler, of the S. B. Seminary, and Rev. W. H. Osborne, Jonesboro, Tenn. We also expect them from Rev. T. Dixon, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Prof. A. T. Robinson, S. B. T. Seminary, and Messrs. E. B. Lewis, E. C. Robertson and H. T. Williams.

=An ingenious American grammarian thus conjugates the verb, buss: Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; syllibus, to kiss the hand

instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss every one in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark.—*St. Louis Republican*.

=Dr. Charles L. Reese, who had charge of the Chemistry department here last spring, is now Professor of Chemistry at the South Carolina Military Institute, Charleston, S. C. We wish him much success in his new home.

=We print the following by request for the benefit of our Professor of Physics:

Of all sweet words in Mechanics writ,
The sweetest are these: "Omit," "omit."

=We regret to announce that Dr. W. B. Royall, on account of ill health, has been compelled to resign as chairman of the Faculty. Professor W. L. Poteat has taken his place, and, just as everything else he attempts to do, fills it well.

=One of the editors of last year, who is now at the Seminary, writes: "Congratulations on success of the new staff. Wake Forest is well known here. The STUDENT is much complimented by ex-editors from the different colleges."

=Miss Kate King, of Washington, D. C., spent several days on the Hill last month, visiting Mrs. R. E. Royall.

=We are indebted to Mr. B. W. Spielman for the following information: Sunday afternoon, November 18, Professor J. B. Carlyle lectured before the Yates Theological Society, on "John Wickliffe and his Work."

It was good. Any attempt to report it would only do the lecturer an injustice. To be fully appreciated it must be heard. Professor W. L. Po-teat will deliver the next lecture to the Society Sunday evening, December 16, at 3:30 o'clock. All are invited.

=A Freshman who has just begun to get into the meshes of "Tufto," hearing that the Birmingham authorities had imprisoned some Greeks, earnestly exclaimed: "God bless them Birmingham people!"—*Exchange*.

=It is reported that one of our students ate fifteen pounds of beef-steak at Raleigh recently. We don't believe it!

=We had almost given our Faculty up. They have worked incessantly. They have stopped for nothing—even the Convention. Usually at least half its members attend, but this year, only two. We had intended to warn them that they needed rest badly, and that it was their imperative duty to give a week for Xmas. Happily, they forestalled us, and have given a week; but now, on behalf of the students, we return our sincere thanks, and hope Santa Claus will remember each and every one of them.

Let us urge that each student sees to it that he does not stay beyond the allotted time, but shall report himself promptly for duty when school resumes again after the holidays.

=The Athletic Association has been re-organized and now boasts a large membership. The officers are: President, H. A. Eoushee; Vice-Pres-

ident, F. L. Merritt; Secretary, H. C. Upchurch; Treasurer, W. O. Rid-dick. W. C. Dowd is captain of the foot-ball team, and C. T. Baily, Jr., manager. Our team has played twice with the Raleigh team. The first time there was only time for one game, and Raleigh won. Confident of their ability, our team invited Raleigh out here and four games were played Saturday, November 24. The score stood 4 to 0 in favor of Wake Forest, our team thus winning four out of the five games played.

=Pursuant to a previous agreement, delegates from Chapel Hill, Trinity, and Wake Forest met at the Yarborough House in Raleigh, November 29th, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of forming an Inter-collegiate Foot-Ball Association. Davidson College had been asked to send representatives, but did not see fit to do so.

Chapel Hill was represented by Messrs. Little, Stronach and Bragaw; Trinity by Messrs. Jones, Johnson and Rhaders; Wake Forest by Messrs. Dowd, Williamson and Frank Mitchell. Temporary organization was effected by calling Mr. Jones to the chair, and Mr. Dowd to the Secretary's desk. A constitution very similar to that of the American Inter-collegiate Association was adopted. The A. I. A. rules were adopted without change.

Permanent organization was then attempted. After the eighteenth ballot, there being no choice, Mr. Jones, of Trinity, was chosen President by lot. Mr. Dowd was elected Secretary,

and Mr. Bragaw Treasurer. It was decided that a series of championship games should be arranged soon, and that a pennant be presented to the winning team.

The meeting was pleasant and harmonious, and it is to be hoped that inter-communications between the colleges and athletic exercises will be much advanced by it.—W. C. D.

=The foot-ball team has been practising regularly of late and is now in good trim. Its members and their positions are as follows: Centre Rush, Devin; Rushers, Richardson, McDaniel, D. B. Oliver, Williamson, Upchurch, Beckwith; Quarter Back, Dowd; Half Backs, F. L. Merritt and Frank Mitchell; Full Back, Royster. They have received a challenge from the team at Johns Hopkins University, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made for expenses they will probably play them the last of the month. We bet on our team.

=Wake Forest's delegation at the Baptist State Convention consisted of Dr. Taylor, Professor Purinton, Rev. R. T. Vann, Rev. James S. Purefoy, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Johnson, Misses Needa Purefoy, Minta Royall and Rosa Fowler; Messrs. Shaw, Hawkins, Price, Andrews, Merrill, June Allen, and the writer.

The new Baptist church at Greensboro just completed is a model of beauty and architecture, and is a lasting monument to the untiring energy of its excellent pastor.

A resolution was offered recommending that an immediate effort be

made to add \$50,000 to the endowment of the College. Dr. J. William Jones, of Atlanta, Ga., and Dr. T. E. Skinner addressed the convention in behalf of the College, and made excellent speeches. Dr. Skinner surpassed himself and, his friends said, made the speech of his life. The College holds a warm place in the hearts of the denomination, and its faculty commands the highest respect throughout the State on account of the brain and learning of its members. We came away from the Convention more thoroughly convinced than ever before that our College has a grand future before it. One thing only can blight it—want of co-operation between faculty and students.

The report on Periodicals included the *STUDENT* and remarks were made upon it by Dr. Hume, Business Manager Shaw, and the writer. A goodly number of subscribers was likewise added to its list through the exertions of Mr. Shaw. The *STUDENT* is under special obligations to Col. L. L. Polk, chairman of Committee on Periodicals, for so kindly including it in the report, and to Dr. Hume for so kindly, so nobly championing its cause.

The convention was a complete success every way. Dr. Pritchard pronounced it the best session he had ever attended. Greensboro won a most enviable reputation for the hospitality of its citizens. Our home was with Col. Jas. E. Boyd, and better treatment than we received at the hands of Mrs. Boyd no one could wish. The next session will be held with

the Henderson church, and we hope our successor will find as pleasant a home and enjoy himself as well as we have.

=Rev. J. H. Eager, D. D., missionary to Rome, lectured in the College Chapel Tuesday night, November, 25th on "Italy." Dr. Eager is a very pleasant speaker and his lecture was much enjoyed.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

[Reported by G. W. WARD.]

On Friday night, November 2d, the Senior class of '89 made its first appearance before the public. The air was warm but sufficiently invigorating to inspire the Seniors to acquit themselves with credit.

At eleven o'clock a few appropriate remarks of welcome were made by Prof. W. B. Royall, chairman of the Faculty, who then introduced Mr. H. M. Shaw, of Shawboro, N. C. Subject, "A Modern Hobby." After speaking very explicitly of the conflict existing between science and religion, he then told of how the darts of infidelity and atheism have been hurled against religion only serving to strengthen it. The record of numbers of great men show us that "truth crushed to earth will rise again." His speech was very interesting. He handled his subject well and did himself credit.

The second speaker of the evening was Mr. E. L. Middleton, of Warsaw, N. C. Subject: "The Fast Age." After mentioning different

ages of the world, he said the present age might be considered properly "The Fast Age." He said we are slaves to passion and the impulse of the moment. He spoke very properly of the absence of free thought and reason. People wear tooth-pick shoes, and soon coat-tails will be an historical fact rather than a reality. Yet with all these drawbacks, we have the best government in the world. Mr. Middleton spoke well and showed acquaintance with his subject.

Mr. H. A. Foushee, of Roxboro, N. C., was announced as the next speaker. Subject, "Chinese Gordon." He spoke of Gordon's admirable traits, his lack of false ambition and his knowledge of the true end and aim of life. Gordon was such a pure man that none dares impugn his character. He executed all he undertook. When called upon to receive applause he was so modest that he refused. Mr. Foushee made a most interesting and instructive speech, and entertained the audience splendidly.

Fourth speaker Mr. Lee Royall, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C. Subject: "The Young Democracy." The Democratic party is the progressive party of the Union. South Carolina was in a most lamentable condition during the rule of Radicalism. The safety of the Union depends upon the heroism and strength of the young men of our country. Under the present system something is wrong; it must be attributed to Protection. Mr. Royall manifests signs of a

shrewd, able politician. His speech was practical and full of good sense.

Fifth speaker of the occasion was Mr. T. S. Sprinkle, of Reeds, N. C. Subject: "Something, I'll tell you what." The "something" was the past and present methods of education. As his speech will appear in a future number of the *STUDENT*, I will not attempt a synopsis. Suffice it to say that it was well written, humorous, entertaining and reflected much credit upon him.

The subject of the last speaker, Mr. T. M. Hufham, of Scotland Neck, N. C., was a "A Prince of the Press." Randolph A. Shotwell was one of North Carolina's honored

sons. Laboring in youth against difficulties he fitted himself for the hardships, which he braved in after life. Shotwell played a most important role in the Civil War. While Mr. Shotwell can scarcely have any unworthy tribute paid or be eulogized excessively, yet Mr. Hufham with his rare gift of oratory and eloquence did him ample credit, and commanded the attention of the audience.

On the whole it was one of the best Senior speakings we ever attended. Prof. Royall, in behalf of the class, thanked the audience for their attention and invited them to the Literary Halls to make speeches of a different nature.

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EDITORS:

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM

BUSINESS MANAGER, H. M. SHAW

ALUMNI EDITOR, . . .


PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR, C. G. WELLS

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, . . . T. S. SPRINKLE

BUSINESS MANAGER, . . . R. E. L. YATES

PROF. J. B. CARLYLE

 Contributions must be written on one side of the paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to "Editor Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest, N. C." Matters of business should be addressed to "Business Manager."

THE DEBT I OWE MY SOCIETY.

The older I grow and the broader becomes my experience in life the more I value the training and experiences of my four years in my College Society. Many other valuable gifts I would gratefully acknowledge from the College, but I somehow feel that the greatest of them all was the power that has come to me through the Society. This has been my stock in trade in a great measure, and it has always been worth on the market more than par. Of course no one can know that but the happy possessor—certainly he ought to know it. It has been my good fortune to see several of our great institutions of learning and to find out something of their advantages since my graduation, and I must say I have yet to find, North or South, two such literary societies as those at Wake Forest College. The friction of seventy-five or a hundred young minds, brought about in such a way as it is in those Socie-

ties, is in itself a liberal education. The work is admirably organized and directed. The discipline to the mind and character is the best. Indeed, I cannot imagine a better training for the character of a boy than four years of reasonably faithful work in one of those Societies. I have forgotten my Latin and grown rusty on Greek, German, and French. My Mathematics has taken the wings of the morning of my youth and fled to the uttermost parts of unknown regions. Back from some dusty corner of my memory there floated up to my nostrils the other morning the faint odor of a mathematical term with which I was once familiar; *asymtote* was the name of it. Forgive me, shades of Webster and Worcester, if I have misspelled it! I cannot find it in dictionary or cyclopædia, and my calculus was devoured by another generation. What a gulf now separates me from *asymtote*! It

shocked my pride of scholarship to think of it, and yet it was so. If I were to be hung I could not tell what an asymptote is. But when I learned to stand good old W. J. Ferrell on his head and spin old man D. M. Anstin around till the hair on the top of his head stood up straight, or found myself painfully scrambling to my feet after having tangled myself up with one of those aforesaid gentlemen, and learned to get up, brush my pants and still look like a Christian, though head and shins had been cracked in the conflict—then, gentle reader, I was learning the solemnest lessons of life, and not one of them have I ever forgotten. I have used all the tricks I learned there without interruption ever since; they have served me well—they have never failed me.

Do not misunderstand me, young gentlemen. If there is a wise man among you who has determined to cut an extra caper and get an education without much work, and has concluded to drop either Latin, Greek or Mathematics and take a short cut by way of Science or Literature, please do not refer to me as a witness on your side. You can't prove anything of the sort by me. My advice to every man who enters Wake Forest is to take the M. A. course, and under no circumstances be satisfied with anything less than A. B., unless providentially hindered. True I am not using the asymptote now; I didn't expect to; I played it for all it was worth. I used it as a crowbar to prize open the small places in my brain; to use an ancient gymnastic expression, I used it as a pole on which to "skin the cat" and perform divers other mental-muscular feats. I have the muscle now, or ought to have, and so do not care for the pole. I am

willing to let Professor Mills keep that with which to worry future generations. Long may he wield it!

No man ought to neglect his studies in text-books for his work in his Society. That is, no man ought to allow his grade to average lower than ninety on any study; but this is certain also, that the man who neglects his opportunities in his Society to put his grade on anything higher than ninety-five is simply a fool for his trouble, and he will see it sooner or later. It seems to me that ninety-two or three is a good ideal for a student to have, and then give every spare moment beyond this to his Society work. Young men, it will pay! It is a high privilege you enjoy when you enter one of those halls and one that not many young men have in this country to-day. It is the only school of oratory that is worth a month's serious study; it is a miniature world where man meets man and begins in earnest to learn the practical lessons of life. The man who is trifling and worthless there is not apt to be much force in the world as a rule; there are, of course, some exceptions.

One word of advice to the Societies before closing my sermon. Boys, it strikes me that it is time to stop your extra outlay of money on the furniture of your halls. They are elegant; they ought to be, and to be kept so, but common sense fixes a limit to all these things. What will you do with your money? Why, found scholarships as prizes for poor young men not ministers. A reduction of fees, dues or fines would be a fatal mistake. A man will not appreciate a thing that does not cost him something. I am sure that one of the strong elements in the success of the Societies has been their financial

strength, which should not be weakened, but should be turned to better account. Let some rising solon raise the cry of retrenchment and reform and introduce this measure and carry it through. Either do

this or put your money in a fund for future use. It seems to me, though, best that each generation should raise and expend its own funds in a work like yours.

BOSTON, MASS.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

THE FAST AGE.

The history of the world is nothing more than a compilation of written statements of what is known of definite periods of time. These periods overlap and it is often impossible to know when one ends and another begins, but some periods form such important parts of the history of mankind that they are called ages, and each age has its peculiar characteristic.

During these eras there have been great advances or declines in civilization. During the fifth century B. C. the Athenians were so stimulated by a knowledge of their possibilities that they put forth the brightest gems of literature and art. During this period the greatest dramas and works of architecture and sculpture were produced. Oratory was so assiduously cultivated that they were accustomed to hear the purest lessons in patriotism in burning words of eloquence. This period was fittingly called the "Age of Pericles," since this statesman was the leading spirit in the great strides which were made in civilization.

The five centuries during which the light of civilization seemed nothing more than a spark were appropriately called the "Dark Ages." During this time learning was unknown save among the monks of the cathedrals and monasteries. The in-

tellect was dwarfed, the morals corrupted, and society sank to a low level. The light of Christianity seemed almost extinguished, but this dim light was the only ray of hope for the progress and development of mankind, and it served as a bridge which connected ancient and modern civilization.

During the sixteenth century the brightest lights of literature shone, and the Elizabethan era was characterized by such *literati* as Shakespeare, Bacon and Ben Jonson.

There have been other events and periods of such importance that they have shaped the destiny of nations, and I might say with impunity the destiny of the human race. But still there is another period which promises to be the most conspicuous era in the history of mankind, and I have termed this era the "Fast Age." Upon the people of the present time rest the greatest responsibilities ever imposed upon man, for as are our possibilities so are our responsibilities.

This is considered by all a progressive and practical age. We, in our wild fancies, exclaim that the wheels of progress are unclogged and we enter the duties of life as if now, and now only, is the accepted time. We invest capital unwisely

and rush from one enterprise to another with such rapidity that one of our ancestors would gaze upon us in breathless amazement. We enter the arena, engage in gigantic schemes, accomplish great results or make inglorious failures and pass off the stage of action like a vanishing meteor to make room for other breathless workers.

Workingmen try to make their fortunes too hastily. They crave pleasure and recreation, but wish them all at one time. They overwork themselves while at work and use stimulants to give them vigor for the hour, and lest they may not rest they use narcotics to give them ease and quiet during their slumbers. Thus our workmen, in their mad haste for ease and pleasure, spend their lives at fever-heat, with no rest, no leisure, no enjoyment.

In their blindness they seek pleasure and comfort in their drinks, but they bring them only more drink, degradation, death and damnation. They rush madly on disregarding the simplest rules of health. In the time they ought to meet the duties of life they do their work and attend places of amusement, and while they ought to take peaceful and quiet rest they are half sleeping and half planning how they may add another penny to their purses.

Thousands in this way are slowly committing suicide and we cannot expect good results in this hurrying, bustling and unnatural world in which we Americans live. Amid these scenes we have every eighth man a drunkard, every tenth man an opium-eater and all inhumanly careless to the laws of life.

But there are other classes among us. Man is by nature a lazy animal. We all enjoy easy work and time for recreation.

There is now a tendency among those engaged in manual labor to shirk this work so as to obtain light and trivial work in the cities and towns. They enjoy excitement and dissipation. Rather than remain an honorable son of toil they seek the city in order to become a second or third class dude. They spend their scanty wages in riotous and extravagant living. They spend their lives in a whirlpool of excitement which is accelerated every decade. Ninety per cent. of us spend more or less of our means in sporting and extravagance.

And, indeed, there seems now to be a sporting craze in which both rich and poor indulge. The rich vie with each other in spending money to add to the splendor of these places of pleasure and the poor in their pride are induced thereby to pass the bounds of their ability to provide places of splendor and elegance.

The love for sports has become a mania. Men place their limbs and lives in the hands of ambitious and reckless rivals. They are willing to endure black eyes, mashed noses, dislocated joints and skinned shins in order to gain the applause of a few spectators and to indulge in a faint hope of seeing their names in public print as the victors in a match-game of foot-ball or base-ball.

As a nation we pay a fearful price for our games. More money is now squandered in theatres, rinks, fairs and clubs than is necessary to feed and clothe us.

And while yielding to this master we have allowed a tyrant to firmly fix his grasp upon us. We are slaves. But who is this tyrannical master whose every behest we must obey? At his bidding both sexes leave homes of plenty and comfort

to spend their lives in an atmosphere of excitement which is only a precursor of dissipation and bestiality. Yes, both sexes are willing subjects of King Fashion.

Men no longer make purchases economically and for comfort. The comfortable shoes of our ancestors are no longer worn, but our shoes have contracted until our feet are cramped in shoes the shape of tooth-picks. By the change of fashion from year to year our coats have become shorter, and soon the "coat-tail" will be a matter of history and not of fact. Our collars have grown to such proportions that we must stand on our tiptoes to see over them.

We need not so much a reform as a complete revolution in the prevailing practices and customs. A modern writer states the case very plainly and forcibly in the following: "That custom which prescribes bare arms and throat and chest ought to be banished to a place among the infamies and barbarisms of the past. Such a custom is a sin against bodily health, to say nothing about its indecency and immorality. Many a life has been imperiled by this senseless exposure of the person to night air and cold draughts. Many a woman has lost not only her glowing beauty but her physical health as well by following this foolish custom." * * * We long for the day when sound discretion and not frivolous fashion shall dictate what clothes we shall wear.

At our summer resorts the most popular man is the one who is nearest an ideal dude, and the belle of the occasion is the woman who is dressed nearest to suit the fancies of the *bon ton*, who is rudest in her manners and can endure the German the longest. We so fully serve this ty-

rant that we are willing to endure bodily pain and any degree of ill health if we are but permitted to march under his banner. We are willing to encourage indecency and immorality if we can but add to the splendor and elegance of the social circle and the ball-room. We do even more than this: we plunge in debt to keep abreast of the times and cause five-sixths of the business failures of our land in order to serve this master.

And while serving this master we do obeisance to another who is encouraging immorality, enfeebling our intellects and sapping our institutions. As a nation we no longer follow principles, but ride hobbies. Social customs are no longer made with a regard for moral law, but to suit the phantasies of the belles and beaux of the aristocrats and millionaires. The conduct and appearance of these are considered praiseworthy, it matters not how demoralizing to our minds and hearts, how disgraceful to our eyes and how damning their consequences.

In political life we are the slaves of demagogues and money kings. Ninety per cent. of our voters have no convictions concerning the great political issues. They are as wax in the hands of an artist. The last one who handles them leaves the impression which guides them in the use of the ballot. Our government is a representative democracy in name, but in reality it is an oligarchy.

In our blindness, ignorance and superstition we have followed our masters so long that we can no longer think for ourselves. Plutocrats are our masters, demagogues our leaders and, too often, political devils our rulers. If, in the issues of the day, there is a principle to be followed we

have not enough self-confidence to follow it. We prefer to ride a hobby led by a demagogue.

Our young men depend too much upon the authority of others and think too little for themselves. We no longer grapple with the great problems which have been solved by master minds; but, instead, we too often follow their line of thought. If, when following our leaders, we would choose men of integrity and ability it would be far better for us, but we are not willing to do this. We follow men of polish and brilliancy, it matters not how weak their minds nor how demoralized their natures. In short, we choose brilliant rather than powerful lights to illumine our pathway. And, being mimics, we try to make our lights shine as the lights of those influencing us. We see them holding positions of honor and trust among their fellow-men, and dazzled by these exceptions we wildly and madly rush for the top, not considering the intricacies of our pathway nor taking the counsel of experience. We see not the valleys and hills to be crossed and climbed. We too often dwell in imagination's land. Truly by the imagination the whole horizon of thought is lighted up, but this often proves the bane of our success rather than a blessing to help us on towards the goal for which we are striving. In our imaginations we see glittering gold pouring into our coffers. We behold vast audiences held spell-bound by those "heavenly inspired utterances that thrill all hearts and inspire all minds." We see too much and realize too little.

Our nation is a nation of base and servile slaves. Money is their king and idol. For a trifle they sell the greatest privilege and blessing given to free-born citizens.

For a few pennies now they sacrifice the chance of increased wages and a hope of future prosperity. They stamp infamy and shame on their moral characters for sordid gain. This power has dethroned a man who is among the ablest statesmen who ever graced the Presidential chair—a man who "had rather be right than be President"—and placed thereon a man who has shown himself to be a partisan and who represents a party which is the enemy and oppressor of the toiling millions.

This is an age of short-cuts. Men take by-paths to reach the height of greatness. Students try to educate themselves in the time they ought to spend in preparing for college, and the educators of our time seem to have caught the same hurrying and bustling spirit. Many instructors seem to think that they are the fountains of knowledge and their students but receptacles. They try to pour an excessive and incessant stream into their minds and the result is their physical structures are wrecked and their minds confused and weakened. Many students have entered college with blushing cheeks, robust mien and bright hopes, but by overwork they have been compelled to leave before their task was done with wan cheeks, weakened and ruined frames and blasted hopes. Some wise people will say that it is very unwise for them to do this, and truly it is, but still more unwise is it for inconsiderate instructors to compel them to do it. A worthy student is ambitious and has too much pride to be a lag in his classes when it is possible to be otherwise. He will burn the midnight oil toiling over his work rather than be the butt of ridicule of his fellows and the object of scorn and con-

tempt of his instructors. In the time allotted for a college course it is impossible to master any branch of science as it should be in order for it to be enjoyed and be beneficial in practical life. We obtain a smattering knowledge of several languages and see none of the real beauty and grandeur in any of the classics.

Truly this is a fast age; still we have advantages superior to those of any other time. Though we ride hobbies instead of following principles; though we prefer brilliant to powerful lights; though we educate ourselves too rapidly and try to rise to glory and renown too quickly;

though there are influences among us which tend to harden our hearts, weaken our intellects and demoralize our characters, still ours is a glorious inheritance. We live in a land the most beautiful, among a people the most cultivated and refined, and under a government the strongest, with institutions the noblest on earth. We have prospects the brightest and possibilities the greatest of any nation in existence. Our destiny is in our own hands, for

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

E. L. MIDDLETON.

EDGAR A. POE.

Of Poe as a man and of his character I hardly know what to say, the history of his life is so brief and yet presents such varied and contrary scenes. He lived in an ideal world, a world peopled with the fanciful figments conjured up by his inventive, Quixotic imagination. The history of his life, with all its diversified scenes, is a most powerful and pathetic poem of passion. No one in childhood or in early youth attempted to restrain his propensities and no one attempted to curb his impetuosity, and it was therefore natural that his later life should be checkered by good and ill fortune, by moments of great happiness and long periods of mental misery. Many times he was led, by the maddening torture and anguish of a fanciful hell which afflicted him, to deaden his thinking powers by continual appeals to the bowl; and many times he had re-

course to the same comforter, driven to it by the miseries of his actual life. By yielding too often to temptation and by giving loose rein to his desires he so weakened the power of self-control that it was an impossibility for him to withstand the temptations which so often beset him. Many a good resolution was broken by this man whose intellect shone among the great literary lights of our country with a brilliancy rivaled only by a few. His imagination was especially acute and vivid, and his humor, though not flagrant, was nevertheless keen. His place is at the head of our men of letters. He worked in at least three different wards of literature, as they might be called. He ranks first among our poets; no one has ever equaled him as a tale-writer, and his criticisms stand high on account of the original ideas which they contain and the clear,

concise language in which these ideas are set forth.

I said that he ranks first among our poets. This is the view taken by English men of letters. Many of our own critics would give him a higher seat among our literary worthies were it not for the fact that he hails from a city not first as a literary centre. Edmund Gosse, in a recent number of the *Forum*, says of him:

"Apart from all the faults, weaknesses and shortcomings of Poe we feel more and more clearly, or we ought to feel, the perennial charm of his verses. The poesy of his still fresh and fragrant poems is larger than that of any other deceased American writer. If the range of the Baltimore poet had been wider, if Poe had not harped so persistently on his one theme of remorseful passion for the irrecoverable dead, if he had employed his extraordinary, his unparalleled gifts of melodious invention, with equal skill, in illustrating a variety of human themes, he must have been with the greater poets. For in Poe, in pieces like 'The Haunted Palace,' 'The Conqueror Worm,' 'The City in the Sea,' and 'For Annie,' we find two qualities which are as rare as they are invaluable, a new and haunting music, which constrains the listener to follow and imitate, and a command of evolution in lyrical work so absolute that the poet is able to do what hardly any other lyrist has dared to attempt, namely, as in 'To One in Paradise,' to take a normal stanzaic form and play with it as a great pianist plays with an air. So far as the first of these attributes is concerned, Poe has proved himself to be the Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets. From Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse-music

does not show traces of Poe's influence."

What Mr. Gosse says is true. Poe is our greatest poet. As time goes by our people honor him more and more and perceive more clearly the grand eloquence and stirring, intense passion of his verses. Who among our poets has equalled him? Emerson, perhaps, in some few lines, but not another of our poets can touch him. Longfellow is too quiet and is given to hexameters; Bryant, though often beautiful, is rather slow, while nearly every poem written by Poe stamps itself indelibly upon the memory of the reader by its peculiar and musical rhythm and its vivid word-painting.

From Poe, the poet, let us turn to Poe, the writer of tales. Who has ever produced tales more enthralling than "The Tell-tale Heart," "The Black Cat," "The Red Death," and "The Premature Burial"? They are morbid tales of fancy, but they are engrossing and are fine works of art. Here, as in his poems, Poe shows the command he possesses over language and finds full scope for his vivid imagination and reasoning faculties. He could be very humorous, also, when he tried, and he has left behind him several stories which fairly blaze with wit and have as peculiar a flavor as belongs to any professional "funny man."

Poe's criticisms were written more for money than for anything else, but nevertheless his genius, his wit, his eloquence found here another field on which to display themselves. He was the first to call the attention of the public to the plagiarisms of Longfellow. By this one act he incurred the displeasure of many New England critics who only recently ceased their murmuriings against the poet and

critic of Baltimore. In those days the Hub was the Hub, and Poe, who was neither a native of the Hub nor a dweller in the Hub, had the audacity to criticise severely several literary efforts of men who *were* inhabitants of the Hub. For this one act Poe's fame suffered for years after his death.

Besides poetry, tale-telling and criticisms Poe also wrote a little on philosophy and some on the sciences. And yet, though he died young, he achieved greatness in

many ways, and was a man who understood his profession thoroughly and did nearly all of his work systematically.

A man who is not only a great poet but also a great novelist, who is able not only to soar on the wings of imagination but also to dig into the depths of philosophy and criticism, is indeed a great man and deserving of all the eulogies and honors an admiring people can bestow upon his name.

CARLE L. FELT.

A SUMMARY.

The great Duke of Marlborough once said he had learned English history from the dramas of Shakespeare, and while there is nothing remarkable about this declaration it shows the evident effect a historical romance has in impressing the memory. Just so, too, are we familiar with the history of the early settlers of America. Not because it is a relic of American annals; not because the oft repeated story of maritime discoveries prosecuted in the fifteenth century by inhabitants of that great peninsula of south-western Europe is a formal introductory to every compiler's work, but because tradition has handed it down. Our forefathers for generations have dramatized that important chapter in the great chronicle of human progress and achievements; they have related to us narratives of adventure, love, prowess and all the elements of romance more startling and attractive, indeed, than the most brilliant conception of imagination ever evolved from the human

brain. To us it is a historical romance, but the impression is deep. We have learned to venerate their names, and as their remains now rest beneath the scene of their labors we love them still.

America, unlike the rising empires of ancient history, where progress was the result of the lapse of centuries, was meteor-like in her course, occupying only the space of one hundred and seventy years from the planting of the colonies—weak and helpless—to the rising of our republic—a government eminently efficient, and full-panoplied for the field of action at her birth.

Thus the history of America is divided into parts: the history of the colonies and the history of Independence. And between these two portions—between the Declaration of '76 and the Treaty of Paris in '83—lies six years of bloody war.

Free nations are peculiarly apt to dominate over subject states. Such, indeed, is now true of England over Ireland, and

such was then true of England over America. The British regarded with the highest complacency their sway over this vast transatlantic empire. Their cruel hands of oppression were stretched across the dark Atlantic, and subjected us to the environments of slavery. The Stamp Act was imposed upon us; unjust taxation and disregard for our personal liberty held us down. Still the colonies were loyal to their mother; the pride of political birth-right, the humble dependence as a child of England, the love of peace and the hope of reconciliation intensified their loyal spirit. But when the last glimmer of hope had faded away, when the die of British tyranny forever was cast, when England refused the entreaties of her oppressed Anglo-American subjects—then resulted the Declaration of American Independence, and by it the noble pioneers of the cause swore to stand and die ere they would further acknowledge their dependency to the British yoke.

The Declaration is doubtless the most important event in American history. Important because with it the thirteen American States ratified a federal constitution, and upon that laid the foundation for the success of our republic; important because the great act by which the colonies sprang into being as independent States was of remarkable consequence in both Europe and America; important as an index to American freedom. But the drafting was but the initial act in the consummation of that which was to follow. To declare is an easy matter, but to support it is a task laborious indeed—in *this* example the American Revolution was waged—the result of which, amid the applause and shouts of congregated thousands, amid the

thunder of artillery and the strains of national music, in full view of England's departing troops, the stars and stripes were hoisted and floated proudly in the breeze over this, our "Land of the free and home of the brave."

But it is to the contest—the Revolution—we will further direct our attention. Every warrior eminent for renown has had his famous battle. Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo will ever be associated in the pages of history. Hannibal had his [battle of] Cannæ, Lee and Johnson their Gettysburg, and others too numerous to mention. Just so, too, has every nation eminent for civilization and Christianity had her heroic struggle. France is characterized by her Revolution, England by her Restoration, Germany by her Revolution, and when the British government declared the colonists rebels and began the collecting of troops to subjugate a people actuated by right and principle; when English fleets landed on our shores and threatened to destroy every vestige of the just claims of our people to enjoy the prerogatives of Magna Charta; when in response to this the camp-fires of '76 lighted up the Western world with the firm resolution of both statesman and peasant to stand by their cause—*then* began the heroic struggle of America.

The contest is familiar to all. Poets, orators and historians have pictured and recorded it in the minutest detail. There are characteristics, however, worthy of special mention: First, the unity with which our veterans fought. From the Atlantic surf to the bleak hills of the West, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border, with one accord they fought and fell. I love to think how the

greatest battle of the South was won by a Northern general; how the rear-guard of the South immortalized themselves on Northern fields. No sectional strife, no States' right, no jealous animosity pervaded then the hearts of our patriots, and "unity is strength."

Another is the fortitude with which they fought. When Hannibal was confronted by the Alpine heights I often wonder if his courage didn't fail and his heart fill with awe as he gazed at those apparently insurmountable heights—then his heart would pulsate with loyalty, and with the love of cause and the love of victory filling his very soul he would surmount or die. Victorious was the attempt, and that bravery, fortitude and strategy with which he scaled the Alps threatened Rome with subjugation.

Thus it was with the pioneers of American liberty. Confronted by legions of troops from the mightiest nation in the world, subjected to the skillful strategy of treble their number, fighting against tremendous odds, well might they have been discouraged; but no, their country's cause depended on it; American independence depended on it; right, justice and principle depended on it, and the valor displayed was far more worthy of honor, far more conspicuous than that presented even on the fields of Marathon when the heroic Greeks were struggling for the liberty of Greece.

Another remarkable feature, characteristic of '76, was the conduct of the wives, daughters and mothers of our men. Like guardian angels of mercy they stood—sentinels of love—ever ready and anxious to assist in the duties of domestic warfare. Their tender touch would sooth the veter-

an's fevered brow. Their gentle words of encouragement would touch the hearts of the dying brave and encourage the survivors on to victory.

Can we remember Flora McDonald (the wife of Lieut. Slocumb), and thousands of others, figuring so bravely and courageously on the American fields without cherishing the memory of the noble women of that cause? Yes, noble women! Shall we ever forget them?

Again, patriotic piety is a characteristic of '76. Some one has said, "Religion and patriotism are the constituents of good soldiers." Indeed, divine eloquence in revolutionary times is the greatest solace for the popular mind. It alleviates trouble; it floods the world with ennobling power; it enriches the sentiments and attitude of men, and during the gloom and vicissitudes of this struggle the heroes of Church and the heroes of State were both impelled by one conviction, and lived and labored in the same design. One fell a martyr to his zeal while preaching the law of justice; the other fell a martyr to his heroism while defending the law of justice. Thus the patriots of the pulpit were co-extensive with the patriots of the field, and the stars of liberty will ever shed a glorious light on the graves of Davies, Coldman, Stillman and others. Clerical heroes of '76! Noble pioneers of the Cross!

A century and more has elapsed since those gloomy days. Independence was affirmed; a republic was established; a constitution of unity and concord was framed, and to-day we enjoy the blessings of modern republicanism.

True, Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Monroe and others have passed away,

but the theatre of their stupendous efforts yet remains—an insight of their once lauded glory. Yes, they have all passed away, but the causes which led to victory and the spirit which they evoked are yet predominant in the hearts of all, and will ever form the brightest page in American annals.

This summary would be incomplete should we fail to speak of the political, social and commercial attitude of America since the Revolution.

The flag of the republic yet waves proudly. Under its floating stripes great cities have emerged, railroads have been built, telegraph wires have penetrated every village, and the historian could hardly sketch the rapid progress of America to-day.

Great political revolutions, it is true, have swept over our plains and threatened to wreck our Union, but the fundamental principles of republicanism yet remain steadfast, and America to-day is on a

higher level of civilization, socially, politically and commercially, than ever before.

True, the White House will soon ring with the crowing victory of Ben Harrison, Levi Morton and James G. Blaine. True, Dakota and other Territories—to augment the Radical vote—will doubtless soon be admitted to the Union. True, for four years the Southern tiller will feel the effect of high tariff, Northern monopolies, trusts, and other baneful prerogatives of Radical rule; but America has reserved a grander destiny for her. As truth crushed to earth does rise again, so will national Democracy, dethroned from our nation's capital, rise again.

Our government—for which the heroes of the Revolution fought—is founded on the divine rights of individual government. May her benign influence go forth and ever culminate in that true motto of government: "The greatest good to the greatest number." J. A. HOLLOMON.

THE REGULATORS.

"Let merit be awarded to whom merit is due," or, in other words, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," should be the motto of every American heart. I say American especially, because when we as a nation, with our eyes dazzled by the grandeur and sublimity of our social and political institutions, look back for their origin and foundation, we only have to look into the vista of the past, dimmed by the short space of one century, when we see them struggling for subsistence and

even grappling with poverty and death. We can justly and with pride boast of "the grand old republic," its noble institutions, their rapid growth and superiority over those of other countries. Surely, then, in our encomiums on our institutions and liberty, their "sacred offspring," of which we love so much to speak, we should not forget the men, the heroes, the patriots, who, with their swords baptized and re-baptized in blood, gave them to us with the declaration that the American

people should be forever free and independent. Perhaps we as Americans look back upon this as the proudest phase of our history, and perhaps we as North Carolinians look back upon the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence—which was proclaimed about fourteen months before the national Declaration—as the proudest page in our State history. Yet a portion of the men who formed that Assembly at Charlotte on May 19th and 20th, 1775, and signed that Declaration by which they declared themselves free and independent we have a tendency to forget or look upon with disdain and contempt, and it is the honest opinion of the writer that we have been misled in this direction by some of our noted historians.

The class of people to whom we refer, and against whom we think undue malice has been directed, is that organization known as the Regulators. That the same men who called themselves Regulators and took an active part in the battle of Alamance were four years later actively engaged in the assembly at Charlotte and signed the Mecklenburg Declaration is proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. That the Regulators were a body of men associated together in the western portion (and almost extending to the centre) of our State during the years 1770-'71 for the purpose of "regulating affairs" of government in those parts I need hardly say. That they had grievances of which to complain; that affairs in those parts needed "regulation"; that they were illegally and exorbitantly taxed, I think no one can deny who knows anything of their situation and the history of their times and circumstances. Furthermore, that their origin sprung from pure, honest and

upright motives, and that many if not all of them in the beginning merely wished their wrongs adjusted, and for that purpose, and that only, banded together, I think is true without question. That some of them afterwards became desperate, and even lawless and uncontrollable, we have no disposition to deny; yet we should not judge the whole body of Regulators by what the outsiders, the stragglers and the lawless ruffians did any more than we would judge the bravest army that was ever collected by their stragglers and vagabonds. Yet we could hardly blame the Regulators if their whole body had become desperate and reckless, and the wonder is why they were not even more so than they were, when we remember that as often as they made a complaint of their grievances and sought the courts, the General Assembly and Governor Tryon for a redress of their wrongs they were either disregarded, mocked or answered with some deceitful and hypocritical answer. They sent petition after petition to Governor Tryon praying for a redress of their wrongs and setting forth the manner in which they were being illegally and shamefully treated at the hands of reckless government officials. He made them many fair promises and as many times failed to execute these promises.

The Regulators at that time were recent settlers, poor and needy; they were a long ways from market and still further from the residence of the Governor and the place of meeting of the General Assembly. Our State historian, Mr. John W. Moore, does them the justice at one point of his history (which he seems to forget afterwards) to say that although they were poorly provided with the means of living

in their new homes and made nothing on their farms to sell except wheat, and when they hauled this to Cross Creek it realized but a little more than enough to buy their salt, yet they were taxed twelve dollars on the poll and paid an annual rent of seventy cents on every one hundred acres of land. Now when we take into consideration the fact that this already exorbitant tax was increased enormously by dishonest sheriffs and tax-collectors, and when the Regulators found that their prayers were of no avail, I hardly see how any one can blame them for becoming desperate and appealing to the god of arms to vindicate their rights. Yet many of the later historians seem to lose sight of *causes* and expend their entire energy in depicting the horrors of *results*. Because many idlers, loafers and rogues took advantage of the opportunities offered them by a disturbance in the the government and committed many outrages under the name of Regulators—who, as we are told, were no more Regulators than the Henry Berry Lowry gang—for this reason, we say, as there seems to be none other apparent, some of our historians would represent to us the entire body of the Regulators as a riotous, ignorant, lawless, drunken rabble, whose main object was to vent their wrath upon, and impede every attempted action of, Governor Tryon and the General Assembly; to stir up discontent; to break down government and produce a state of anarchy. That this is all “bosh” is proven by the fact that some of the best, most sober, orderly and patriotic citizens of that day were either actively engaged in, or in deep sympathy with, the cause of the Regulators. That they were not a drunken set we may infer from the

fact that they allowed “no spirituous liquors” at their places of meeting! That they were not a lawless, riotous rabble we are led to believe from the fact that many of them were “church members in good standing.” Neither can we believe that they wished to tear down all good government and upbuild anarchy, if we can put any dependence in their petitions, addresses and prayers for a redress of their wrongs. As an example of their grievances there was one Edmund Fanning, whom we may name as the ringleader and the most infamous among the many avaricious and profligate tax-collectors and sheriffs who, by their extortion and robbery in office, were growing rich. Yet when by the prayers of the Regulators Fanning was brought to trial, although found guilty and condemned for extortion in office, in five cases, he was only fined a penny in each case.

Governor Tryon about this time visited the Regulators and instead of righting their wrongs, as he had promised to do, only treated with disdain and contempt his subjects who had asked his aid. He left them in a worse condition than he found them and, in a few days, returned to crush and to shed the blood of a wronged and innocent people.

On May 16th, 1771, with about 1,100 armed men, Governor Tryon met, on the field of Alamance, about 2,000 of the Regulators, half of whom, we are told, were totally unarmed; the other half with their muskets and “no more ammunition than they would have taken with them squirrel-hunting,” with no discipline, no line of battle, no commander nor seemingly with but little, if any, intention of shedding, or causing to be shed, any blood. They saw their messenger, Robert Thomp-

son, who had been sent to Tryon's army for negotiations, murdered in cold blood by Tryon himself, and then they heard the keen, shrill voice of that monster, Tryon, exclaim, "Fire! fire on them or on me!" Why did a commander of North Carolina troops have to give such an order as that? Has any commander, before or since, had to give such a stern command to the sons of Carolina? No; but these saw they were about to shed innocent blood and they hesitated. Yet many historians, even Mr. Moore himself, would have us believe that the sin of that day's bloodshed rests upon the heads of the Regulators and not upon Governor Tryon. Before passing such a sentence we think if you will consult François Martin, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Rev. E. W. Caruthers, D. D., Hugh Williamson, LL. D., and others, we think you will join us in saying that the Regulators would not have been worthy of the name of citizen, and especially of North Carolinian, had they not risen in arms, declared for right and sealed their faith and declaration with their own blood. Do not think that the spirit that was manifested at Alamance by the Regulators was forever

crushed. By no means. "Truth and right, though crushed to the earth, will rise again." The same brave, fearless, patriotic spirit that was so clearly manifested at Alamance, like a golden sun that has buried itself behind a dark and threatening cloud, burst forth again in all its beauty and splendor, after four years of silent slumber, at Charlotte, May 19th, 1775, and again at King's Mountain and Guilford Court House, and dazzled the eyes of Carolina with its brilliancy. So let us hope that it will not be an imposition on the reader to ask that before he has fallen into line with many thinkers and some historians of the present day and judges harshly of the Regulators he will study, at least a little, the cause for which they fought and died; and if in your travels you ever pass the historic field of Alamance do not cast a look of contempt upon the silent graves that contain their last remains, but cast a glance of tender emotion and high regard upon the mossy mound of slumbering heroes whose brave spirit, though sealed with eternity's hush, should still animate the breast of every American citizen.

J. O. ATKINSON.

THE BELLE OF "THUNDER HILL."

What can be more deliciously pleasant than a day spent in aimless, purposeless wanderings among the mountains? Reader, would you find the Happy Valley for which Rasselas sought? Then come with me on a bright June morning. We don our "sandal shoon," pack our lunch-basket and wander forth among the in-

describable glories of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

As I sit beside my lonely fireside to-night, and listen to the cold north wind chanting its solemn harmonies about my chimney top, I recall such a day, standing out from the monotony of the past summer, the one green isle in a wide sea of

misery. My companion and I sauntered along, drinking in the mountain air that was as fresh and bracing as on the first morning of the creation; pausing to note the changes in the scenery that a walk of a few minutes could produce; loitering upon every crossing-log to gaze down into the transparent depths of the streams, with the trout basking in the sun; stopping to shake hands and to chat with every mountaineer that we met; approaching every cottage on some vague pretext of inquiring the way, or asking a drink, until at last the morning was gone and the midday sun was growing tyrannous and intolerable. Oh, for a spring of clear, cool water, with a green, mossy brink, and myself reclining in the shade eating my dinner! But the springs seemed all to have retired into the sequestered glens to escape the heat of noon.

"Is there a spring near here?" I asked of a countryman who came swinging down a path that led into the road, his enormous boots tearing up the ground and sending the gravel in showers down the hill, while behind him was left a track that would not have shamed an infant avalanche. He paused, and gazed at us with fixed inquisitiveness for a moment.

"Why, yas, stranger," he replied, "thah's one in er holler, jes er leetle funder on, that's so col' hit'll make you think it come right off'n er ice-bank. I'm gwine that way en I'll show it ter you."

The spring proved worthy the mountaineer's poetic praise, and so great was my gratitude that I invited the fellow to share our dinner. "I aint speshly hongry, stranger," he replied, hesitatingly, "but I'll eat er leetle jes fur manners." After eating the mountaineer sat slightly apart, with his arms resting upon his knees. His

hands seemed greatly in his way. I had noticed that while walking he kept them thrust deep in his pockets, and he sat listlessly breaking sticks with his teeth and hand into small pieces, while his mind seemed to be revolving about some more weighty matter. "This warter is *pow'ful* good," he said at last, rising and shaking his long legs, as if to remove knots and tangles, "speshly whin you can't get nothin' better, but Joe Smith's got some *mighty* good cider. That's Joe's house jes eröss the holler, en Joe's got er *pow'ful* good-lookin' gal, too," he added, with a knowing grin that threatened to extend quite to his ears.

Apples, cider and a pretty girl! One of these gifts of nature had caused our race to lose Eden, and all three together—how was their allurements to be resisted? I have a very delicate conscience, but one that is strangely averse to disputing with my feelings and inclinations, so we went.

From the eloquence with which the fellow had spoken of Joe's apples, cider and daughter I fully expected to find a vine-clad cottage with a young lady in blue and white, swinging in a hammock in the porch, and reading, as most women read—with her finger tips—"One Summer," and with this imaginary picture came the longing to brush the dust off my shoes, and the consciousness that my face was rather florid from exercise, and that my collar had succumbed to the heat. Even the sight of Joe's cottage clinging to the mountain-side, like a martin's nest to the barn-eaves, did not wholly destroy the mental picture that I had formed, although my heart had rather sunk within me on seeing at Joe's spring a large iron kettle suspended on wooden forks over a fire, while on the

shrubbery around had been spread garments which looked as if they formed the missing link in the development of human apparel.

Well, Joe's cottage and the young lady! The former was built of logs and daubed with mud. The chimney, also built of logs and mud, had parted company from the house and was leaning back as if surveying its discarded consort in deep disgust. There was a single room, with two doors and a window, though I could but wonder why the latter had been made since the cracks afforded all the air and light that the inmates needed. A fire smouldered on the hearth, showing that the one room served as well for kitchen.

The family were eating dinner, which seemed to consist of "roas'in' years," milk and butter. Joe and his wife were not at home it seemed.

"Even', Jinny," said our guide, standing hesitatingly at the door as if waiting for an invitation to enter.

The young lady was seated at the table, thrusting corn down the throat of a little child whom she held in her arms. The children were numerous—so numerous that there were not enough chairs and stools to "go round," and so many of them were standing and eating. A small head thrust above the farther end of the table behind an enormous can of corn reminded me of an ant which I had seen a few moments before carrying a piece of bread as large as himself. A lean cur was licking the mouth of a milk jug beneath the table. There was a single bed in the room, with a coverlet that was indeed a curiosity. It indeed looked as if it had been wrought of Father Time's cast-off apparel—bits of calico, strips of jeans,

which had once served as pantaloons, and even fragments of woolen hats being woven into a medley worthy of a sparrow's ingenuity.

I was intensely amused at the ridiculous reality over against the picture of my imagination. Had I suddenly been led into the presence of an empress, however, I should not have felt more abashed. I looked at my companion, hoping that he would say or do something to render the situation less embarrassing. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, dangling his hat between his knees, gazing as fixedly at the young lady as she was gazing at me. She looked at me so firmly and directly with her large gray eyes that I felt as awkward as a boy who is making his first "call" on a woman four or five years older than himself. What could I say? It would not be polite to mention apples and cider. Luckily at this moment the dog came snuffing about my knees. He was too dirty to touch with my hand, so I attempted to stroke his head with my walking stick. The brute resented this insult by showing his teeth and growling.

"What's the matter with you, Tig?" yelled Jinny (for such was the young lady's name). "Ain't you never seed er stranger before in your life that you got to be er growlin' at him? Git out er hyah!"

"Is he good for hunting?" I asked.

"Dad sez he's good fur coons en 'possums, but he mus' run 'em while I'm sleep. I 'low he ain't good fur nuthin' 'cep'in' to be'er stickin' his nose whah he ain't got no bisnis."

"Whah's yer pah, Jinny?" asked my companion, whose name I had discovered to be George Rhodes.

"He's down ter the Ferry."

"When'll he be back?"

"Not 'fo' night, I reckon."

"Do you reckon he'd keer if me en this stranger got er few er his apples en er little cider?"

"Naw; jes go down in the orchard en he'p yourse'ves. The cider's in the barrel, en thah's er gou'd to drink outer."

We tarried long over Joe's cider, and left in return, on our departure, full measure of thanks. The next cottage at which we stopped was more pretentious. The yard was enclosed with a rail fence, and there were a few flowers. A rude arbor served as a porch. The "woman of the house" proved to be quite loquacious. She soon informed us she was a widow, that her husband had been dead *ten years*, that she had two likely daughters, aged fifteen and seventeen respectively, and that her youngest was a boy not more than six (?) years old. In the midst of the conversation I heard a subdued titter just around the corner, and caught the gleam of a pair of dark eyes through the cracks in the logs. My curiosity overcame my prudence, and I asked the housewife's permission to break a flower that grew just around the corner. I walked around and found myself in the presence of two girls. One of them was indeed beautiful. She

was tall, and straight as a Norway pine, and her eyes were brown as the waters of the mountain brook. They uttered a slight exclamation of surprise and dismay at seeing me, and the younger ingloriously fled, while the elder one blushed and drew up her bare feet beneath her skirts. I took off my hat and was about to make a profound bow in the latest style when, unfortunately, I stepped upon the protruding paw of a sleeping hound. The enraged beast set up a fearful howl and sprang at me, showing a set of savage-looking teeth. A rampant fight would have been the result had I faced my enemy, but I beat a retreat and took hasty refuge in a peach tree, with that terrible beast just behind me, snapping at the most convenient portion of my body. The young lady came to my rescue and I was permitted to descend.

The mountain peaks were already pointing warning fingers towards the east when I turned my face homeward. As I reached the mountain-tops that bounded the valley on the east I paused and looked back to bid farewell to the spot that is indeed a later edition of the famous Sleepy Hollow, with ignorance and bliss, poverty and beauty, flourishing side by side, each alike unconscious of the existence of the other.

* * *

EDITORIAL.

YES OR NO.

These are two very small particles and easily expressed in various ways. The significant nod and shake of the *caput* mean *yes* and *no* the world over, though this assertion is open for correction.

With all these facilities of expression, whether by word, act or deed, I suspect if the majority of us were to take a little retrospect we could very soon call to mind certain times when it was difficult to say either; times when we wished to say both; times when we said one and would have preferred the other (times when we said one with the tongue and the other with the mind).

To be able to say *yes* or *no* wisely and at once is a virtue worthy of the most careful cultivation and as needful of being cultivated as the most tender exotic.

"Think twice before you speak once," but since thought is so swift it need not take months, weeks or days to think twice, for Spurgeon says he has more thoughts in an hour than there are hours in a year.

If there be some persons who worry us more than others they are those who are unable or unwilling to say "*yes*" or "*no*." It is boring in the recitation-room, and, of course, more so in the practical affairs of life.

We deprecate hearing a professor ask some student (who is not specially noted for hard study) a question and see him sit as still, if not as self-composed, as an oyster till the professor answers it for

him, and then say, "I thought it was that way." Or, should he venture to guess and "miss fire" (which is the rule, with few exceptions), on being corrected say, "I meant it that way." When we see a fellow too lazy to study, too proud to say "*no*," feign to be wise when he is ignorant, we involuntarily associate him with the old dead beat who euchred the Vicar of Wakefield out of his horse.

"He lives most who knows most, thinks wisest and acts best." I am sure that we ourselves will live more and enable others to do so by being able to decide quickly and say "*yes*" or "*no*" as soon as the decision is reached.

Whether Napoleon was a man of destiny we know not, but what strikes us most forcibly in his character was prompt decision, his ability to say "*yes*" or "*no*" at once and follow the word by powerful action which meant death to the enemy and victory for France. Had Grouchy strictly carried out his orders at Waterloo Wellington might have been no more than Bazaine and the history of the world differently written.

There comes a time in the life of every young man when it is of supreme importance to be able to say "*no*." It may be when the first glass of strong drink is offered or temptation in some other of its various and fascinating forms first presents itself. Many a young man who might have become a blessing to his country and an honor to his parents and his God has filled a drunkard's grave or a felon's cell

because he had not the moral courage to say "no" and stick to it. Bad habits are easily formed, but so difficult to shake off that sometimes nothing short of death will do it.

After all, is it not reasonable to suppose that some of us have heard *no* when we would a thousand times rather have heard *yes*? When we have concentrated all of our affections through one lens of love and focused them on some dear object O, how very, *very* slowly time passes as we stand under the gallows of suspense only waiting for the trembling "yes" or heartless "no" which is to slip the noose off the neck of hopes or launch them mercilessly into eternity! Or at least we judge so from what a friend once told us.

T. S. S.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

Intercollegiate contests are new to the South. The foot-ball teams of Northern colleges have been playing match-games for a number of years. Base-ball and oratorical contests have been, and still are, very popular with Western students. Foot-ball is fast gaining ground among them. But, so far as we know, North Carolina is ahead of any of her sister Southern States in that she has an intercollegiate foot-ball association.

We are well aware that these contests have been declared to be under the ban of public opinion by many newspapers. Especially is this true at the North. Not long ago we remember to have read an account of a match-game of foot-ball between two college teams which was described as a regular knock-down and drag-out affair and was actually said to be

second only to a bull fight in ferocity and the injuries sustained by the participants. This we believe to have been a gross misrepresentation. No matter how wet and slippery the ground may have been we do not believe the game could have been as described. Reporters are always on the lookout for sensations. Knowing that many were opposed to such a game, and would gladly believe anything bad about it, they saw their chance and used it to the extent of their ability.

We favor these contests, *first*, because athletic sports are too much neglected by Southern students in general and ours in particular. The ideal student (in public opinion) is lean, lank and emaciated, a dyspeptic now or soon will be. He exercises only enough to keep body and soul together. He sacrifices health for present paltry renown. This class is growing smaller and smaller every year, but it is still too large. In these contests even the most sluggish will take interest, impelled by college pride, if nothing else. Consequently athletic sports will receive more attention and will be given such an impulse as nothing else could give. The world is fast coming to recognize that the true ideal student is not as depicted above, but one who is strong, ruddy and healthy, who takes an active interest in all dignified sports and when he comes to recite is as good in the recitation-room as on the play-ground. The increase of this kind of students and the decrease of the former, these intercollegiate contests will, we believe, bring to pass.

Secondly, they will bring about a better feeling between the students of our colleges. There is, and there always will be, a spirit of rivalry between them. We are

glad this is so, but at the same time we sincerely hope this feeling will never grow into bitter animosity. These contests, by bringing the students together and affording an opportunity for becoming acquainted with one another, will, we have no doubt, effectually prevent this and produce in its place that friendly emulation which is so conducive to the growth and well-being of all educational institutions.

Thirdly, we especially favor intercollegiate foot-ball games because foot-ball has been reduced to a science and is no longer the rough and tumble game it used to be. The spectator can now go to the grounds entirely free from the expectation of seeing a player knocked down and carried off with broken shins and a dislocated arm, and with the certainty of an hour or so of recreation and pleasure. The *New York Examiner*, which a few years ago bitterly opposed such games, in reference to the failure to play the match-game of foot-ball between Harvard and Yale, which was to have come off Thanksgiving, made the following remark :

"Foot-ball, as played by the college teams for several years past, has been freed from the brutal features that formerly disgraced it, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not be encouraged, provided intercollegiate athletic contests of any kind are to be allowed."

But let us not forget the errors of our fellow-students North. They have carried a legitimate sport to excess. The Harvard faculty are very desirous of preventing their team from taking part in the intercollegiate contests because of the betting of their students and the consequent evil repute of the University. Betting, we are sure, will have no attraction for our stu-

dents; but if it should, let them remember that it will quickly alienate from them the public favor in which they are now held and bring disgrace on the institution they should honor.

And so we say to the North Carolina Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association: All hail! Long life and much success attend you. As to the pennant which will be presented to the successful eleven, may the best team win. Wake Forest says, "Lay on, Macduff." H. A. F.

TRY THIS CAP AND SEE IF IT FITS YOU.

This is a vigorous and nervous age. It demands vigorous thought dressed in (language nerved and tensioned) language nervous, terse and expressive, stewed down and bubbling over with common sense. The times demand minds that can seize upon the salient points and set them forth with precision and accurateness. While language may be never so beautiful we want none of your bushel of words with a spoonful of thought. It must be intensified—condensed—two words into one and three into two.

This throbbing, restless world is clamoring for the strong, the great, the capable man—the thinker. It has no time for the "goody goody," "get along," "do nothing." Thought is of first importance; language, its garb, second. If you have a thought that the world is waiting for it will get itself said somehow, be it ever so rude, and it will get a hearing, too, for the world listens to its own—it has a right to all great thoughts.

Our education should bend to the practical, and everything is practical in its results which broadens our vision and swells

the tide of thought toward the uttermost limit of the sweep of the soul, the fullest expansion of man's latent powers.

In modern education we study too many things. This rushing through a number of books, seeing how *much* we can do and not how *well*, is second cousin to failure. The books are merely skimmed over and left in glorious incompleteness. This is a system of high pressure. The professor sits with his pen ready to set a value on that which he cannot fathom. The "mark" is the average student's *ultima Thule*, and he bows to it instead of the essence and substance of thought. This may be education in the *letter*, but not in the *spirit*.

In reading we read too many books to no purpose. You can't tell what a man knows by the number of books he reads. Read much, but read well and think deeply. You needn't be afraid to think; it isn't thinking that kills folks—it's fretting and throttling care. The education of many fails right here. They fail to think. They drink down everything indiscriminately. They never question. They never decide for themselves. They have no individuality. Their minds are cast in other men's moulds. They are standing in the shadow of other men's thoughts, and strangely do they warp and tangle the thoughts of their leaders. What is but a theoretical hypothesis with the greatest thinkers of the age is absolute certainty with them.

Then there is a class of Pharisees among students. They know what the book says. They get the letter but not the spirit of learning. In the midst of thoughts they are in solitude and alone. This is "book larnin'." If a thought of their own should

ever strike them it would startle them plum out of their wits. They have never looked beyond the college walls. Instead of books being their servants they are chained slaves to their books. They have never dreamed that education was to free the mind and unbind the hands of brain to grasp the helm and steer with skill the ship of thought.

We have a fixed amount of mental energy. If this be used for one thing it cannot be used for another. For this reason it should be used with discretion, *not* for parrot-recitation and a "mark," but to develop the thinking power. In the language of Webster, "Dig, dig, and stick to it." Learn to think fearlessly, but at the same time to think rightly and logically and accurately. Think greatly, "for the greatness of thought is the greatness of action."

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean in a span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

THE AUTHOR OF ELSINORE.

We have just read a little volume of poems entitled "Elsinore and other Poems,"* by J. H. Gillespie. We are well pleased with the book as a whole. In many instances the poems are of marked beauty and sweetness, and we welcome their publication with the more joy because their author is a native North Carolinian. He was born near Warsaw, in Duplin county, April 5, 1861, and is, therefore, in his twenty-eighth year.

Mr. Gillespie is of good family, but has

*ELSINORE AND OTHER POEMS. By J. H. Gillespie. Edwards & Broughton, Raleigh, N. C., 1888. 133 pp.; cloth, by mail, \$1.

never been in affluent circumstances, which latter fact, together with his poor health, prevented him from making attainments in learning commensurate with his ambition. His entire schooling amounts to less than four years, about three and a half years of which time were spent, with frequent interruptions, at the neighborhood schools, which were generally very poor, and the other half year was spent at the Warsaw High School, then taught by Mr. D. S. Kennedy. He was now twenty-three years old. For a picture of the literary atmosphere in which he was reared read "A Leaf from the History of Merrybell College." There is more truth in those two pages than the casual reader may imagine. But the true genius rises above circumstances. His it is to outwit the fates, and throughout his entire life Mr. Gillespie has utilized every opportunity to improve his education.

At the age of seven he had learned to read, though he had not been to school a day in his life. This is a rare thing for one surrounded by such circumstances as faced him in his childhood. His father was an invalid for long years, slowly sinking under the blighting touch of consumption. His boy was his companion during much of his sickness, and added brightness to the sick-room and helped to wear away the tedium of the long hours by reading to his father and by reciting to him pieces that he had committed to memory.

His father's death, in 1872, left him a boy of eleven years with no inheritance save the same wasting disease that has blighted so many fair and promising lives. He was a victim of consumption, with the support of a mother and five children rest-

ing upon him and possessed with a burning desire for an education. What pen shall record the struggles of that young life? He had but tasted knowledge and that taste had set his soul aflame with an intense thirst that longed to quench itself by drinking deeper from the pure, sweet, limpid stream where knowledge flows. But that thirst was destined never to be satisfied. Cramped by poverty and burdened with the support of the family his father had left he had little time for intellectual pursuits; he had little money to spend for books. And if at any time the gray streaks of a dawn appeared that whispered of a brighter day ahead his hopes were cut down by the almost visible presence of that Death that seemed to haunt his very life. Of it he himself says:

"For years hast thou pursued relentlessly;
I've heard thy rushing pinions day and night,
And now I can—I will no longer flee;
Here needs must end my unavailing flight!"

He taught school for a short while once, and was licensed to preach at the age of twenty-three by the Missionary Baptist Church, of which he was a member, and served two churches as pastor for one year, but was compelled to relinquish the work of the ministry on account of hemorrhage from the lungs.

He spent the winter of 1885 and 1886 in Florida, hoping to recuperate his health, but there was no perceptible improvement in his condition. He paid the expenses of his stay there by doing office work for the Clerk of the Court of Marion county. In the fall of 1887 he underwent treatment for consumption at the hands of Dr. J. L. Nicholson, of Richlands, N. C., and there were signs of marked improvement for a few weeks. With returning strength

there was a rise of hope, but hope was soon to give place to disappointment, for he ceased to improve.

About this time he concluded to collect and publish a volume of his poems, and made arrangements to do so, but through the mendacity of those who should have encouraged him his plans were frustrated, and these children of his fancy were destined to lie in copy for one year longer. Those who should have whispered encouragement in his hour of need were clogs upon his progress—were barriers in his way as he struggled, in his weakness, to reach a higher plane of life. These few lines from his own pen afford a good picture of his circumstances about this time:

"For friends were false and sought to chill
Me with unkindness, and my hand,
So faint, could scarce obey the will,
And death was darkening all the land."

In another place he says, and we reproduce these lines to show how near he thought that he was to death:

"But I have dwelt in the valley
Through long and painful years,
And I know its ghosts are illusions
Begot of sinful fears."

He sees the phantoms, he hears the rustling of the wings; he falters not, but is supported by a faith that knows no fear, by a hope that whispers of supernal joys in the beyond.

He had never made a study of versification, and last spring he spent about ten days here, during which time he received instruction in this art from Dr. William Royall. Since then he has carefully revised all his poems. He was about twenty years of age when he first began to write poetry, and has never written with any degree of regularity nor with a view of publishing his works, though some of his productions have appeared in the public

prints from time to time during the past four or five years.

As I have looked at the man, worn-out with consumption as he is, and have seen the spark of genius burning in his eye; as I have witnessed his cheerfulness, in spite of disease and discouragement, I have known that there was a beautiful, grand spirit there, though only the shadow of a man. He is a man of medium stature, with light hair and a face that is sadly marked by disease, but is capable of lighting up with joy, especially when he meets a friend or engages in conversation. His liquid blue eyes glow with intelligence. He is capable of forming close friendships, is genial and open-hearted. From one who enjoys his friendship there is no secret hidden in his soul. His whole life has shown that his will power is marked and strong; otherwise, with his poor health and limited means, he never would have accomplished what he has. His life has been a struggle with adversity. We cannot know the man and understand the difficulties with which he has had to contend and then read his poems without feeling the truth of this sentiment: *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

It is not our purpose in this article to review or criticise the book before us; we shall leave that work for abler pens than ours. Ours it is to tell, in a condensed form, the simple tale of his life—a life rendered pathetic by the circumstances by which it is surrounded, by holy ambitions never realized, and by blighted hopes. We have read the poems with pleasure, and our regret is that the mind that dictated them has not a stronger body for its dwelling-place. We trust that he may be spared to give us others still of the creations of his poetic fancy.

C. G. W.

ACCURACY.

Many and varied are the advantages which result from education, mental and physical, but in the opinion of the writer none of these surpasses in importance the habit of accuracy which every truly educated man acquires. This habit is absolutely essential to success in life. It must needs form the key-stone in the column that supports the grandest attainments in any pursuit or profession. The farmer who makes his arrangements for the coming year in an easy-going, slipshod, reckless kind of way; who plans without care and executes without skill, will find when the year's labors are over and his crop is harvested that his expenses are heavier and his profits lighter than he expected, and his conclusion will naturally be that farming does not pay. He needs accuracy in his plans and management. The merchant who buys his goods at random without regard to the wants and wishes of his customers; who sits not down to count the cost and estimate the profits in certain lines of goods; who studies not with care the laws of trade, but buys and sells by chance, will discover at the end of the season that his business is a failure. He needs accuracy in making his investments and calculations.

The lawyer who does not examine into the weak and strong points of his case; who does not with painstaking accuracy prepare himself to meet and overcome the cunning devices of his opponent, will fail to win success and eminence in his profession. The doctor, too, must study the symptoms and nature of the many diseases that afflict his patients and be ready to diagnose intelligently and prescribe accu-

rately for every ailment in the whole range of human ills. Accuracy must characterize his every act in the practice of a profession so intimately connected with the comfort and welfare of humanity.

Accuracy, therefore, is needed in every pursuit and profession, however low or high; accuracy in planning, to foresee the advantages, to use them, and the dangers, to avoid them; accuracy in work, intellectual and physical, to accomplish the greatest results in the easiest and most desirable way; accuracy in purpose and aim to guide and inspire the mind and heart to the highest achievements in any chosen field of labor.

To the formation and development of this habit of accuracy the true education contributes in no small measure, and to secure the highest results in this respect should be the aim of student and teacher alike. Hence the teacher should impart and the student should receive instruction in the way best suited to develop habits of accurate thinking and acting. In the study of the classics, for instance, the strictest regard should be had for the peculiar idioms and nice distinctions in which the languages of the ancient Greeks and Romans so abounded. The weary student of Greek grows discouraged, puzzled as he often is in his efforts to trace a word to its root through changes of form and accent, but in this very task, uninviting though it be, he is receiving a training which will be of great advantage to him in his future life-work. He is learning to be accurate.

The same is true of all the languages and, in fact, of every branch of learning. Success in the acquirement of an education can only be attained by diligent application and painstaking *accuracy*, and this

same accuracy thus acquired and practised forms an essential element in the armor with which the world's soldier marches forth to fight its battles and win its victories.

J. B. C.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The editor of the College World department in the last number of the *University Magazine* having dipped his pen in gall proceeds to serve up the STUDENT in short order, and he succeeds admirably—in displaying his own asinine qualities.

It is not our custom to notice the aspersions of others, especially when they arise from jealousy, but when such an unfair statement and gross misrepresentation as this comes to sight we cannot but reply. We append the remarks of the STUDENT with the comments thereon. It is in regard to the game of foot-ball which was played between the University and Wake Forest teams Thursday of the Fair at Raleigh:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT says of the game (the italics are our own):

"The first game resulted in favor of the Chapel Hill team, *owing to the fact that our boys played under two new rules and had the disadvantage in position of their goal.* The next game our boys went at it with a vim, *caught on to their opponents' dodges,* and won the game in short time. The third game was simply a repetition of the second."

No one objects to the STUDENT's exulting over the victory (?), if it can find anything in it to exult over, but it should be fairer towards its opponents. There were many more rules which were strange to the University than to the Wake Forest team. It was by these rules, very unfair and peculiar, that Wake Forest got the credit of a victory, and not because they were at a disadvantage in regard to their goal or "caught on to their opponents' dodges." In that game the University boys were better organized and played better in running, dodging kicking and tackling than the Wake Forest, as was acknowledged by all third parties; and we do not believe there is a man on the Wake Forest team who thinks that their men are better players than the University team.

What breadth of soul and what expanse of mind is this editor possessed of! "A myriads souls like *his* could roost on the point of a needle with boundless wastes of unexplored territory all around them."

But to the statements he makes:

There were many more rules which were strange to the University than to the Wake Forest team.

One would judge from this that the University team, poor fellows, had never played by these rules before, but that, kind-hearted boys as they are, they gave up their rules for our team's and played by new rules entirely. But what are the facts in the case? Notice. The rules the game was played by were rough and tumble, neither team at that time being acquainted with the A. I. F. A. rules. Of the rough and tumble rules there was a dispute over three, and to affect an agreement our team gave up *two* of the rules they had been accustomed to and the University team only *one*; or, in other words, *two* of these rules were strange to our team, but only *one* to the University. We advise the editor to consult the captain of his team before he attempts to account for another defeat.

"—by these rules, *very unfair and peculiar*" (the italics are ours).

Mon Dieu! Such ignorance! Such presumption! After having practised according to these rules, after having challenged our team to play them a match-game "rough and tumble" rules (under-scored in the challenge), two months after the game this genius discovers those old rules—those the team had played by ever since they had been playing at all—were "strange," "very unfair and peculiar."

Whither are we drifting? Verily this is an age of progress. Ignatius Donnelly

with his cipher is but a pigmy compared with this mighty giant.

In that game the University boys were better organized and played better than the Wake Forest team.

Perhaps the University boys were better organized. We will not dispute it. They had been practising several weeks; our team had had a ball only three days. As a matter of course they ought to have been better organized. That they played better is something new to us and we have no doubt to all who witnessed the game. But of course we will not venture an opinion against this mighty solon. We had thought, though, that the object of the match-game was to determine which team was the better player and that the one that won was the better. We are mistaken though. He proves conclusively that Chapel Hill is the best team in the State. His reasoning is thus: The team that loses is the best team. Chapel Hill always loses. Therefore Chapel Hill is the best team. We stand corrected. Hereafter if our team should be so fortunate as to win, which of course it will not, we will not state the unvarnished facts as simply as possible. Oh! no, that would be "exulting," and we mustn't do that. It is wrong. We must be "fairer" than that. We will

do our best to be fair. By plays on words, and the use of fallacious propositions, we will endeavor to prove that the defeated team was the better. By so doing we hope that every one will see that we are not "exulting over a victory(?)" and that the STUDENT is "fairer towards its opponents." We are very much indebted to this brilliant logician. We have long had our doubts about the truthfulness of the Bible, and now they are justified. He has kindly proven that Solomon was mistaken—that there is something new under the sun.

At first we were unable to account for this violent attack, but after reading the accounts of the Foot-ball Association and the match-game with Trinity we find that our friend is evidently riled over the defeat of the University team by Trinity, and also because the *Trinity Archive* very inconsiderately proposed an Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association some three weeks before the University did and consequently obtained the credit which by rights(?) ought to have gone to the University. We hope that Trinity will be more considerate in the future, else we fear that our editor's wrath will become so great that he will explode and our State will lose the brightest ornament that has adorned its journalism in lo these many years. H. A. F.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMAUFTRY.—The second session of the Fiftieth Congress assembled on the 3d ult., but little business has as yet been transacted. The President's message, read at the opening of the session, was another able State paper from the pen of our manly, statesmanlike Chief Executive.—The Senatorial contest in this State bids fair to be a lively one. General Ransom has a strong following, the friends of Colonel Waddell are pressing his name, Captain Alexander is prominently mentioned, and ex-Governor Jarvis has returned to North Carolina and has many friends who would be glad to give him the place.—There are only 19 lawyers in the present Legislature—11 in the Senate and 8 in the House, and only 12 members of the last Assembly have been returned.—Professor Detmer, of the University of Ohio, has succeeded in photographing the germs that cause yellow fever.—A copper syndicate pays a Montana mine \$300,000 for each month that it suspends operations.—Cleveland's popular majority was not less than 95,000.—The total popular vote cast for Belva Lockwood was three votes.

JUDGES APPOINTED.—In the recent election Judges Avery and Shepherd, of the Superior Court, were promoted to the Supreme Court bench, and since the election Judge Montgomery has resigned his position, so that there were three vacancies

for the Governor to fill. He has appointed John G. Bynum, of Morganton, to succeed Judge Avery; George H. Brown, Jr., of Washington, to succeed Judge Shepherd; and Hon. R. F. Armfield, of Statesville, to succeed Judge Montgomery. So far as we have been able to ascertain these appointments are highly satisfactory to the press and the people of the State. Judge Bynum is 46 years of age and was a member of the Legislature in '78, but he loves law far better than politics, makes it a constant study and goes to the bottom of the subject. Judge Brown is under 40 years of age, is a man of good legal talent and enjoys a large practice. He has been successful both as politician and as lawyer. Hon. R. F. Armfield is well known to the people of North Carolina, especially in the Piedmont section, and the general sentiment is that Governor Scales acted wisely in appointing him.

TWO DEATHS.—Within the past few weeks North Carolina has lost two useful men. Judge Thomas Settle, who died recently at Greensboro, was in his 55th year and had been much in public life. He was a Captain in the war and since then has been Judge of the Supreme Court in this State and Judge of the United States District Court in Florida. He was the Republican candidate for Governor in 1876 and he and Governor Vance made a lively canvass of the State. He presided

over the convention that nominated Grant for his second term. He was something of an orator, a splendid lawyer, an honest man and an upright judge.

Colonel R. R. Bridgers, President of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, died at Columbia, South Carolina, December 10th, having been taken with a fit of apoplexy while addressing the Ways and Means Committee of the South Carolina Legislature. He was 69 years old. He graduated at the State University at the age of 22 and at 23 represented the county of Edgecombe in the Legislature. He was not very fond of politics and studied law and devoted himself to its practice, declining the Attorney Generalship and the Superior Court Judgeship. During the war he was a member of the Confederate Congress, and after its close accepted the Presidency of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad and lifted it out of a muddle and put it in a flourishing condition. He was a good politician, was large hearted and loved the people.

EX-GOVERNOR HOLDEN'S CARD.—Ex-Governor Holden was tried 18 years ago by the highest tribunal in the State and was convicted of "high crimes and misdemeanors." He is now out in a card in which he disclaims belonging to any political party, and asks the General Assembly to resolve or declare that, in its opinion, he was actuated by good motives in what he did and that he had for his object the best and highest interest of the State. The people of North Carolina will never cast reflection upon the tribunal that condemned him by granting this request. He was found guilty of six of the eight charges brought against him.

HAYTI'S TROUBLE.—There has been quite a stir in Hayti for the past few months. That Republic has been in a state of insurrection, and Salomon, the last President, was driven from the country to France, where he died. He was a cunning man and exercised autocratic powers, but managed the public affairs well and put business on a firm basis. A few days ago General Légitime, called "the Black Napoleon," was unanimously elected President of the Republic, but the elections there are controlled by the bayonet and it was understood that to vote against him meant death. Two days after his inauguration he had to surrender the steamer *Haytien Republic* to the American men-of-war and the latter saluted the Haytian flag with 21 guns. The American vessels will cruise around for a short while and protect the interests of American citizens. The United States is now out of the affair and has no right to interfere. According to the *New York Herald* Hayti's need is "brains, common sense and enterprise." It is a beautiful, picturesque and fertile country, but is sadly in need of cultivation. It is surprising to learn that this fertile, tropical country has to import its sugar from New York; yet such is the case.

HENRY M. STANLEY.—The news with regard to Henry M. Stanley is very unsatisfactory at this writing. Sometime during the month of August last we had reports to the effect that Stanley and Emin Pasha were near each other, and about the 10th of October the news was that Emin Pasha and a "white traveller" had surrendered to the Mahdi's forces. December 15th they had fallen into the hands of

Osman Digna who was helping to besiege the British and Egyptian garrison at Suakim. At one time it seemed certain from the despatches that Stanley and Emin had arrived at the Arnwhimi River, but

later we have the following, dated at Zanzibar, December 25th: "All reports from here purporting to give details of the meeting of Stanley and Emin are absolutely untrustworthy."

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

THE United States has 154,805 female school teachers.

JUDSON COLLEGE has 75 enrolled with daily accessions.

THERE is a student at Princeton College who is 72 years old. Never too late to learn.

KINSTON COLLEGE, under the management of Professor R. H. Lewis, has 125 students.

PRINCETON COLLEGE has recently been given \$80,000 by personal friends of President Patton.

AT the London University 181 women have already been admitted this year—fifty more than last year.

THE Judson Female Institute, at Marion, Alabama, was recently destroyed by fire—loss about \$100,000.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY has enrolled 440 students up to date. This number exceeds that of last year by 200.

THE world's largest college is said to be a Mohammedan institution located at Cairo. It has 300 teachers and 10,000 students.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, a graduate of Harvard College, is one of the seven survivors of the class of 1829. It was a class of famous men.

CHICAGO is said to have about 100 public schools in which 1,600 teachers are giving instruction to 90,000 children. Of this large number of teachers only seventy are male teachers. The salaries of the women range from \$400 to \$2,175.

THE Hampton (Virginia) Institute began its present session with 610 students. Of this number 142 are Indians. Thirteen States and Territories are represented. Africa, Cuba, China and the Hawaiian Islands are also represented at this school.

MRS. J. LAURENCE SMITH, who has for some time been making liberal contributions to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has recently given it \$50,000 to be used for library purposes. This is quite a strong expression of Mrs. Smith's love for this institution.

MORAL education consists in the restraining and reducing of our appetites, propensities and passions to habitual control of a will whose decisions and impulses

are brought into conformity with the principles of justice, truth, goodness, sincerity and right. It also includes in the developing of a conscience which shall be void of offence towards God and man.—*Welch.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Brilliant talents, graces of person and a continual habit of displaying these advantages are all that is aimed at in the education of girls. The virtues that make domestic life happy, the sober and useful qualities that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never inculcated. One would be left to imagine, by the common modes of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday and that the only contest was who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it.—*Religious Herald.*

At the meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a few weeks ago, it was moved that the committee on "the government of the university" report immediately upon the advisability of making attendance at daily prayers, and upon recitations and lectures, compulsory. It is very likely that the old order will be restored. The "young" theory that college students may be trusted to attend to their duties and behave themselves, without any legal restraint, is not true in practice. Recent developments as to the deportment of

Harvard boys in Cambridge and Boston have been keenly felt by those in authority.

JAPAN is credited with having 29,233 elementary schools which are attended by 3,232,226 pupils. There are about 97,316 teachers, nearly four teachers to each school. Attendance is compulsory. Surely better had it been for the cause of education had this ruling of Solon, the great lawgiver, been maintained by every people. Compulsory education was first introduced by Solon about 500 years before Christ and it has proven a success wherever it has been tried. Several of the States have adopted it and the others would do well to follow their example.

THE University of California proposes to erect a monster telescope on Wilson's Park or some other place adjacent to Los Angeles. It is proposed to have an instrument with a 42-inch glass, which will make the surface of the moon as visible as it would be to the naked eye if it were only sixty miles away. Lick's glass is 34 inches. It cost about \$50,000 and mounting brought the total cost up to about \$110,000. The University is negotiating with Mr. Clark, who proposes to make such a glass as it wants and mount it for \$100,000. If Mr. Clark's offer is found to be the best it will be accepted. Nothing is as yet decided upon but that the University is to have the largest and most perfect instrument in the world.—*Ex.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

THE Emperor of Brazil subscribed \$100 for the statue of Bolzac, the French novelist.

THE International Geological Congress hold their next meeting in Philadelphia in 1891.

THERE have been 50,000 copies of Emile Zola's latest story, "Le Reve," sold in Paris.

THE friends of Matthew Arnold, it is said, have already subscribed £5,000 for a memorial fund.

MRS. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, of Albany, is the owner of the original draft of Burns' "Auld Lang Syne."

"WONDERERS" is the title of a new volume of verses by William Winter. The book contains eighty poems.

THE *Independent* celebrated its fortieth birthday on the 6th of December and received many letters of congratulation.

THE *Youth's Companion* offers over \$5,000 in nine prizes for the best short stories for young people during the year 1889.

THE completion of the ninth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica was to have been celebrated by a dinner given by the editor, Mr. Robertson Smith, at Cambridge in December.

ABOUT 200,000 of Mrs. Ward's notable Agnostic novel, "Robert Elsmere," have been sold in America, and now a Chicago

stage manager intends to have it satisfactorily adapted and put upon the stage at an early date.

JOHN H. INGRAM has written the biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which is a very readable, instructive and clear outline of her life, and one that will be read with the feeling that it was carefully and well prepared.

ROBERT CHRISTY is the compiler of two good sized volumes entitled "Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of all Ages." They contain more than eleven hundred pages and each page has from fifteen to eighteen quotations and the authority given at the end of the line.

BACHELORS, if you have wept, weep no more. Agnes Stephens (may heaven's blessings attend her!) has come to your rescue with a romantic book, "How Men Propose." Her selections are most excellent and have been collected from all the best works of fiction. The proposals are of many kinds, including youthful, humble, vicarious, pompous, successful, unsuccessful, resultless, and renewed. You have an excellent opportunity of comparing the manner in which novelists have depicted human nature and its tactics with reference to this delicate matter in the spring-time of life. Select your ideal of a proposal, your girl, and try your hand, for you are now without an excuse. (A. C. McClurg & Co.).

Harper's Magazine seems to be quite popular beyond the seas. England alone ordered 55,000 copies of the Christmas number. *Scribner's* is regularly published in Australia with American texts and Australian cover and advertisements.

MR. GLADSTONE is at present engaged in the collection and classification of his correspondence, extending over a period of fifty years and unrivaled for personal and historical interest. The Grand Old Man is steadily destroying all useless or superfluous matter, but he has decided that 60,000 letters must still be preserved.

"TARUS BULBA," a Russian novel by Nikolai Gogol, is a powerful work of great historical value as well as of intense interest. It presents the Russian bravery which knew no check but death, the dauntless courage which did not flinch before the cannon's mouth, the love of country which would sacrifice wife and sons for its defence, all in the person of Tarus Bulba. Andre, the son of Bulba, deserted the Russian ranks for the love of a beautiful Polish woman, and enlisted in the Polish army. When she entreats him to think no more of her and return to his comrades and his fatherland he replies: "Who said the Ukraine was my fatherland? The fatherland is that which the *soul* seeks, which is dearer to it than all else. Thou art my fatherland! and I shall bear this fatherland in my heart; I shall bear it

there as long as life shall last, and I will see what Cossack can tear it from me. And I will sell, give up, destroy everything for such a fatherland."—*Public Opinion*.

MR. HOWARD PYLE's last work is "Otto of the Silver Hand." It is a story of mediæval Germany in the times when robber barons waged war and plundered not only each other, but merchants and other well-to-do people also.

A deadly feud exists between Otto's father, Conrad, and Baron Henry, who captures Otto while still a boy, and according to an oath he has taken that no one of Conrad's house should ever strike another blow after falling in his hands, he maims the boy Otto by cutting off his right hand. Afterwards Otto is rescued by one-eyed Hans and is brought up at the Emperor's court. Otto remains with the Emperor in peace and war, though he never raises a sword, for the hand that hangs by his side is only a silver hand. Otto becomes a wise and tender counselor, is loved and respected by all who know him, and is called "Otto of the Silver Hand."

He is afterwards restored to his father's inheritance, and the castle rebuilt, which had been burned by Henry. The Emperor had this motto carved over his gate: "A silver hand is better than an iron hand." This is a very healthful story for boys and is the equal of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

—After a long absence the *Vanderbilt Observer* visits our sanctum again much to our delight.

—The *Adelphian* is always welcome. The "Literary Chat" and "College Items" are well gotten up in the December number. More space might well be given to exchanges, however.

—The *College Rambler* is a college paper if anything. It seems to have taken as its design to publish only such articles as are related especially to the students of Illinois College. In this way it loses in general interest, but gains much in local interest. We enjoyed the letter from Harvard very much; also the reminiscence of Daniel Webster.

—The *Columbia Spectator* is a sprightly illustrated paper, very different from any other. Its editor has a mind of his own and does not care who knows it. The manner in which he serves up the Eli from Yale could not be excelled. We gladly place it on our exchange list and hope all its numbers may be as bright and as spicy as the one before us.

—The *Richmond College Messenger* is in the main a good magazine, but the effervescence of the local editor in the last number is too marked. For instance, such expressions as "Ah, there! my Rat; I'll pull your toe," "Zukety is still 'dogging his cats,'" may be very interesting to the Richmond student, but to the general

reader such slang is unpardonable and renders null and void the good impression the magazine would otherwise make.

—The *Southern Collegian* is a forty-five page, single column magazine. Its Alumni department is especially well gotten up. We like this. It is not only interesting to old students themselves, but gives the general reader an idea of the worth of a college by showing what its graduates are doing in active life. Its editorials are only fair. The article on "Lord Bacon" is well written and seems to us to give a just estimate of the life and work of "the wisest, brightest and meanest of mankind." The "Extracts" from unpublished reminiscences of Hon. Holmes Conrad are very interesting indeed.

—We fully endorse the following from the *Texas University*—it expresses our views exactly: "Perhaps there is no other department of the average college magazine more grossly neglected, both by those in charge and those who read the magazine, than is the exchange department. This neglect is due in the first instance to the great amount of laborious reading necessary in order to secure a basis for intelligent criticism, and in the second case to the fact that readers recognize that such a department is usually devoted to idiotic praise and senseless generalities. Frequently one of the prime objects of exchange notices, viz.: that of indicating the

serious defects so common in college journalism, is neglected. We do not expect to inaugurate a revolution in this respect, but we do intend neither to ask nor to give undeserved praise. The *Texas University* invites just criticism, such as is respectful and such as will tend to make us see our faults as others see them."

—The *Hamilton College Monthly* does credit to the young ladies of that institution. Its exchange editress wields a vigorous pen. She thus caricaturizes the ex-man of the other sex: "The way in which the average exchange editor notices the various papers that lie before him is an amusing study. He picks up one, his eyes fall on a badly constructed sentence, his opportunity is at hand. He seizes it, and the result is that that paper is taken to task for its general looseness in the construction of its sentences. He skips over three or four and picks up another; he reads a short editorial, it conveys his ideas exactly; he wants no more; this is one of the best exchanges he receives. At another time he comes to his room late at night; he has just returned from an unfruitful visit to his lady love; she has refused him, possibly for the fourth time; everything that borders on or suggests truth and fidelity grates upon his ears; he reads in one of the exchanges a poem entitled 'True Girls.' He believes they exist only in imagination, and in his next paper we see the following: 'The pieces are nearly all of a kind and all seem to be the effusions of persons very young and very sentimental.'"

—The first piece in the November number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* begins with the following brilliant and original thought: "The history of Greece comes down to us from the seat of ancient

empire freighted with the experience of the past and laden with lessons for the future." Poor Greece! She has fallen from her high estate and is now only a third rate power; but worst of all is the fact that so few students ever speak or even write an article without calling up the shades of her past to add force (?) and freshness (?) to their remarks. Later on the writer quotes that verse beginning, "We are living, we are dwelling." It is a beautiful verse, a perfect gem, but in view of the fact that there has been a contest for several years past between college magazines to see which could publish that particular verse the oftenest (we are sure we have seen it a half dozen times since September), it might well have been omitted. "Music As It Is Rendered" is a biting satire on some of the singing of the present day, and church choirs would do well to peruse it. But decidedly the best piece in it is a poem entitled "How Bachelors are Made." The writer was evidently acquainted with the manner of "bachelor-making," and has our heartfelt sympathy if his girl has not called him back and he has not recovered from the stroke ere this.

LITERARY NOTES.

Our young friend, Mr. J. H. Gillespie, of Warsaw, North Carolina, has just published a volume entitled "Elsinore and Other Poems." The leading poem, *Elsinore*, consists of about four hundred lines and draws its inspiration from the late war. The scene is laid in the valley of the Shenandoah. The characters are Philip Leigh, owner of a princely estate in the valley; his niece, Edith, and her lover, Eustace Lee. Raiders sweep away the

property and burn the houses of many dwellers in this prosperous region. Nor do they spare Philip Leigh. Him they kill because he refuses to surrender gold which he does not possess. Whereupon Edith, faint and sick, is left to the faithful nursing of loyal slaves. Meantime, at Malvern Hill, Eustace is left for dead. Long time she mourns his loss. Suitors press their suits in vain. True, ever true, Edith remains to Eustace. And her fidelity is rewarded. For, after release from a Northern prison, whither he had been sent a wounded prisoner, he hastens to the side of his maiden true and—the rest need not be told.

There is genuine poetry in this piece. The machinery is simple, the incidents few, but well conceived and gracefully handled, and the style easy and natural. Its iambics flow with marvelous smoothness and relieved of that fiery rapidity with which Horace supposed them to be endowed. Our author has the elements of the lyric poet in him. His nature is too sweet and

gentle for tragedy and too serious and sober for comedy. But in sketching nature in her gentler moods and in painting to the life those scenes which move the universal heart to joy or sorrow, and touch the common chords of our race, he has real skill—a skill which needs only to be improved by generous culture to make itself felt.

Among the minor pieces of the book are some gems of exquisite beauty. Of these may be mentioned "The Music of the Spheres," "A Simile," "Chancellorsville," and others.

Our young friend possesses the soul, and needs only that deeper "insight" which experience of human nature on its passionate side and knowledge of it in its hidden springs of action impart. This, time and reflection—to one already so well endowed—must bring.

Let every one who has an interest in the development of North Carolina talent encourage the young poet by getting a copy of his book. WM. ROYALL.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

—The *Alumni* of the College can assist in making this department more interesting if they will write to its editor occasionally and let him know what they are at. If you wish to hear from each other, brethren, let us hear from you, and then read the STUDENT.

—'50. From the Lone Star State Dr. D. R. Wallace sends New Year's greetings

to the members of the Phi. Society, of which he was a member while here. We thank you, brother, for your kindly remembrance and for the cordial greeting that you send us. Though we never saw you in the flesh yet we are children of one common foster mother, and the same things that have moved your spirit move ours to day. Our mother, Philomathesia,

prosper; so does her sister, Euzelia. They are as fair to-day as ever, and each year their records become more glorious. They nourish a noble set of young men, and right often are lances fiercely but generously crossed in our new and splendidly furnished halls. It would do you good to be with us again. From Carolina, dear brother, we send to you our congratulations upon the success that your much-titled name would indicate has attended your labors in sunny Texas. May each returning year bring new joys and new success to you.

—'55. Professor P. W. Johnson and his estimable wife left the Hill a few days ago and have gone to Warsaw, N. C., to take charge of the school there. Warsaw is to be congratulated on securing the services of two such persons as Professor Johnson and his wife.

—'56. Mr. F. M. Purefoy, a prominent merchant of this place, and Miss Pattie G. Litchford, of Raleigh, were married in Raleigh on the 19th ult. Dr. T. E. Skinner performed the ceremony.

—'62. Rev. William Brunt, of White Oak, Bladen county, N. C., quietly pursues the even tenor of his way and teaches and preaches for the people in his county.

—'68. *The North Carolina Teacher* for January contains a wood cut likeness of Professor J. B. Brewer, President of the C. B. F. Institute, Murfreesboro, N. C.

—'75. Dr. M. D. Phillips is one of the best and most successful physicians in his section.

—'75. Mr. J. Y. Phillips is Register of Deeds for Stokes county.

—'77. Rev. Edgar E. Folk has removed from Albany, Ga., to Chattanooga,

Tenn., and is now editor of the *Baptist Reflector*.

—'80. Rev. W. B. Waff is one of our unpretentious but earnest preachers and is doing good work in Gates county.

—'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips has returned to North Carolina to live.

—'80. Rev. C. S. Farriss, pastor at High Point, N. C., has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Halifax, Va.

—'81. David L. Ward, Esq., of Washington Territory, was the Democratic nominee for Prosecuting Attorney. We are glad to know that he has made himself so popular in his new home in so short a time.

—'82. Rev. O. L. Stringfield, of Wakefield, N. C., gives notice that application will be made to the General Assembly to incorporate Wakefield School.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Durham and will go as missionary to China next spring. *The Recorder* says: "Bro. Bostick was a splendid pastor, a live, vigorous preacher, and was doing a great work in Durham. But if the Master has called him to China all of us ought to say amen." So say we.

—'83. Rev. C. G. Jones is meeting with success as pastor of College Hill Church, Lynchburg, Va.

—'84. On the 19th ult., at the residence of E. R. Stamps, Esq., in the city of Raleigh, Professor W. V. Savage, of Henderson, and Miss Mattie Williams, of Raleigh, were united in matrimony.

—'84. In speaking of Professor C. L. Smith, of the Johns Hopkins University,

who spent the holidays with friends in North Carolina, the *State Chronicle* says: "We are glad to learn that he has recently been elected General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore. He has won a position of usefulness, and North Carolina is proud of him." We just caught a glimpse of his genial face during his short visit to the Hill.

—'85. Mr. W. C. Allen is principal of the Vine Hill Academy at Scotland Neck, N. C.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Pruett, who is at the Seminary, assists Dr. Eaton as pastor of the Walnut Street Church.

—'86. Mr. J. E. Vann is associated with G. V. Cowper, Esq., in the practice of law at Winton, N. C.

—'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall was recently elected Treasurer of the Baptist State Convention. We are glad to note that he will continue to fill the position of Chief Clerk to the Auditor. The *Chronicle* says: "All Raleigh and all parties having business with the Auditor's office will be glad to know that Mr. J. D. Boushall will continue as Chief Clerk in that office under Auditor-elect Sanderlin. Mr. Boushall is not only a young gentleman of high Christian character and of thorough competency,

but is a popular officer as well. Mr. Sanderlin is to be 'congratulated upon retaining Mr. Boushall."

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, of Elizabeth City, has been called to the pastorate of the First Church at Durham, N. C.

—'87. Mr. F. H. Manning resigned as principal of Vine Hill Academy and has gone to Colorado to teach in the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute at Colorado Springs.

—'87. Mr. L. L. Vann is pursuing a course of medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

—'87. Mr. H. S. Pickett is teaching at Rocky River Springs, in Stanly county, N. C.

—'87. Mr. W. J. Matthews, who has been teaching at Bardstown, Ky., has returned to North Carolina. He spent the holidays on the Hill and is now teaching in this State.

—'87. Rev. E. F. Tatum wrote from San Francisco that the missionary party, consisting of himself, Rev. T. C. Britton and wife, were all in fine spirits.

—'88. Mr. R. B. Lineberry has left Rocky Mount and takes charge of the Sanford High School.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

LEAP YEAR EXAMINATIONS GONE!

A QUESTION: "Will the Faculty give Senior Vacation?"

ANOTHER more important: "How did you come out on Physics, French and German?"

MISS MAUD MARTIN has returned to her home in Virginia.

MISS BELLE WINGATE has returned home from South Carolina and will teach this year at Clayton, Johnston county.

MISS BETTIE ALLEN, of Middleburg, and Miss Cora Smithwick, of Warren county, spent Christmas week on the Hill.

REV. CARSON L. POWELL, of Algiers, Africa, delivered a lecture in the College chapel Wednesday night, December 26th.

MR. F. M. PUREFOY was married December 20th to Miss Pattie Litchford, of Raleigh. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home, Dr. T. E. Skinner officiating.

It is rumored that an old gentleman who has a fortune to bestow upon some worthy young man recently stopped in this vicinity. For further particulars call at this office.

THE Y. M. C. A. might do well to arrange for a course of lectures and charge a small admittance fee. This plan has been

adopted at several colleges with very satisfactory results.

EXAMINATION WEEK :—

The Fresh are up before the sun,
The Sophs are on the wing,
The Junior goes to see his girl,
The Seniors smile and sing.—*Ex.*

JOHN RANES died December 4th, at his home, near Wake Forest, after an illness of nearly two years. He was only 19 years old and for a long time had been a most exemplary member of the church at this place.

THE business managers wish all subscribers a very happy New Year, and to those whose subscriptions are yet unpaid they would extend an earnest plea to begin the year by settling their indebtedness with the STUDENT.

MRS. HENRIETTA S. BATTLE, widow of the late Colonel Benjamin Dossey Battle and mother of Messrs. Dossey and Richard Battle, died January 1st, aged 74 years. She was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church—devoted and consecrated.

REV. J. E. HUTSON, of Richmond, began a series of meetings here November 26th and continued two weeks. As the result of this meeting about twenty-five persons were baptized. Mr. Hutson preaches the gospel in a plain, earnest, logical way. His sermons, unlike many revival harangues, are free from "brimstone and thunder" theology.

THE editor of this department has been prevented by sickness and absence from doing his customary work on it and is indebted to Mr. J. B. Spillman for writing it up this month, *ergo* its unusual excellence.

MESSRS. Charles L. Smith, of Johns Hopkins University, T. E. Cheek and Thomas J. Simmons, of Durham, and W. J. Matthews, spent a few days on the Hill during the holidays.

Newish thinks he's funny
When he fires off at folks,
But won't he for big money
Shave the whiskers off his jokes?

MR. AND MRS. P. W. JOHNSON have recently moved to Warsaw, N. C., where Mr. Johnson has accepted the position of principal of Warsaw High School. We regret to lose him and his estimable wife, but the people of Warsaw are greatly the gainers thereby.

THE following elegant production appeared on the bulletin board a few days ago:

"THE CLUB HOUSE GRACE."
Now we sit us down to eat,
We pray the Lord to bless this meat,
And if we chance to take a bite,
We hope it won't put out our light,
And if another we dare to take,
Save our souls for Jesus' sake.

WE CLIP the following from *The Southern Collegian* (Washington and Lee University): "B. F. Sledd, M. A., '86, was recently elected to the Chair of Modern Languages in Wake Forest College, N. C. We warrant that Ben will not be found wanting. No better student ever left the walls of W. and L. Success to you, Ben, for you deserve it."

Mr. X. (to Professor of Physics looking over examination papers)—Professor, what will I get on Physics?"

Professor—"Another examination, sir."

Mr. Y.—Professor, did I get through?"

Professor—"Yes, sir, according to the formula for falling bodies."

Mr. Z.—"Professor, what did I do?"

Professor—"You scraped the bottom."

SEVERAL members of the Faculty spent part of the holidays away from the College. Professor Poteat went to Yanceyville; Dr. Manly went to Richmond to visit "his folks"; Professor Carlyle went home to see—his folks, too, and came back complaining—he had a cold. Professor Purinton visited Louisburg. Where did Professor Michael go? Owing to business of a private nature Professor Sledd was unable to leave the Hill.

MUCH of the prejudice against intercollegiate contests is due to the fact that they are said to be detrimental to good scholarship. In order to discover the real state of the case at Cornell University a thorough examination was recently made in that institution of the records of the men who engaged in intercollegiate sports since the opening of the college. The result showed that the average scholarship for the year of each man who rowed on the crews was 70 per cent., that of the baseball players 73 per cent., and that of the track athletes 76 per cent., a standard of 70 per cent. being necessary to graduate. Fifty-four per cent. of all these men graduated, which is 7 per cent. above the University per cent. of graduation. These results would seem to show that intercollegiate contests, when kept within reasonable limits, do not interfere with the general scholarship of educational institutions.—*Ex.*

CHRISTMAS was observed at the College in a manner characteristic of the season.

Everybody seemed to have a pleasant time in a quiet way. The usual number of tin horns and false faces were on hand. Miss Sallie Wingate was at home from her school at Bayboro. Miss Nellie Brooks, of Raleigh, Miss Lottie Harriss, of Franklinton, and Misses Zua Pace, Minta and Lena Allen, Lizzie Ellington and Nettie Beckwith, all of Oxford Female Seminary, visited us—we mean the Hill—during the holidays and brought sunshine—shadow, too—among the students. Social gatherings were held nearly every night. Christmas night one was given in the chapel and recitation-rooms under the auspices of the Sunday-school. The entertainment was opened with prayer, and in a short while some of the young people gathered in a recitation-room and indulged in an innocent “shoo.” This reminds us of the old negro’s prayer:

“Oh, Marster, let dis gath’rin’ fin’ a blessin’ in yo’ sight!
 Don’t jedge us hard for what we does—You knows
 it’s Chrismus night;
 An’ all de balance ob de yeah we does as right’s we kin:
 Ef dancin’s wroug, O, Marster! let de time excuse
 de sin!
 “Remember, Marster—min’ dis now—de sinfulness
 ob sin
 Is ’pendin’ ’pon de sperret what we goes an’ does it
 in;
 An’ in a righehis frame of miu’ we’s gwine to dance
 an’ sing,
 A-feelin’ like King David when he cut de pigin-
 wing.”

The social gatherings and “candy stews” seemed to be very much enjoyed by all who attended. The games played at them were sometimes very amusing. At one of these gatherings, music being objected to, some one suggested that they have a song to “shoo” by. A young lady at once began by informing the company in a melodious strain that “Mary had a

little lamb, little lamb, little lamb.” Just here a dignified senior led off the “shoo,” and capering across the floor with “mathematical precision,” told us in a deep bass voice that “its fleece was white as snow.” Then an alto cried out that “he followed her to school one day,” while the bass further insisted “school one day, school one day.” This amusement was continued until about seventeen hundred verses (no two alike) had been sung, when an impudent Prep. suggested that they “break it off.”

On the whole the holidays passed off very pleasantly, and we return our many thanks to the Faculty for their kindness and considerateness in giving us a week. Let the good work continue.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

The second senior speaking of the session was held in the small chapel Thursday night, December 20th.

The usual amount of weather and audience was present. The former arrived in time to make the chapel rather cold and the latter, though late in arriving, came in time to complain of the length of some of the speeches. Professor Poteat, Chairman of the Faculty, introduced the speakers in turn. We will not attempt a synopsis of the speeches. It would perhaps be doing the speakers an injustice and the reader would gain very little idea of the speech. The full name of each speaker appeared on the programme and more euphonious combinations than the names of some of our seniors cannot be found anywhere. Mr. Delos Aristides Davis, of Yadkin county, first addressed the audience on *Unhappy Ireland*. Aristides was just as talkative and dignified as usual. Recog-

nizing the fact that his subject was old he treated it in a way calculated to hold the attention of his audience. This gentleman is a fine speaker and always does well, but his speech was too long. Thirty minutes is entirely too long for even a good speaker to speak on such occasions.

Mr. James Leonidas Flemming, of Greenville, next spoke, his subject being *My Conclusion*. "This, most emphatically of all ages, is the age of association," were his opening words, and in them may be found another subject for his speech. He did not condemn the associations and unions of the present day, but brought out some strong points on the importance of individuality. Mr. Flemming is a good speaker, but owing to hoarseness his delivery was not as good as usual.

Mr. Mills Lee Rickman, of Macon county, next came forward and in his imagination stood on the scaffold in Union county and gave us *George Ray's Confession*. This was something new in the way of a senior speech. It was romantic, interesting, and he received the best attention given to any speaker during the evening.

Next Mr. Andrew Lonzo Betts told us of *A Modern Author*. He discussed the life and writings of Rev. E. P. Roe. He had prepared a good speech, but was rather

unfortunate in his delivery. Like Mr. Davis, he made his speech too long for his audience.

The last speaker was Mr. Matthew Lawrence Carr. He spoke of *Some Things Retained* in the South after the social confusion and disorder succeeding the civil war. Mr. Carr has a good delivery and made a good speech. Its length was short. He seemed more kindly disposed toward the audience than most of the speakers. He said what he had to say and then stopped. Some seniors seem to forget that audiences often look upon the end of a speech as the best part of it.

The speakers having finished the audience was invited to the Society halls. The social gathering was a failure—a complete farce. Mr. Gruber and son, of Raleigh, arrived in time to furnish the music inside the halls, while music was furnished outside by a number of artists with cow-bells, tin pans and tin horns. But in spite of all the music the social gathering did not last long. Nearly every one looked hacked and no one knew why. Everybody seemed to be amused and yet there was *very* little amusement. The whole affair seemed like an "April fool" on a large scale, and as early as eleven o'clock the crowd began to "fold their tents and steal away."

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 Contributions must be written on one side of the paper and accompanied by name of author. Direct all contributions to "Editor Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest, N. C." Matters of business should be addressed to "Business Manager."

ETERNITY.

If all the universe so grand
Was made of little grains of sand,
And during every million years
One grain should vanish from the spheres,
Eternity would take it all,
Thus grain by grain from Nature's hall,
While it would scarcely reach its dawn
And ages still be rolling on.

H. C. MOORE.

POT-POURRI.

In this age, as in all others, mankind may be divided into two classes; and between these two classes there is a continuous, never-ending conflict. And, strange as it may seem, victory has, for the most part, been with the class containing by far the least number. On the one hand, there are those who wander among the time-worn thoughts of the past, and in them find their greatest pleasure. There is to the individuals composing this class a kind of reverence peculiar to themselves for everything that has the impress of time stamped upon it. They look upon

the faith of their fathers as something sacred that must still be perpetuated, although the subsequent advance of knowledge has clearly shown the folly of retaining such a belief. They regard with distrust any theory or principle advanced out of harmony with their established creed. On the other hand, there are those who have probably swung to the other extreme. They, however, are more discriminating, in that they study the thoughts hoarded up through all the ages in order to separate the false from the true. This class has its face turned towards the future, but its actions are guided by the experience of the past. It represents what we may term the progressive part of society.

The thickest of the battle has been between men of science and the Church. Science from its infancy has been compelled to make its way in spite of the prejudices and superstition and hindrances of the low and ignorant ecclesiastics. Almost every discovery has been received by the populace with the greatest horror and amazement. Who does not know the enagement with which the Church received the announcement of the Copernican theory, and the treatment that Galileo received at their hands for daring to vindicate it? He was accused of heresy, blasphemy and atheism. For his defence, he addressed a letter to Abbe Costelli, suggesting that the Scriptures were never intended to be a scientific authority, but only a moral guide. This served only to fan the flames which were already surrounding him. He was summoned before the Holy Inquisition, under an accusation of having taught that the earth moves round the sun, a doctrine "utterly contrary to the Scriptures." He was ordered to renounce that heresy, on

pain of being imprisoned. Knowing well that "truth has no need of martyrs," he assented to the required recantation.

Sixteen years after this he ventured to publish his work entitled "The System of the World," its object being to vindicate the Copernican theory. Again he was summoned before the Inquisition at Rome, accused of having asserted that the earth moves round the sun. "On his knees, with his hand on the Bible, he was compelled to abjure and curse the doctrine of the movement of the earth. Thus he was forced by the threat of death to deny facts which his judges as well as himself knew to be true. He was then committed to jail and treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life, and was denied burial in consecrated ground." Can a page darker than this be found in all the annals of the world? Yet this principle which was so rife at that time is by no means yet wholly eradicated. Men in this so-called glorious land of free-thought dare not express their opinions boldly and fearlessly. Indeed, if the clergy desire to be especially severe they style such as openly avow their opinions "Advanced Thinkers," and, with great display of wisdom, they give to the world this query: "How did the Lord get along without these 'Advanced Thinkers' before they were born, and what will He do after they are dead?"

But it has always been thus with the pioneers of thought. They are above the mass of mankind, and the affinity between them is not very great. But in spite of all this opposition, if their doctrines are true, or even a mixture of truth and error, they live. For it is axiomatically true that error unmixed with truth cannot live.

This fact explains why it is that the wild theories and principles of fanatics and enthusiasts find a congenial soil in the hearts of men. People, as a rule, do not take the pains to separate the false from the true, but accept all unless somebody makes the separation for them.

In the sixth century, Mohammed, by far the greatest man of his time, became dissatisfied with the prevalent idolatry of his country, and in order that he might be alone in his meditations he retired to some cave near Mecca, and there he conceived what he terms the true and only religion. And, indeed, it was far superior to that which his country then had. But as the Koran was an advancement upon that, it had but few followers at first. Not only that, but so bitter were the people against him that he was compelled to seek a more congenial soil. In the Koran may be found quite a good code of morals along with some very pernicious doctrines. In many points the system of ethics taught by Mohammed will coincide with that found in the New Testament. Now would it be unreasonable to infer that in these just and noble principles lay its power to gain followers? It is true that Mohammed and his successors offered to men their choice between Islam and the sword, but this does not weaken the conclusion, for many thousands have been converted to its doctrine without the aid of such convincing arguments. It is a matter of some wonder that a religion which had its origin in the brain of a human being should have gained such a foothold in the minds of men. To-day Mohammedanism is the religion of more than one-third of the world. Surely its author must have had a deep insight into human nature, for "every religion that

has succeeded has in some way supplied the wants of its votaries, and has to a certain extent harmonized with their hopes, their fears, their virtues, and their vices."

Innumerable have been the theories formed to be harbored in the minds of men. Many may have enjoyed a passing, transitory existence; but soon they had to go the way of all error. Thus all along down the ages you will find men, men for the most part superior intellectually to their fellows, who have influenced the world by their imaginings. They pry into the mystery of things around them, seeking to find the causes of the results which they see happening every day, and it is not seldom that scientific men, with a clear knowledge of the facts, can guess at the truth.

It is the part of each generation to correct the mistakes of those men who have given the world the advantage of their thoughts, and have been the world's greatest benefactors. "The human mind," says one, "has an inborn reverence for the past." Now this is a proper and innocent instinct, but it should not cause us to think that the ancients were infallible. Surely this is an age of progress, and is ahead of every other age, but the people living now can claim no more honor for this high state of civilization than can those who have preceded them. Progress consists for the most part in seeking out new truths and getting rid of error. Surely each generation ought to improve upon the preceding one, for they have the experience of one more generation than their progenitors had. But, unnatural as it may seem, the great majority of mankind are content to run along in the same ruts and grooves worn for them by their fathers;

and instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel of progress they serve in the capacity of brakesmen. Probably this is the part the All-wise Creator designed for them to act. From chemistry we learn that the air is composed chiefly of about one part of oxygen to four parts of nitrogen. Now oxygen is a very active element, hence it is diluted with nitrogen, which is quite sluggish in its nature. Were we to live in an atmosphere of oxygen we would live very rapidly for a few days and then die. So in the composition of society the same proportion will hold good. For every *live*, energetic, go-ahead man you will find four who are sluggish enough to very efficiently dilute his activity. These men may be in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, for brakes are sometimes as necessary as the engine. But who would not rather be an engine than a brake? The man who uses the experience of the past in order that he may see more clearly the harmony of things around him, and to make life more worth living, is far wiser and nobler than he who looks back into the past and says that the thoughts and ways of his ancestors were good enough

for him. As I intimated in the beginning, there is great antagonism of thought between scientific workers and theologians. For this there can be found no good reason, since God is the source of all truth, whether it be found in nature or is made known to us by revelation. And what is the object of the true scientist if it be not to discover some new fact? We are placed in a world of mysteries and it is our privilege to simplify as many as possible.

But the greatest question before the world is evolution. It is the current sensation of the decade. It is now engaging the minds of the world's greatest men and it has given birth to a vast amount of literature. Against it is arrayed the great host of pious and devout Christians, who say that it can in no way be reconciled with the Biblical account of the creation. But this is not the first time that the Church has raised its cry, and if the theory is proven to be true, and the indications are that this will be done, then, reconciliation or no reconciliation, it will be accepted and will work great ultimate changes, whether for good or evil, in our methods of thought and life.

* * *

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

The region of country in the vicinity of the Pilot Mountain affords a scene of much natural interest. This eminence, as is well known, takes its name from its prominent and isolated position, being a solitary monitor rising to a great height upon a broad sweep of variegated landscape. To one sufficiently elevated to take into view

at a glance the whole natural panorama appear thread-like streams of clear water traversing regions of alternating field and forest dotted here and there with the white roofs of humble cottages. And equally interesting is the scene to one traveling by stage through the country, descending now into a narrow glen and crossing a rivulet

where the thick umbrage of the forests converts noonday into a gentle twilight, now rising by gradual ascent upon an eminence where the cool zephyrs of a bright spring morning bring rose-tints to the maiden's cheek.

It was during those exciting days in the spring of '65; the morning and the noon had passed and it was evening. A heavy coach drawn by two fiery steeds was approaching an elevated site in this vicinity where stood silently in the forest an old historic meeting-house. When the driver drew near the imposing structure he was ordered by a voice from within the coach to halt for rest and refreshment. As the heavy and noisy wheels came to a stand through a side opening leaped a young man, tall and slender, clad in gray uniform, and armed with a Colt's revolver and broadsword. He wore in his cap a large plume and on his shoulders silver-fringed epaulets. In all his movements he bore himself as a soldier of rank. Following him and supported on his strong arm a young lady of refined and striking appearance bounded like a dancing fairy upon the rough pavement of flint and granite. She was a beautiful blonde, dressed in white satin fringed with silver, wearing earrings of diamond. On her heaving bosom was a bouquet of fresh flowers gathered from the lovely sides of the mountain. In a word her appearance was symmetrical and queenly, her fair plumage losing nothing in contrast with her still sweeter visage.

The sun was now but half seen above the western horizon, and far to the east heavy darkness was settling upon the world. The sky above was a sheet of spotless blue with incipient stars peeping through. Though it had been rumored in

this section that General Lee's forces were hard pressed and that the fall of the Confederacy was anticipated at no distant day, which report was incredible to many on account of their implicit faith in their chivalric leader and in the justness of the cause which actuated him and them, nevertheless the country was quiet save some slight consternation among the more timid, lest, in case the rumor should prove true, the country might be swept by a ruthless soldiery. None of the turmoils which were so sorely afflicting our sister State, Virginia, had as yet marred the peace in western Piedmont Carolina.

The young man whom we have seen had been to the front during the greater part of the struggle. Though but a youth of eighteen in the spring of '61, when he heard the drum beat and the bugle's blast, which seemed to his romantic and fanciful imagination to be the unmistakable call of his country to take up arms in her defence, he volunteered to join the Army of Northern Virginia as a private. He bade adieu to his widowed mother—he the pride of her life and the promise of her gray hairs. She watched him till his head passed from view beyond the hill, then fell on her face and wept. He paused a moment at the home of Lena Langdon that he might reassure her of his undying devotion and receive her pledge of fidelity. Then hurrying on, leaving scene after scene for others less familiar, he joined his company and was soon figuring in the valley of the Shenandoah.

In one of those fierce engagements with the forces of Sheridan the captain of the company to which our hero belonged fell mortally wounded. Thereupon, by unanimous consent, Julian Wilford, the chival-

rous, the brave, was promoted to the command. Soon he was ordered to repair to the main body of the army around Richmond. So great was his dauntless courage and devotion displayed in the seven days fight that in the autumn of '62 Wilford was made colonel of one of North Carolina's brave regiments. Going from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville, thence to Gettysburg and back again to the Rapidan, the winter of '64-5 found Colonel Wilford in those death pits around Petersburg, still faithful to every trust imposed upon him. But in the fatal crater explosion, so disastrous to friend and foe, while defending the pass against the incursions of the enemy, Wilford fell seriously wounded in the head, and was carried to the rear on an ambulance. For some time the wound was thought to be fatal, but finally indications of convalescence justified his removal from the hospital in Richmond to his home at River View. Here the best physicians were in attendance, and under the anxious nursing of his devoted mother—what a scene! a weeping mother bending over the couch of her wounded soldier son—he was after many weeks able to stand on foot again. When he became rational, what would you think were the first things to agitate his mind? No sooner did he possess himself than his thoughts turned on the expiring Confederacy and the precarious condition in which he left his comrades at Petersburg. His fond mother could scarcely restrain him till he was able for service. It was an awful thought to her that he should return to the jaws of death a second time, but seeing the needs of her country, like many another noble woman, she sought to wipe away her tears and give her favorite son to the land he loved.

But could Julian Wilford after so long an absence from Lena Langdon return to the lines without one grasp of the hand or one smile from her bright eyes? He had left her a sweet sixteen, the "belle of the valley," the pride of his own heart and the joy of his life. Often had his mind in its calmer moments reverted to the scenes of their early acquaintance and the kindly words which she uttered when they parted.

On an April day Lena Langdon was sitting in her favorite retreat reflecting:

"I wonder if he has forgotten the vow he made to me under that bower on the green sward the evening we parted? Surely one so true to his country cannot be false to his love. Oh, dreary and desolate years that I have passed, and a hundred times more desolate now! So near and not in sight. It is a thousand years till I see him. O, dear Julian, that you would but feel the passion which is now consuming my soul, your gallant and manly form I should surely see. O, my life! What visitors to-day?" she exclaimed, as through the window panes she saw a coach approach the main entrance to the domicile.

She awoke from her reverie, sprang out of her seat and darted to the door. When she opened it, before her stood Julian Wilford. Under a sudden impulse she started to fall in his outstretched arms, but shrank back with a shudder, thinking she had sacrificed her modesty, then said:

"O, Julian, pardon me, I am happy to see you. I am so glad you have sufficiently recovered from your serious wound. Come stay awhile with me."

"Many thanks to you, my dear Lena," replied Julian, "I shall return to Virginia to-morrow. My gallant fellows are now expecting my arrival. But let not the

thought of our parting mar the bliss of our meeting. Let us make this a gala day. I am come to ask you to ride with me to the Pilot, where we will meet many mutual friends."

Within a few moments they, as happy as mortals be, were flying over the stony road in the direction of that blue encircled dome. The growing grain on the right and on the left, the gentle breezes of a spring morning, the verdant hill-sides and sequestered vales all conspired to make the ride romantic. It is unnecessary to say that Wilford became sentimental and played havoc with Byron's *Childe Harold*. But I will not burden the reader with a recital of his animated and glowing sentences, but leave each one to think what would have been his own theme in like circumstances. Also, I must forego a detailed account of the incidents and picturesque sights which, though always entertaining to the eye, are apt to be stale when pictured in words. Suffice it to say that when they reached the old meeting-house on their return in the dusky eve their faces in silent eloquence told of celestial joys tasted on earth. The old meeting-house was a noble specimen of the simplicity and enduring grandeur of ancient architecture. It was a massive stone structure, about whose pillars entwined clusters of blooming ivy, the very sight of which, standing alone in the forest, produced a state of awe and reverence in the minds of the country folk who, as often as the Day of Rest released them from their daily toils, would resort to this holy sanctuary and bow in fervent worship before Jehovah. On to-night the old bell in that lofty tower was still, the moonlight gleamed through the half open windows and fell on strange

sights within. From the vaulted roof were hanging chandeliers of bronze, imperfectly seen in the broken light of the moon.

There, before the altar, for half a century love's nuptial rites had been celebrated and from that pulpit had been chanted funeral dirges over the remains of many devoted saints.

Having promenaded to and fro for some time beneath the open sky in the moonlight, in order to break the monotony Julian, with the fair one by his side, stepped towards the entrance leading into this holy place. Miss Langdon shrank back, beseeching: "Please enter not here to-night. The scenes within are painfully terrifying to me. One week ago my dear brother, having fallen in battle, was brought home and here he lay in state till his remains were entombed. Let us seek a more pleasant place." They stepped a short distance to a rustic seat under a wreath-like bower where the silvery disc of the moon looked into their faces from over the dark church tower. As the soft light played over the white features of Lena Langdon, showing well the striking contrast presented by her crimson lips and golden locks which fell loosely about her ambrosial neck, Julian thought a more angelic face he had never seen. He could not turn away, but gazed intently upon her sweet countenance as her head rested passively on his shoulder, with her soft eyes of blue looking up lovingly into his. That reciprocal look was more eloquent than human speech. The eye looked thoughts, and it were wicked to break the spell with ill-selected words. The soul of the one met the soul of the other and the union was complete. Julian only whispered:

"My own dear Lena, to live without

you were not to live at all. Could you deny me? Better that I should have died in the trenches at Petersburg. Say that you will be mine."

"I am thine, O Julian," Lena replied, and her soft white features colored as Julian pressed a kiss on her crimson lips.

"To-morrow," said Julian, "I go to join my regiment. Happy the day when my country is free and we shall together be. Until then be true, my love, and we shall indeed be one. My beloved country! My long-loved Lena!"

Could there have been a germ of selfishness in this exclamation? Many impulses there are in the human breast purely altruistic without the least alloy of self-love, the opinions of philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding. It is when these better impulses absorb every other that the man reaches that eternal bliss which is not of earth.

It would seem that Julian Wilford had for once reached such a state. But such ecstacy is given to mortals on earth only for a moment. It were impossible to live in a world of sorrow and not become acquainted with its woes.

It is surprising at times to see how nearly related are joy and sorrow; how often it is that the smile has scarcely left the countenance before the tear gushes from the eye.

A short distance from where we left our friends sitting, in the background forest, a deep, heavy and prolonged sigh was heard, at which Miss Langdon was startled and shook with fear, though she would not consent to be thought superstitious. Wilford composing and supporting her, moved toward the place where the noise was heard. At once he saw the mystery. Bending over a newly made grave was the dark form of

an elderly woman. Approaching the spot, he addressed himself to the motionless figure in these words:

"Good woman, what can be the matter? Can I relieve your troubles? Tell to me what brings you here at this hour."

"My good sir," replied she, "nothing can you do; I am undone. The treasure of my life is lain in this lump of clay. He was my only boy. His father, a noble man he was, and brave, fell in that spirited charge at Buena Vista. I besought him not to go to Mexico, but all in vain. Romy, our son, was then a boy of eight. When news came of the death of his father Romy wept that he had not died with him. In the spring of '61, when a call was made for volunteers, Romy enlisted, bade me adieu and was gone. In that bloody fight at Malvern Hill, while on duty as picket, he was pierced by a minie-ball. His father's grave I shall never see, but to this sacred spot I will come every day till I sleep beside Romy."

Julian left the old lady to her grief; he could do no more.

"O cruel war," thought he, "where is a home that it has not blighted? Where is the fireside that is not represented yonder on the field of death? God give us a day of peace."

As the old church clock was striking the hour of nine the driver with his vehicle and steeds stamping and champing restlessly in consequence of the food and rest which they had had in the meantime stood ready to complete the journey to the point whence they set out. Julian lifted Lena into a seat and placing himself by her closed the side curtains to keep out the humid atmosphere.

They moved on at a rapid rate, sparks

flying from hoofs and wheels as flint came in contact with steel. Owing to the last incident before leaving the old meeting-house Wilford's mind was turned on the issue of the war and the chances of success, with respect to which Miss Langdon showed much insight and intuition, speaking with great enthusiasm.

They were passing through a dark recess, having just crossed a deep ravine, when the conversation was interrupted by approaching footsteps.

"Hallo there, who comes?" The coach came to a stand, Julian raised a side curtain and looked out. Before him stood two armed men mounted on horseback.

Wilford supposing these men were desperadoes, who in those lawless times were harrowing the country to the great consternation of women and children, began to get ready his revolver and broadsword.

A rough voice without demanded: "Julian Wilford we seek. If he be within and is a man, let him show himself." At these words Wilford, armed to the teeth, sprang from his seat upon the ground in front of his adversaries. "Here be the man you seek. He is ready to return what you give. All ready? Ho!"

"Calm yourself, my brave fellow," said one, "we seek no encounter, we are your friends. We come direct from Appomattox. All is lost; General Lee has surrendered; the war is ended."

At this shocking intelligence Wilford

bowed and kissed the earth as a token still of his unshaken devotion to the cause for which they had all fought so well. Then with an interchange of kindly words these gallant fellows parted, Julian taking his seat again beside Lena Langdon. He did not return to his shattered and scattered regiment the next day. What surprising incidents and unexpected events await every mortal even but one day ahead!

In less than twenty-four hours from the time of which we write the chandeliers in the old stone meeting-house were burning with a silvery light which lighted up the gorgeous apartment with the splendors of noonday. An arch of beautifully entwined flowers and evergreens was suspended above that sacred altar. When the majestic old clock on the wall had finished the hour of eight Colonel Julian Wilford, in the pride of his early manhood, entered the large auditorium with Lena Langdon, his first and only real love, leaning on the arm which was accustomed to wield the sword.

Thus they began life amid those troublous times in '65. But as in a dream one glides smoothly and unscathed above yawning abysses and frowning monsters, so did this happy two escape the horrors of the hell of reconstruction. And now, since the clouds have cleared away and the shadows passed by and the clear sunlight of freedom illumines our Southland, Col. Wilford often blesses the day that saw the events at Appomattox. D. A. DAVIS.

ELLANA.

The author of this poem, Henry Breen, an Englishman by birth, was educated at Oxford, England, and came to this country about the year 1850. Somewhat eccentric, he had a wandering life, living for a short while in New York, Florida and in different parts of North Carolina, till he married a lady near Raleigh. Here he died. The exact date of his death is not known.

Busy mem'ry, swiftly bounding
 O'er the lapse of many years,
 Passes troubles beyond counting,
 Youthful visions—boyhood's tears.

Till amidst the past it raises
 One on whom it loves to dwell;
 Fondly on my heart it places
 Her in youth I loved so well.

Willows with their mournful whisper
 Gently breathe o'er Ellen's rest,
 And the distant ocean lulls her,
 As she sleeps—so calm—so blest.

Still has mem'ry's spell embalmed her,
 Lingered, longing to portray
 Virtue's living power that charmed her
 In her tenement of clay.

Living while this pulse is beating,
 Living while life's ruddy stream
 Through this heart is madly leaping,
 As the past with memories teem.

Oft in dreams her voice steals o'er me,
 Thrilling like a magic spell,
 Then she softly flits before me,
 Smiling "Dear one, fare thee well."

[Written in 1853 or 1854.]

HERNAN DE SOTO.

One summer evening more than three hundred and fifty years ago, as the aboriginal inhabitants of the Floridian peninsula turned their gaze westward over the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico, they beheld a strange and unexpected sight. Five small barks were steering boldly toward the shore, and soon the broad flag of Spain was flaunting bravely in the sweet-scented breezes of the land of flowers and Hernan De Soto had set foot upon the land that was destined to be his grave.

The discovery of America by Columbus changed the whole tone of Castilian chivalry. Those iron-clad horsemen, who had

reddened the sands of Palestine with their blood, who had followed their leaders in many a headlong charge over the plains of Europe, who constituted so much of the strength of the Spanish monarchy, now turned their thoughts from a strife where glory and honor were the only reward to the New World, where great quantities of gold and silver were to be obtained with little danger. This desire to explore the wilds of America in search of the boundless stores of precious metals seized a large portion of the Spanish knighthood. Some of these adventurers possessed extraordinary ability, which, joined to a spirit of

reckless daring, rendered them capable of great achievements. The conquest of Mexico by Cortes and that of Peru by Pizarro show what great things these men could do. This same desire took possession of Hernan De Soto, a Castilian knight of distinction. He longed to emulate the examples of Cortes and Pizarro, to win great renown as well as vast wealth. Accordingly, when he became governor of Cuba, he fitted out an armament for the exploration of the regions lying north of Florida, and when all was ready set sail. After a pleasant voyage across the usually stormy waters of the Gulf of Mexico, he landed, as we have seen, on the shore of Florida.

It was with high-beating hearts that they stepped on shore on that calm summer evening. No dark foreboding of the tragic fate that was destined to befall them entered their brain. All was joy and happiness in the Spanish camp, for they thought that the passage from Havana would be the most dangerous part of the expedition, and that if they were once on the shore of Florida the rest were easy. But they soon found their mistake. That very night the natives attacked their camp with a bravery that seemed madness, and it was only by their superior armor and fire-arms that the Spaniards succeeded in beating them off.

De Soto now followed the example of Cortes when he landed in Mexico. He sent back the vessels that had brought them to Florida, in order to show his men that there was no turning back—they must conquer or die.

The next day he set forward through that beautiful peninsula whose fresh and verdant soil had never yet been trod save by wild beasts and savage men. De Soto

marched in a northerly direction through the evergreen glades and tropical growth of Florida, which seemed to the Spaniards truly a land of flowers, through the unexplored wilds of the present State of Georgia as far as South Carolina. Then, after a short stay on the flower-covered banks of the Savannah, he turned westward and directed his course toward the Mississippi, vainly seeking the gold that had lured him to his destruction.

It is not my intention to follow De Soto in all his weary marches, long wanderings and fierce battles with the Indian races of this country. The encounter which, as we have seen, took place almost on the very moment of their landing was but the beginning of a long history of conflicts. From village to village, from tribe to tribe, they pressed onward only to encounter the fiercest foes or the most treacherous friends. The Spaniards were generally victorious, but only as a consequence of their superior civilization. Their victories were owing to their cavalry and fire-arms rather than to their valor; for, though De Soto had in his band some of the bravest knights that European chivalry could furnish, the savage red man of America yielded the palm of valor to no nation that ever existed. And, though in every encounter numbers of savages were slain, the Spaniards did not always escape. De Soto himself had several narrow escapes in which, but for his companions in arms, he would have been slain, for the natives, singling out the leader, directed their main efforts against him regardless of their own lives, knowing well that if he was slain they need not fear much harm from the rest.

De Soto was now entering the dominions of a most powerful chief, whose sway ex-

tended even beyond the Mississippi. This chief concentrated his whole force to annihilate these proud and aggressive foreigners who were thus invading his territory. And here commences a long succession of disasters that finally culminated in the total destruction of this gallant band and their chivalric leader, for this chief was more wary than had been the other Indians whom the Spaniards had met and conquered. He no longer opposed them in the open field where they could derive the full advantage of their cavalry. He followed along the flanks of De Soto's band, seized stragglers and cut off detachments. He gave them no rest, but hovered over them day and night. The Spaniards, thus well-nigh cut off from all supplies and threatened with famine, entreated De Soto to return to the sea-coast and leave this land ere it was too late.

But the iron will of De Soto could not be broken. He could not go back to Cuba, whence a few short months before he had sailed so full of hope and ambition, thus defeated and driven from America by uncivilized savages. He had rather bury himself and his band in the virgin wilderness of the New World, where no man would ever know the fate of Hernan De Soto. With this determination he crossed that mighty river that he was the first civilized man to behold and penetrated the wilds that lay beyond.

But he contracted a fever in the swamps and lagoons that lay along the Mississippi

and so broken in health, his proud spirit was compelled to yield to the demands of his men. He retraced his steps to the Mississippi and there set his men to building vessels to carry back to Cuba what remained of that brave band that had landed so joyous on the coast of Florida some months before.

But he was destined never again to see the fair island of Cuba or his faithful and talented wife. Broken in spirit and wasted with disease, one summer evening, as the golden rays from the setting sun were dancing on the light waves of the great Mississippi, his soul winged its flight to its Maker. Then, when the shades of night had fallen thick over the land, there was a solemn stir in the Spanish camp. There was a roll of martial music and the wail of solemn voices as they sang the awful dirge over the remains of the once mighty Hernan De Soto. Then, in the deepening darkness of the night, they placed his corse in a rude coffin hollowed from a green pine tree and, towing it to the centre of the stream, consigned it, with a solemn service, to a bed beneath the Father of Waters, and the river rolls ever along over the spot with a deep murmuring sound as if it sung fond anthems for the repose of a troubled soul, and the soft South wind, rustling through those giant trees that stretch out their arms lovingly over the hallowed spot, has for centuries sung the requiem of Hernan De Soto.

W. A. DEVIN.

THE FARMER AND THE CHEMIST.

It has become a truism that agriculture is the real basis of all material prosperity. It is the life preserver of the race. Every one of us must go at last to our mother earth for our daily bread.

In 1798-1803, Malthus published his famous essay on population. Like many another true son of science, he has been the butt of the world's ridicule and contempt, and has borne its silly jeers in manly silence. Nevertheless he has stated the case truly and scientifically. It is certainly true that population increases in a geometric ratio, and the products of the earth in an arithmetic ratio. Of course it follows that the population must sometime overtax the food supply. Economists laugh at the doctrine as mere theory but of no practical significance. It is, however, the dictum of science that for long and countless ages the earth has been the scene of a ceaseless struggle for existence, upon the part of the lower animals at least, from which only the strongest have emerged. This means that practically, so far as these orders are concerned, the support has been inadequate to the demands upon it, and countless swarms of animals have perished in the unequal contest. It is by no means certain that populations of men have not been checked by the self-same cause. Individuals warring with each other for the bare necessities of a life actually dependent for its existence upon the issue of the struggle have probably been few. Yet, is it not likely that in many thickly settled

countries the growth of population has been checked by the increasing inadequacy of the food supply?

Hitherto special causes have operated to reduce this influence within its narrowest limits. As men have grown numerous they have generally grown intelligent. The transition period from savagery to civilization has seen the destructive forces of barbarism at work to diminish the populations of the earth at the same time that the advance guards of science were opening up to them new sources of sustenance. The resultant of these forces has been in the direction of abundance, and has powerfully tended to postpone the inevitable struggle. But a change must be expected at no distant day. Three things are fairly to be expected in the future: First, that war will practically cease; second, that ignorance will be greatly diminished; third, that vice and crime will be largely restrained. When these relics of savagery have been relegated to the past there will certainly result a vast reduction of the death rate and, probably from improved moral and sanitary conditions, a raising of the normal rate of increase. Then men and brutes will swarm amain, and the food supply will begin to feel the strain. The general cry will be unto the earth, and the tiller of the soil will hear in his ears the unceasing call for *more*.

To meet this certain demand the earth must be made to do her level best. Fruitful fields must grow more fruitful, and

barren wastes must be reclaimed. The farmer must call in the aid of the chemist. Soils must be carefully analyzed and their capacities and deficiencies strictly observed. Fertilizers must be analyzed and their fitness for the soils determined. Seeds must be analyzed and their requirements from soil and climate must be respected. Intelligence must preside over the sowing, the cultivating and the reaping.

To achieve this result the botanist, the mineralogist, the geologist and many others must give their help, but the chemist and the farmer must be the chief confederates. Every farmer should know at least enough of chemistry to respect it and to understand its power of usefulness to himself, and many young men should study chemistry with the distinct purpose of making it practically available in agriculture.

And while the imperative demands of the future are not yet upon us, the present effects would be of the happiest. It is

likely that one average acre of North Carolina land ought to produce and might produce what five average acres now produce. Suppose it were actually made to do that. Then, even if the aggregate products were no larger than at present, see what an immense advantage would result. The acreage tilled would be only one-fifth as great as now. Of course the cost of tilling would be vastly reduced and the profit correspondingly increased. The time required for farm labor would be much diminished, the farmer would have leisure for intellectual and social culture, for which his growing income would afford him means, the general standard of civilization would be elevated and prosperity and happiness would take the place of much of our poverty and discontent.

Let the farmers look to the chemists as their first assistants, and let our rising scholars see to it that they do not look in vain.

* * *

VERSICULI.

In my childhood's aspirations,
Oft I saw Parnassus' mount;
Then I longed to reach its summit
And its pure Castalian fount.

'Twas some mystic apparition,
Childish fancy—nothing more—
E'er receding from my footsteps
Till my youthful dream is o'er.

Some one says our hope's fruition
Always in our power doth lie,
For God giveth with ambition
Power this to satisfy.

I would beg his pardon truly,
But he certainly doth lie—
Under a mistake most grievous,
And my speech I'll justify.

For I wish to be a poet,
Caring not for wealth or fame,
Living hermit-like and dying,
Leaving but an unknown name.

But the Fates are stern, relentless,
Granting not my heart's desire,
Argus-eyed, as, like Prometheus,
I would snatch this heavenly fire.

All would tell me I can never
 Grasp this heaven-inspired art,
 For the mystic key's not given
 Until Cupid's pierced the heart.

Insurmountable condition !
 Barring out for aye my soul
 From its haven. Monstrous barrier
 Twixt my heart and cherished goal.

For my heart is adamantine.
 Never can it pierced be.
 Cupid, I defy thine arrows !
 I'm a maiden, "fancy free."

Jove the earth 'mongst men divided—
 So at least doth run the tale—
 Giving each their several portions,
 Both to female and to male.

But, by chance, the poet roving
 In a half abstracted state—
 Not a very strange occurrence—
 Came, alas ! a little late.

Thus great Jupiter addressed him :
 "If no place is left for thee
 On this beauteous earth, I'll grant thee
 Home in heaven. Abide with me."

Earth is not the poet's station ;
 All his thoughts must dwell above.
 I am of the earth too earthy,
 And too well the earth I love.

Poets dream of love and beauty ;
 Paint some lover's *tete-a-tete*,
 Moonlight strolls among the flowers,
 With a kiss beside the gate.

This is wholly inconsistent
 With my plain old foggy views,
 And a girl who would allow it
Isn't worthy of my muse.

I have no imagination—
 Plain and practical indeed—
 Ne'er had one romantic feeling,
 Nor can gain the poet's meed.

* * * * *

Farewell then, O Muse ill-fated !
 Ere thou wing'st thy flight on high,
 Loved companion of my childhood,
 I would bid thee fond good-bye.

Midst the cares of life I leave thee,
 Must forego thy presence dear,
 Willing now to live and labor
 With my fellow-creatures here.

But upon the shores eternal,
 Joining the celestial strain,
 There, my soul attuned divinely,
 Some day we shall meet again.

EVA BELLE SIMMONS.

WHAT SPHERE?

It is a solemn query : What sphere will you fill? Have you given the subject any earnest thought? Are your life plans laid out, and well defined? Avenues of industry are numerous; and in each is an angel beckoning onward to success and glory.

Happy he who knows his avenue ere the diploma has been handed him or he has taken the sad leave of *alma mater*.

It is perhaps impossible in many instances to arrive at a permanent decision, but as near as possible some central purpose should be framed ere college seniority is attained. Fresh impressions may come and new considerations arise to modify or change that purpose—but in such instances wisdom will doubtless approve the alteration.

As a rule four vocations claim the majority of college graduates, namely: School-teaching, medicine, law and the ministry.

For school-teachers there is large demand; especially for those who feel called to the noble work, and enter it from zeal of the cause rather than supreme thought of filthy lucre.

The medical profession is one of the most honorable; and well equipped, skillful physicians are invariably sought after. But unless you are going to be one of that class; unless you are actuated by fondness for the science, and possess a strong bias that way, desist, and let some one else be the one-horse doctor; set your energies in another direction. When slipshod and ill-prepared practitioners abound innocent humanity must suffer the sad consequences.

The profession of law, pursued in integrity, is a noble one. The cause of aiding and abetting "the powers that be," of maintaining justice and enforcing just laws, of defending the wronged and persecuted, is evidently no mean one. If you are going to follow this profession under the control of innate principles of right, with earnest resolution to preserve clean hands and a pure heart, highest success attend you. But the demons will rejoice at your entrance upon this pursuit if there is proneness to besmire your garments with the mud and filth of modern politics; if you are going to stoop to cheap tricks and the petty shrewdness of the mere rascal; if you are going to rate financial acquisition above integrity and all the elements of true greatness. Let such an one withhold—go not before the bar; far rather take your place behind the counter and mete out justice with the pound-weight and yardstick.

Of the ministry, it is not needful that I enlarge here at any length. Who would covet truer and greater success and glory than is associated with the names of Broadus, Yates, Fuller, Chrysostom, Paul? Oh, young men, give earnest heed to this avenue. Has not the voice of God spoken to your soul? Sometimes one persistently repels internal persuasions only to rue it bitterly in more advanced age. Never were Macedonian cries more numerous and pathetic; never has the demand for consecrated talent and energy been greater than in the present day. Vacant pulpits, and new

fields teeming with brilliant possibilities, call loudly by their very dumb silence. In this pursuit you may not fare sumptuously and live like Dives, but you can thus make your talents yield the best possible fruit for your generation, and create for yourself a bright destiny. Think about it, think about it, and take heed thereunto!

But in whatever avenue your lines may fall be sure you are actuated by a pure motive and sincere zeal. In Upham's *Mental Philosophy*, p. 106, I find this: "I saw D'Alembert," says a recent writer, "congratulate a young man very coldly

who brought him a solution of a problem. The young man said, 'I have done this in order to have a seat in the academy.' 'Sir,' answered D'Alembert, 'with such disposition you never will earn one. Science must be loved for its own sake, and not for the advantage to be derived. No other principle will enable a man to make progress in the sciences.'" And hear this handsome stanza:

"And if you should be called to preach
Have but one aim in view, sir,
And never strive to overreach
What God has bid you do, sir."

'84

NEW BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

The following classified list of the new books added to the College Library January 10, 1889, is furnished us by the Curator of the Library:

Clarke. Ten Great Religions, 2 vols.
Martineau. A Study of Religion, 2 vols.
Le Conte. Evolution and Religion.
Pfleiderer. Influence of Paul on Christianity.
Maclaren. Sermons, 2 vols.
Munger. Lamps and Paths.
Munger. On the Threshold.
Robinson. Pharaohs of the Bondage and Exodus.
Irving. Missionaries after the Apostolical School.
Hitchcock. Analysis of the Bible.
Notes for Boys.
Conder. Handbook to the Bible.
Brooks. Twenty Sermons.
Jones. Negro Myths of the Georgia Coast.
Lane-Poole. Speeches and Table-talk of Mohammed.
Trumbull. Yale Lectures on the Sunday-school.
Mulford. The Nation.
Ely. The Labor Movement in America.
Foster. Seminary Method in the Historical Sciences.
Clarke. Building of a Brain.
Official Record of the War of the Rebellion, vol. 22.
Official Register of United States, 2 vols.
Report of Commissioner of Education, 1886-'7.
Webster. Dictionary, 1889.
Hale. Art of Reading Latin.

King. Latin Pronunciation.
Parkhurst. Analysis of Latin Verb.
Helmholtz. Popular Lectures, 2d series.
Binet & Féré. Animal Magnetism.
Natural History Rambles, 8 vols.
Tyndall. Diamagnetism.
Tait. Properties of Matter.
Rood. Color.
Williams. Applied Geology.
Jenkin. Electricity and Magnetism.
Ayer. American Almanac in Several Languages, 1889.
American Ephemeris, 1889.
Chapman. Flora of Southern U. S.
Our Dumb Animals.
Roscoe & Schorlemmer. Treatise on Chemistry, vol. 3, pt. 4.
Kingsley. At Last.
Haeckel. A Visit to Ceylon.
Appleton's Health Primers, 4 vols.
Morley. First Sketch of English Literature.
Poole. Index to Periodical Literature, First Supplement.
M. Arnold. Essays in Criticism, 2d series.
Pater. The Renaissance.
Pater. Imaginary Portraits.
Balzac. Cousin Pons.
Balzac. Pere Gariot.
Balzac. César Birotteau.

- Balzac. Country Doctor.
 Sandeau. Madeleine.
 Lamartine. Graziella.
 Müller. Memories.
 Puskin. Marie.
 Ebers. The Burgomaster's Wife.
 Björnson. Novels, 3 vols.
 Cox. Tales of Ancient Greece.
 Page. Two Little Confederates.
 Crawford. An American Politician.
 Crawford. Paul Patoff.
 Harris. Mingo and other Sketches.
 Cooke. My Lady Pokahontas.
 Scott. Ivanhoe.
 Ch. Reid. A Summer Idyl.
 Fleming. A Carpet Knight.
 Sewell. Amy Herbert.
 Deland. John Ward, Preacher.
 Rolfe. Select Poems of Robert Browning.
 Browning. Parleyings with People.
 King. The Disciples.
 Gordon. Letters to His Sister.
 Smiles. Life and Labor.
 Dickens. David Copperfield.
 Stevenson. Kidnapped.
 Thoreau. Maine Woods.
 Thoreau. Cape Cod.
 Thoreau. Walden.
 Thoreau. Excursions.
 Dasent. Popular Tales from the Norse.
 De Gasparin. Under French Skies.
 Pendleton. A Virginia Inheritance.
 Johnston. Absalom Billingslea.
 Mathews. The Great Conversers.
 Mathews. Wit and Humor.
 Landor. The Pentameron.
 Warner. Being a Boy.
 Ress. Pleasures of a Book-worm.
 George Eliot. Adam Bede.
 Hughes. Tom Brown at Rugby.
 Cabot. R. W. Emerson, 2 vols.
 Story of Nations Series, 20 vols.
 Famous Women Series, 19 vols.
 American Statesmen Series, 5 vols.
 American Commonwealths Series, 5 vols.
 Comte de Paris. History of Civil War in America,
 vol. 4.
 Abbott. The French Revolution.
 Abbott. History of Frederick the Great.
 Hale. Life of George Washington.
 Howard. Life of Henry Ward Beecher.
 Phelan. History of Tennessee.
 McMaster. History of the People of the United
 States, 2 vols.
 McClellan's Own Story.
 Kinglake. Invasion of the Crimea, vols. 5 and 6.
 Coffin. The Drum Beat of the Nation.
 Coffin. Marching to Victory.
 McCulloch. Men and Measures of Half a Century.
 Feudge. History of India.
 Gilmore. Advance Guard of Western Civilization.
 Oliphant. The Makers of Venice.
 Freeman. Chief Periods of European History.
 Samuels. From Forecastle to Cabin.
 Abbott. Young Christian, Memorial Edition.
 Parton. Captains of Industry.
 Knox. Boy Travellers in Australasia.
 Froude. English in the West Indies.
 Dana. To Cuba and Back.
 Ninde. We Two Alone in Europe.
 Hart. A Journey in Western China.
 Palgrave. Central and Eastern Arabia.
 Bird. The Golden Chersonese.
 Bird. Six Months Among the Sandwich Islands.
 Bird. A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.
 Total number of volumes, 188.

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY WORK IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Much has been said recently in some of our leading magazines about the South as a field for literature. It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt to add anything to what has been so well said, but to emphasize certain phases of the subject with special reference to our own State. He would like to localize and focalize the productions of abler pens on this subject in and upon the Old North State in such a way that some slumbering genius, if such there be in our borders, realizing his possibilities, may come to the front and win for his native State an enviable position in the literature of the future.

First as to the history of our State. Too many of our people are ignorant, shamefully ignorant, of the history of their native State. Not a few of our bright-eyed youths know more of the history of England than they know of the history of North Carolina. They know full well the history of the heroic Alfred, from his mightiest achievements down to the muffin burning mistake, but they are strangers to the no less thrilling incidents in the brief yet important career of the Regulators in their own State, and have but vague notions of the first Declaration of American Independence made by their liberty-loving ancestors 'mid the hills of Mecklenburg. That this is a deplorable state of things no one will question. A country without a history is a country whose inhabitants cherish not the highest,

purest, noblest type of patriotism. In order to love our country, our State, we must know its traditions, its history, and feel the value of the heritage bequeathed to us by our sires and the responsibility which its possession imposes upon us.

Now it is no wonder that North Carolinians are deficient in State pride and are continually leaving their native State for other and less inviting fields. They do not know our State history. It has never been fully written. Here is a work for North Carolina talent. The materials are abundant. There is hardly a spot in all our borders, from the sea-girt plains of Currituck to the rugged hills of Cherokee, that has not been made sacred by the deeds of heroic men and devoted women. In our fair State liberty's most determined votaries first hurled defiance at England's proud decrees and proclaimed themselves freemen.

In our State some of the most interesting and important events in our colonial history occurred—events that wielded a telling influence in shaping the character and fortune of the whole country. In our State were fought some of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. In our State, too, have lived some of the purest patriots, ablest statesmen, bravest generals that our country has ever produced.

Let the history of these events and battles and men be written by some North Carolinian with a desire to inspire North Carolinians with a deeper love for her

heroes and a higher reverence for her traditions.

But not as writers of her history only may North Carolina's sons display their literary talent. Have they a genius for poetry? Let them traverse their native State, see how lavish Nature has been in her gifts, behold with admiring wonder her mountains towering in their rugged grandeur and her rivers flowing onward to the sea in silent majesty; let them view her magnificent forests and flower-clad fields, and they can find fit themes for the poet's fancy. Would they charm the world with a soul-stirring epic? Let them study the deeds of their own fathers who donned the gray in the dark days of war and rapine when brave men fought and died and heroic women toiled and suffered for a cause which they believed just. Do they seek to be novelists? Let them reproduce the manners, customs, virtues, patriotism, chivalry, faults and oddities of the civilization of *ante-bellum* days and portray on the page of the novel that same civilization somewhat modified in the social order of the present. The materials for the novelist are certainly numerous and inviting. A great literary work can be done and must be done in our State and North Carolinians ought to do it.

J. B. C.

MANUAL EDUCATION.

Among the various and almost countless ways by which a man may obtain an honest livelihood that of manual labor is stooped (?) to as a last resort. The experience of well-nigh on to six thousand years has not, as yet, been sufficient to convince men of the fact that this is not only the human but the divine order of life. By

this I shall not be understood to mean that many other kinds of labor or vocations which do not require manual labor are not equally as right and as honorable and as necessary, but simply to deny that they are more so. Even from the very day of the enunciation of the Divine edict, "In the sweat of thy face," etc., this "article" has been in great demand, but has never received, at the hands of the human race, a just and equitable recognition.

For this complaint there are two or three reasons, as it strikes me. Taking it for granted that the reader is well up on technical terms, and since this is rather a delicate point any way, I will state my first reason in scientific language, to-wit: *veritable laziness*. One need not subject himself to a very extravagant course of reading in order to an intelligent decision upon the validity of this point; let him judge from experience and observation. Beyond a reasonable doubt this is positively the greatest evil that has ever befallen Adam's race. But not to enlarge upon this point, suffice it to say that it is a chronic disease, either innate, infectious, contagious, or all combined, and for which there is absolutely no remedy. Let me say, however, that its dominion reaches all the way from the palaces of lords and monarchs to the hovels of vassals and peasants.

Another reason is that it does not bring such large and speedy returns as some other kinds of labor. Men wish to get rich fast. But thousands of this class are like shooting stars—dash, flash, and gone. The thousand and one assignments made every month will testify to this. To say that the farmer is the independent man would not be shooting wide of the mark.

One other reason is due to the fact

that men in this fast age think manual labor a calling beneath their dignity. So strong has this sentiment grown that many who have been compelled to seek employment of this kind are at times made to blush or do violence to the truth. Alas for this! To almost every good thing there are some evils attached; education is not an exception, for in numerous instances it is false and therefore detrimental to usefulness and true character. An education that has for its highest end ease and pleasure is anything else than that which develops the soul, enlarges the sympathies and broadens the whole horizon of the man. A thousand times better had it been, a myriad times better would it be for society and humanity in general, had some remedy been devised to counteract this evil tendency. "Educate for usefulness, not ease," should be the one grand motto of every college and institution of learning in this and every land. And to put this sentiment into practice, I know of no better and surer way than to impress upon the mind of every student the fact that manual labor is no mean employment. In fact, it is not extravagant to say that no man is truly and in the highest sense educated who is not to some extent acquainted with this kind of labor. There is a discipline of the intellect and emotions which come to one by using the hands in work at the bench as well as at the desk; it is wrought into the fibre of character and becomes a part of true manhood, and those who have it are the nobility of this land. This is education, and no man has any right to call it by any other name. The reflex influence upon the character dignifies a man in his own judgment. It is conducive to health and happiness as well. But how to edu-

cate a boy's hands in connection with his studies may seem a problem unlikely to be solved in a practical way; not so, it is being done, and satisfactorily, too, in many schools. Every agricultural and mechanical school has adopted a system of such labor in connection with and as a part of the technical course, the results of which have been gratifying to a very high degree and which testify to the wisdom of the plan. Such an education could not fail to give us more practical men and women.

S. D. S.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is the sun of human life, shedding light, love and beauty on all around, producing, in some degree, the end of all human exertion—happiness. Melancholy is like some far off star whose light remains hid by an everlasting eclipse, always showing the dark side of the picture and producing that nameless state of existence, the "Blues."

Whether life be worth living or not Punch said depended upon the liver. Since Punch has gone to his long home we would add that it depends also upon the *purse*. Then if you wish to be cheerful one thing necessary is to accumulate wealth. Therefore we would say, "Young man, make money, and if you work hard and in the right way you can make money. Be independent, for the man over whom a heavy debt is hanging is bound to be less cheerful and gay than he who is free from debt and has something laid away against a rainy day. It is not necessary to kill yourself by hard labor, but better die at the age of sixty and let the epitaph carved upon the marble shaft that marks your

resting-place be 'Here lies a man who killed himself by hard work' than to die at eighty and have these words upon a wooden slab over your head, 'Here lies a man who died in the poor-house.'"

It has been said that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but this, we think, depends largely upon what you give. If you give people something to make them happy, blessed are ye; if you give them something which makes them unhappy, how are ye to be blessed? It will afford you much pleasure to think that you have helped sweeten some poor brother's cup of life; then give a word of encouragement, a glance of appreciation, whenever convenient; they cost nothing and may be productive of much good. The majority of human creatures require sympathy and praise to make them do their best. Merited praise creates love; unmerited scolding produces hate, and O how much we dread and how little we love those cold, ungrateful natures which seem capable of freezing the lava as it flows from Vesuvius!

Cheerfulness and hypochondria are as catching as contagious diseases; then, for the sake of others, try to be cheerful, and if you cannot feel so either feign cheerfulness or close yourself up in your room, and when called for have it said that you are away.

If you have many duties to perform, some regulation in their performance will be advisable. If they be lessons to prepare, have a time for the preparation of each, and never lay one aside till you have learned it well. If you pick up one, look at it a few minutes, put it down unlearned, take up another, and another, treating all in the same manner, you will soon become so confused that you know nothing definite

about any, except that you have partly read them over. Therefore, if while at school you wish to enjoy that peace and cheerfulness of mind which comes from a knowledge of duty well performed, do one thing at a time and do it well.

Mind and body are in such close sympathy that gloom and ill-temper are fostered by disease, and often by the mere apprehension of it.

Dress and good or bad looks may also have much to do with cheerfulness. As to your looks, you need not be mad and gloomy about them. If you are not so good looking as your neighbor, you have no one to blame but God and yourself, for you are just what He made you, plus your own development. As to your dress, remember there are three kinds of apparel necessary for the outfit of a true man—that of the conscience, mind and body. Then clothe your conscience with the consciousness of having done right, your mind with much useful knowledge, your body for comfort and good company, and you will be both happy and cheerful.

T. S. S.

BADLY NEEDED—WHAT?

A new Biological Laboratory? No, Prof. Poteat will in due time proclaim its need. A gymnasium and instructor in *physical culture*, or a school of the Bible? No, Dr. Taylor is now engaged in presenting their claims to the denomination. Is it senior vacation? No, this has been urged so much that it has become a veritable chestnut. However good the principle involved may be, our curriculum is so arranged—seniors and subjunior being in many classes together—that it cannot well be given here.

What is it then? It is simply this: The members of the senior class wish to be excused from their final examinations this term provided they make a daily mark of ninety.

Why do they ask this? At Commencement, according to that time-honored custom, the senior class makes its *debut*. True, all its members do not speak; but those who do not have to present a thesis of two thousand words. When are these to be prepared? After the final examinations? They continue up to the Friday preceding Commencement. The speeches must be handed in before then. As a result the graduating class have double work the last few weeks of the term. When the final day comes, when each one naturally wishes to look his best, the pale, emaciated countenances and haggard looks tell too plainly what mental worry and exhaustion they have just passed through, at what cost, let some of the poor dyspeptics who have left these walls rise up and testify.

That former classes have acquitted themselves well is no valid objection. They have succeeded in spite of the system. Only think how much better they might have done if they had been excused from their final examinations and had had more time to prepare.

Again, members of the senior class, from some cause or other, seldom do much work during this term. They depend on "cramming" up for the examinations to put them through. Their college standing is already established and all they wish is simply to get through. But if the proposed system were in vogue every man would do his best in order to attain the required daily mark and consequently better lessons would be the result. Surely this is no unimportant item.

Why not let the senior off with his final examinations? Four years of good, steady work ought to entitle him to some consideration. Why harass him with work on the eve of departure from his *alma mater*, the time when he must bid farewell to the haunts of his leisure hours, take a long leave of his friends, and naturally wishes to take a few last (for some time) strolls with the girl of his choice, if he is so fortunate as to gain that favor with any of the fair damsels of the Hill—why, I repeat, not let his last days be his best and freest from toil?

Gentlemen of the Faculty, recall your college days. Go back in your memory to the last few weeks. Remember how irksome study was to you then, and have compassion on the class of '89. Only a few more months and they will leave you. Soon your opportunity for influencing them will be past. This is their last request at your hands. If you would leave a lasting and favorable impression upon them, if you would have them treasure up your memory for all time to come, then grant their petition. Show by your acts that it has not been written in vain that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," remembering that the same Book says, "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." *Will you do it?*

H. A. F.

THE COLLEGE vs. THE UNIVERSITY.

A number of our institutions of learning fail to fully appreciate their true positions relative to the great work of education. There is a work to be done by each institution, from the graded school to the university, and we believe that each ought to understand what its work is and then per-

form it faithfully. If this is neglected the institution becomes, more or less, an educational sham.

The day has come in the history of education when no institution can do every grade of work, nor ought it to be attempted. Yet it is a fact that we have on every hand academies, and colleges, and State universities (which are really nothing more than colleges) all striving to pass for what they are not. The graded school wants to do academy work, the academy wants to be a college, and the college wants to be not only college, but also university and academy. A post-graduate student has no use for a college, so far as advancing his own education is concerned, nor does a college have any use for the "Essentials of English" man. If it accepts the patronage of the "subjunior" men it lowers its tone as a college. Yet this very thing is done by the great majority of colleges and State universities in the South.

There may be signs of a better condition of affairs ahead. Many of our institutions are passing through a state of evolution; but few indeed can ever be anything more than colleges. Prof. Andrew D. White, a man of large educational experience, speaking of educational institutions, says:

"The larger ones, to the number of perhaps twelve or fifteen, are becoming universities; the smaller are tending toward the position of intermediate colleges—the missing link between the university and the public school system—a position than which none can be more useful and honorable if frankly accepted."

"A position than which none can be more useful and honorable if frankly accepted." Truth, every word of it. We want to see the day when educational institutions will "frankly accept" their proper places. The cause of education de-

mands that this be done. Few indeed are capable of doing university work. The very best that most colleges and State universities can do is to prepare students for the university proper.

The Johns Hopkins is an example of what a university is. This institution was opened in 1876 and enrolled eighty-nine students the first year. Last year there were four hundred and twenty matriculates, representing thirty-seven States and including twenty-five students from foreign countries. Of the entire number two hundred and thirty-one were graduate students, representing ninety-three colleges and universities. The academic staff included fifty-seven teachers.

President Gilman, speaking of the scope of the university work, says:

"We continue to adhere to a definition which is hallowed by age and confirmed by experience, that a university is a body of teachers and scholars, *univeritas magistrorum et discipulorum*,—a corporation maintained for the conservation and advancement of knowledge, in which those who have been thoroughly prepared for higher studies are encouraged to continue, under competent professors, their intellectual advancement in many branches of science and literature."

That definition of a university speaks for itself. The ideal is high and the income of that institution is sufficient for the ideal to be attained.

Turn from Johns Hopkins and look at Harvard University. Here is what Mr. H. H. Williams, an *alumnus* of the University of North Carolina, says:

"Harvard University owns about forty buildings. It is composed of fourteen distinct departments of study, Harvard College being one of the number. The professors and instructors number about two hundred and thirty. In round numbers the University spends a million dollars annually. For under graduates there are one hundred and twenty scholarships, yielding \$29,390 yearly. The de-

partments have fellowships for graduate students, yielding as a rule not less than five hundred dollars each yearly.

"As to the work done I shall speak of one department only, philosophy. In this department there are six professors and thirteen distinct courses. In the large number of courses each student may gratify his taste. And the number of professors makes it practicable for each one to gather about himself four or five students who are prepared and anxious to do original work. Then private classes meet generally at the residence of the professor regularly and spend several hours in consultation. Kindred spirits are thus brought into intimate relations and the best possible results are reached."

Truly these facts are suggestive of the magnitude of the modern university ; and

it will readily appear that buildings, educated men and money are essential for a university ; but as the latter will easily supply the two former, it is evident that the great *sine qua non* of a university is money. Without an income sufficient to build, equip and furnish lecture-rooms, laboratories and libraries, and sustain teachers to instruct men who are prepared for higher studies, no institution of learning need claim to do university work. An educational institution ought to be what it seems to be, and not try to appear to be what it is not.

C. G. W.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMAUFY.—Gen. T. J. Jackson is to have a \$30,000 monument at Lexington, Va.—Dr. Richard J. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, has invented a torpedo boat.—On the 22d ult. ex-President Davis was the guest of the Veteran Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, at New Orleans.—There were eight cases of lynching in North Carolina during the year 1888.—By a strict party vote the Senate has at last passed its substitute for the tariff bill. The vote was 32 for and 30 against it, the Republicans voting for and the Democrats against the bill.—The Cross and White case will come up before the U. S. Supreme Court sometime in March.—Great numbers of negroes are reported as leaving Alabama for the North and Northwest.—United States Minister Phelps has withdrawn from the court of St. James.—There was a reunion of ex-Confederate soldiers at Raleigh recently and Julian S. Carr, Esq., of Durham, delivered the address. These surviving defenders of our Southern homes petitioned the General Assembly for pensions. Every Southern man ought to rejoice to help those of these veterans who are in need.

VANCE.—Senator Vance had one of his eyes removed on the 28th ult. His sight in one eye had been failing for about a year and recently he entirely lost it. The direct cause of the loss of sight is not

known. The operation was performed at his residence in Washington City and the Senator has been getting along as well as could be expected. We are greatly pained to know that our great and beloved Senator should suffer this affliction. The hearts of the people of North Carolina go out in profound sympathy for him. The *Morning Star* says:

"In our time we have known no one to have such a hold upon the *affections* of the people of North Carolina as Zebulon Baird Vance. Tried in the fiery furnace of war, and tested through a quarter of a century of reconstruction and peace, when they were forced to tread the wine-press of a vindictive reconstruction, the people of North Carolina have learned the sterling value of their able, brave, true, ready, eloquent, wise Senator. Any affliction that befalls *him* must be, therefore, felt keenly by them. They know the man—his devotion to them and the unwavering fidelity with which he has watched over their interests."

We are glad to learn that there is no danger of his losing his other eye; but if it, too, should fail, the people would not desert him, but would cling the closer to him. The heart is true and the people know it.

SAMOA.—The Samoan question has attracted much attention of late and there has been some warlike talk. Samoa is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean; its latitude is 14° south, and its longitude 95° west, from Washington. Its population is said to be about 30,000 and the people are industrious, intelligent and ca-

pable of self-government. The *Independent* says:

"The Samoan question grows out of the relations of England, Germany and the United States to Samoa. Germany is suspected of an intention to annex the islands, or at least to secure the controlling influence in the government. This intention is shown by a series of acts of unmistakable character. The rightful king, Laupepa, or Malietoa, as he is commonly called, has been driven to the Marshall Islands; and the German consul, aided by German gunboats, is seeking to put the reins of government into the hands of a rebel chief named Tamasese. German marines, it is charged, have assisted Tamasese's forces, whom the German residents have supplied with arms, in their contest with the majority of Samoans, who are fighting for their rightful king—the king whom the Germans formerly aided in displacing Tamasese as a usurper—and for their independence. In one of the recent skirmishes several German marines were killed; and Germany complains that an American named Klein was the leader of the native force that did it. On the other hand, it is claimed that the Germans have fired on natives not in arms and destroyed the property of American citizens."

These islands are commercially important chiefly on account of their production of dried cocoanuts and as a coaling station for vessels. The United States Government has protested against the outrages perpetrated there and is looking after our interests. We do not consider that there is much danger of war. Nations cannot afford to fight about such a matter.

TRUSTS IN COURT.—Trusts have at last probably received a fatal blow at the hands

of Judge Geo. C. Barrett, of New York. He holds that the North River Sugar Refining Company, by entering the sugar trust, violated its charter. Here is how he outlines the power of this monopoly so detrimental to trade:

"The trust can close every refinery at will, close some and open others, limit the purchase of raw material (thus jeopardizing and in a considerable degree controlling its production), artificially limit the production of refined sugar, enhance the price to enrich themselves and their associates at the public expense, and depress the price when necessary to crush out and impoverish a foolhardy rival; in brief, can come as near to creating an absolute monopoly as is possible under the social, political, and economic conditions of to-day."

The case will come before the court of appeals and Judge Barrett's decision will doubtless be sustained. If so let all the people rejoice at the death of this monster.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly of North Carolina met in the city of Raleigh January the 9th. As yet very little has been done that is of general interest. Senator Ransom was re-elected United States Senator by a large majority. The public printing is to be done for the next two years by Mr. Josephus Daniels, editor of the *State Chronicle*. This Legislature is composed almost entirely of farmers and no doubt they will remedy a great many evils for the existence of which they have blamed the lawyers of the State.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

MR. WILLIAMS, of Philadelphia, has recently endowed his school of trades for boys with \$1,596,000 in securities.

THE annual report of the librarian of Columbia College shows that there are now more than 100,000 volumes in the library. The additions for the last year have been 9,640 books and pamphlets.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is to have a new library at a cost of \$225,000 and will contain ample room for 475,000 volumes. The plan of the building admits of the almost indefinite extension of book-stacks.

THE attendance of the Graded Schools of Raleigh has entirely outgrown the large new school buildings, and the school board is now devising plans for increasing the accommodations. It is said that several female members of the faculty will soon take the matrimonial degree of "A. B."—*N. C. Teacher.*

THE prospects of Colorado College are very encouraging. The new dormitory, at a cost of \$20,000, will be begun in a few weeks. The young men of the city are laying plans for a well equipped gymnasium which is to cost \$10,000. The faculty are making an earnest effort to raise \$8,000 for the erection of a cottage to accommodate as many as 35 or 40 young women.

THE growth of education in England presents the following interesting statistics:

It has been stated by good authority that while in 1873 the school accommodation was only 2,000,000, in 1887 it was 5,250,000; while in 1870 only 4 per cent. of the population were in attendance at school, in 1887 the percentage was 16. The yearly government grant, which in 1833 was only £20,000, in 1887 was £5,648,000.

THE catalogue of Yale University lately issued gives the summary of students as follows: In the department of Philosophy and the Arts, graduate courses, 79; Yale College, 688; Sheffield Scientific school, 308; Art school, 47—1,122; Yale Divinity school, 133; Yale Medical school, 35; Yale Law, 106. The whole number in attendance after deducting 31 names inserted twice is seen to be 1,365.

STATISTICS of Cornell University show that during the last 20 years the total number of degrees conferred is 1,473 and the total number of graduates is 1,352. Of this number 45 are engaged in agriculture, 51 in architecture and building, 5 in art, 23 in banking, 11 in chemistry and assaying, 15 in civil engineering, 246 in education, 30 in electrical engineering, 61 in journalism, 235 in law, 25 in manufacturing, 65 in medicine and surgery, 115 in mechanical pursuits, 30 in the ministry, 5 in publishing, 12 in scientific investigation, and 65 in study, while 121 are without occupation.—*Ex.*

THE teachers of the State are offered by the faculty of the University a course of three months' instruction free of charge. This course is specially adapted to the needs of the teachers of North Carolina. The programme beginning with "The Science and Art of Teaching," by Dr. Battle, is an attractive one. No tuition will be charged; the only fee will be \$5, which the act of the Assembly requires and which entitles to matriculation. It is to be hoped that many of our North Carolina teachers will take advantage of this splendid opportunity for perfecting their methods of teaching.

ARCHDEACON MACKAY-SMITH, in *Harper's Magazine* for January, says that the colleges never had so many professing church members in them as at present. A few examples will show this. Yale College, 1795, had but four or five students who were members of any church; to-day nearly one-half hold such membership. Princeton, in 1831, had but two or three openly professing the Christian faith; to-day about one-half and among them the best scholars. In Williams College 147 out of 248, and in Amherst 233 out of 352 are members of churches. In many other colleges, as proved by Dr. Hodge, from whose carefully prepared tables these figures are taken, the proportions are still more favorable to the prospects of religion.

THE Hampton Normal and Agriculture Institute had an enrollment of 610 during the fall term. Of this number 468 were

negroes and 142 Indians. With the "Whittier" Department of 300, there were 900 pupils. All but twelve were boarding students from abroad. Thirteen States and Territories, together with China, Africa, the Hawaiian Islands and Cuba, were represented. About one-half were young women. The corps of officers, teachers and assistants in all departments numbers 75. The number of applicants for admission this year was 812, of whom 175 girls and 310 boys were refused, principally for want of room. The school depends on the donations of its friends for two-thirds of its support. Sixty thousand dollars a year has to be raised by contributions.

NORTH CAROLINA has most honorably met the demands of common school education. Perhaps no State has done more, according to means and opportunity, to place common schools in easy reach of all her children than this grand old Commonwealth. But we would have her essay a loftier flight and place the State University in the fore-front of the educational institutions of the day. Far be it from us to detract from the growing fame of this venerable college. Its foundations were laid in wisdom and sacred truth goes forth from all its portals. Let the treasures of science and the wealth of letters be the possession of all the sons of North Carolina; then will knowledge cover the land as with a shield and liberty find its strongest bulwark in the intelligence and virtue of the people.—*Wilmington Star*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

THE *New Princeton Review* and the *Political Science Quarterly* have been merged into one magazine.

MINISTER PHELPS regards the "Encyclopedia Britannica" as the most useful book in the world.

HENRY HOLT & Co. are publishing a posthumous work of Sir Henry Maine on "International Law."

MR. JOHN GILMER SPEED, who was for several years managing editor of *The New York World*, has become editor of the *American Magazine*.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON have started an office in New York with a view of supplying English novels for publication in American newspapers.

LORD STANHOPE'S "Notes of Conversation with the Duke of Wellington," which has been published in England, will soon be issued in America by Longman, Green & Co.

THE following conversation took place in an office: "Did you ever realize anything in lotteries?" "Yes, sir; I tried five times and realized that I was an idiot."—*Exchange*.

A DELICIOUSLY fragrant little book is "Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe," arranged by Abbie H. Fairfield and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MISS SCREINER (Ralph Iron), author of the celebrated "Story of an African Farm," is soon to publish a series of allegories on marriage, the ethical bearings of sex, the rights of women and like subjects.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" is held in high estimation by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill, they having recently purchased fifty copies each for presents among their youthful friends.

JOY.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never passed;
At once the fountain, stream and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

—*Montgomery*.

MRS. MARGARET DELAND'S "John Ward, Preacher," has had an enormous sale. This book and "Robert Elsmere" are the two most famous novels of 1888, which means a great deal for the future possibilities of female authorship.

THE Government Printing Office is to issue the works of General Greeley on his Arctic explorations. They will consist of two full quartos of 600 and 700 pages, embellished by choice illustrations of Arctic life and scenery, with excellent polar charts.

A SPICY moral treatise is Dr. J. R. Miller's "Marriage Altar," which contains four sermons upon "Choosing a Wife," "Choosing a Husband," "How to be

Happy When Married," and "The Sacredness of Marriage." It contains much good sense and, we suppose, kindly and helpful advice.

"FROM Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland," a book by Lydia L. Gordon, contains the biography of the twenty-two wives of our Presidents. Several of them never lived to grace the White House, but their histories are nevertheless full of interest. Each paper also includes a brief history of the President and his administration, which heightens the interest of his wife. A freshness and unconventionality pervades the book, and it is full of new impressions and new anecdotes.

"THE Tory Daughter," by A. G. Riddle, is a romantic tale of the Northwest, dealing with that disturbed period of our history which culminated in the war of 1812. The story deals very considerably with the war itself and contains detailed accounts of the most important movements in that section of the country, including the battles of Fort Stephenson, Molden, Niagara and Lake Erie. The character of the most remarkable Indian chief, Tecumseh, is well portrayed and stands out in striking contrast to that of the truculent and cowardly British General Proctor.

WE have not the least faith in mesmerism, clairvoyance, mind-reading, spiritualism or any supernatural phenomenon whatever, and think that Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the most noted mind-reader in the world, in his work, "A Thought Reader's Thoughts," has dealt a powerful stroke upon the head of the nail when he says: "Nature's mantle is quite ample enough to cover all so-called occult phenomena, and the person has yet to be born, be he

spirit medium, theosophist or thought-reader, who can produce manifestations which are not explicable on a perfectly natural basis."

"PICKETT OR PETTIGREW" is a historical essay by Capt. W. R. Bond, "Sometime Officer Brigade Staff Army Northern Virginia." In this essay Capt. Bond contends for the rights of North Carolina soldiers in the history of the late war. He thinks that they have not received the recognition by magazine writers and historians that their skill and bravery merited, and well does he vindicate their cause. He also gives some interesting information: "The first Confederate soldier killed fell at Bethel. He was a Tar Heel, from Tar river. The last blood was shed by Cox's North Carolina brigade at Appomattox. And why the troops that shed the first blood, the last blood and most blood should not now stand as high everywhere as they did years ago in Lee's army may appear a problem hard to solve, but its solution is the simplest thing in the world and I will presently give it." This he does in bold and fearless language, and if you wish to know it send twenty-five cents to Hall & Sledge, Publishers, Weldon, N. C., for a copy of "Pickett or Pettigrew."

IF the novel reader will use discretion in the selection of the works he reads he may acquire much useful and diversified knowledge of the manners and customs of the majority of mankind in every grade of society from hovel to mansion. For France, take Hugo and Balzac; Germany, Goethe; Russia, Tolstoi; England, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. In America make your own choice, though we would mention Hawthorne, Cooper and

Roe. A new character now comes in from Japan. "Yone Santo," by Mr. House, is an excellent novel on the Japanese woman; she is gifted with a grace of manner, a gentleness of disposition, a pervading womanliness, which render her more attractive and charming than the majority of her sex. In spite of the brutal system of her people in disposing of her destiny her disposition is sweet and cheerful. In this work Yone, the heroine, was of noble birth and had received a Western education. After being reduced to penury and losing her father she is disposed of in the usual way by her mother and aunts. They marry her to a man of their own choice with no regard for Yone's feelings. This makes the story very sad and seems to underlay it with a subnote of tragedy. It is very pathetic and touching and was evidently written by a hand of love from a full heart, and embodying more fact than fancy.

JAMES ROGERS, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, in his "Story of Holland" invests her with a great amount of interest, as some quotations will show: "The revolt of the Netherlands and the success of Holland is really the beginning of modern political science and of modern civilization, since it was the first to utter repudiation of the divine right of kings and the divine authority of the Italian priests, the two most inveterate enemies of human progress." She also taught Europe a larger lesson than the latter would in civil and religious liberty. Holland taught lessons in progressive and rational agriculture. She was the pioneer in navigation and discovery; the founder of intelligent commerce. It produced the greatest jurists of the 17th century. It

was pre-eminent in the arts of peace and was the printing-house of Europe. "The Dutch published more books in the 17th century than all the rest of the world together. The languages of the East were first given to the world by Dutchmen." It was foremost in physical research, in rational medicine; it instructed statesmen in finance, traders in banking and credit, philosophers in speculative science. "For a long time that little storm-vexed nook of north-western Europe was the university of the civilized world, the centre of European trade, the admiration, the envy, the example of nations." The story is graphically told and merits a place in every library.

THE appearance of Professor James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" is the great event of the year 1888 in the literary world. Prof. Bryce is a Scotchman, about fifty years of age. His work consists of two volumes, each containing about seven hundred and fifty pages, and deals with the frame-work of the National Commonwealth. The second part is a consideration of the State governments and Constitutions. Part third deals with party organizations—the methods by which the whole machinery of both National and State governments is run. Part fourth is a study of that vague, fluctuating, complex thing we call public opinion, where it fails and where it succeeds. The fifth part contains some illustrations drawn from recent American history of the workings of political institutions and public opinion, together with some attempts to estimate the strength and weakness of democratic government as it exists in the United States, "How far American experience is available for Europe." Part sixth turns from the political

institutions to the consideration of certain aspects of society, certain intellectual and spiritual forces which count for much in the total life of a country. In works of active beneficence no country stands higher than the United States. Of all the institutions in the country the American univer-

sity is the one which is making the swiftest progress, and which holds the highest promise of the future. In no country does the principle of perfect equality between man and woman reign as it does in America. His outlook for our religious future is most hopeful.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

—The *Guilford Collegian* comes to us from Guilford College. It presents a neat appearance and we wish it a successful voyage on the sea of journalism. We gladly place it on our exchange list.

—Our only objection to the *Trinity Archive* is that there is not enough of it. Its editorials are well written and its departments well conducted, but there is only one contribution and two verses of poetry which are not original. There ought to be more articles in it.

—The January number of the *College Message* we hardly think is up to the usual high standard of that magazine. Its leading article is on "Women Physicians," by Dr. Annie L. Alexander, of Charlotte, the only lady physician in this State, so the *Message* says.

—The *Roanoke Collegian* takes the palm this month for punctuality. The February number reached us January 29th. The leading article is on "John Randolph of Roanoke," and an excellent piece it is. The style is terse, graphic and spirited.

The writer seems to have the true historic cast of mind in that he presents so much in such small compass. We note with pleasure that it has lately added an exchange department.

—The last number of the *College Rambler* contains an able article on the relation of preparatory schools and colleges. We in North Carolina labor under the same difficulties. We believe, though, colleges should adhere strictly to their standard of admission and should not receive students who are not prepared for college. To do so is to bring the college into competition with the high schools and no college has a right to do this.

—The *Adelphian* is well printed and illustrated. We do not see how it can afford such illustrations. Its table of contents is very interesting. "The Red Man's Christmas" is well conceived. "Mary Dare" has some originality. Its plot is too fantastic, however. "The Antitheses of Life" is well written. One is struck with the quantity of stories it contains.

Original stories are good in their place, but there may be a surfeit of any good thing.

—Oh, cigarette, the omulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that far beyond
To-day can conjure up to-morrow;
Like love's desire thy crown of fire,
So softly with the twilight blending;
And, oh, meseems a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

—*Va. Uni. Mag.*

—The December number of the *Virginia University Magazine* is the first number that has reached us this year. Its outside appearance is very attractive and its contents more so. It contains 77 pages of reading matter exclusive of advertisements. Its pages are about two-thirds as large as the *STUDENT'S*. Its leading article is a criticism of "Robert Elsmere" from an artistic stand-point. The writer points out many errors, shows that many scenes are very much strained, and altogether proves that this side of it is very weak; nevertheless in our opinion it is a very charming novel and well worth a perusal. It contains some very choice bits of poetry, an article on "Wordsworth" and a very ingenious piece on "Atomic Life at the University," among other good things. We eagerly await the next number.

—"HAVE YOU READ ROBERT——?"

"Have you read Robert——?" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just *this* time,
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"

"Have I read Robert——?" Yes,
Thank heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton.
Now when a friend I chance to meet,
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store
Or turn aside as oft before
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert and he needs a rest!"

—*Boston Transcript.*

—DID SHAKESPEARE PLAY BALL?

The game of base-ball is generally supposed to be a modern pastime, but a look through Shakespeare will convince one that the game is of remote origin.

Your base (foot) ball players.—King Lear.

Why these balls bound.—Merry Wives.

Let us have a catch.—Twelfth Night.

I will run no base.—Merry Wives.

And so I shall catch the fly.—Henry V.

Let me be umpire in this—Henry VI.

A hit, a palpable hit.—Hamlet.

Hector shall have a great catch.—Troilus and Cressida.

More like to run the county base.—Cymbeline.

As swift in motion as a ball.—Romeo and Juliet.

He'll leave striking in the field.—All's Well.

After the score.—Othello.

Ajax goes up and down the field.—Troilus and Cressida.

Have you scored me?—Winter's Tale.

And the third nine.—Coriolanus.

He proves the best man in the field.—Henry IV.

The word is pitch and pay.—King John.

However men do catch.—Tempest.

What foul play had we.—Titus Andronicus.

Unprovided of a pair of bases.—Henry IV.

No other book but score.—Henry IV.

I will fear to catch.—Timon of Athens.

Where go you with bats?—Coriolanus.

Let us see you in the field.—Troilus and Cressida.

Thrice again to make up nine.—Macbeth.

Judgment.—Hamlet.—*Ex.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

—'53. Hon. Rufus Yancey McAden, of Charlotte, N. C., is no more. He died at his home in that city, January 25th, in his 56th year. We are indebted to Dowd's "Sketches of Prominent Living North Carolinians" for some of the following facts: He was born in Caswell county, N. C., in 1833, was left an orphan at an early age and was reared and educated by his grandmother, Mrs. Bartlett Yancey. He graduated at Wake Forest College in his twenty-first year, read law at Hillsboro, settled in Caswell county and in 1858 married Miss Mary Terry, a Virginia lady. The next year he moved to Graham, Alamance county, N. C., where he lived for about eight years, taking an active part in politics. He represented his county in the Legislature for several years and was elected Speaker of the House in 1866 and won the approbation of the entire House by the faithful and impartial manner in which he discharged the duties of that position. Of him Governor Swain remarked: "I have not seen such a Speaker since the days of Edward Stanley." In 1867 he was elected President of the First National Bank of Charlotte. He retired from the practice of law and entered upon the discharge of his duties there and remained there until his death. Mr. McAden was a man of splendid executive talent and large business capacity. He was exact in his dealings with men and

succeeded in whatever he engaged. Besides being President of the First National Bank he was President of two railroad companies and two manufacturing companies—Falls of Neuse Manufacturing Co. and the McAden Cotton Mills. He left an estate valued at \$850,000 and had \$110,000 insurance on his life.

—'54. As North Carolina is leading all the States in gifts of men for the foreign field would it not be appropriate to take the next President of the Southern Baptist Convention from its domain? And is there a man within the limits of the Confederacy who would more adorn the position than T. H. Pritchard, D. D.?—*Religious Herald*.

—'59. Rev. J. M. White has a most excellent and prosperous school at Apex, N. C.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, of Wake Forest, was in Wilmington recently and preached for Dr. Pritchard while there. The *Star* says: "Mr. Vann preached at the First Baptist Church in the morning and at night. One of his hearers says: 'No one can listen to his preaching without feeling the man, and seeing back of it the Holy Spirit at work. His manner of presenting his ideas and his illustrations are entirely original, and not a little refreshing. It is a privilege to listen to the gospel from one who in his life so exemplifies its power over human dispositions.'"

—'76. J. T. Bland, Esq., of Burgaw, N. C., represents Pender county in the General Assembly.

—'79. The second annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of North Carolina, for 1888, has appeared. W. N. Jones, Esq., the Commissioner, deserves credit for the laborious and painstaking care with which the work has been done. The book embraces 432 pages and contains much valuable information for those who are interested in the condition of labor in the State.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell and wife left their home at Forestville, N. C., on the 14th ult. for China.

—'82. A very interesting letter from Rev. D. W. Herring, of China, was read before the Wake Forest S. S. Missionary Society at its last meeting.

—'82. Prof. E. G. Beckwith left the College for a few days last week and went to Clayton to witness the marriage of his sister, Miss Rena, to Mr. Ashley Horne, one of the most prominent, wealthy and influential citizens of that place.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick suggests that the pastors institute a sort of "Postal inter-communication in regard to roving church members." A good way to find the lost sheep.—*Biblical Recorder*. What are church members to do about their roving pastors, pray, brother? We suggest that the churches issue a *Pastor's Directory* every three months for distribution among the members of the church.

—'87. Mr. T. E. Cheek, of Durham, visited the Hill a few days ago.

—'87. James McCabe Brinson, Esq., of New Bern, N. C., was before the Supreme Court of North Carolina last week

as a candidate for license to practice law. He passed a very flattering examination and is now offering his professional services to the citizens of Craven county. We wish him the most abundant success in his vocation.

—'88. Rev. T. C. Buchanan reports his school at Cullowhee, N. C., to be in a flourishing condition. He has enrolled ninety-three students and employs two assistants.

—Hon. C. M. Cooke, of Louisburg, is one of the ablest and most influential members of the Legislature. He was in 1881 Speaker of the House.

—Mr. J. W. Oliver is Treasurer and assistant manager of Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, N. C., and also editor of *Charity and Children*, the Orphanage paper, which has a circulation of 2,500 copies.

—Mr. E. C. Robertson is principal of the Lavaca High School at Lavaca, Ark. He is also editing the *School-Room Sunbeams*, a journal devoted to education and the general diffusion of knowledge and which displays this motto: "The School-room is the Nursery of the Nation." He is a man of native pluck and no doubt his industry and culture will win for him a place of influence among the people of Arkansas.

—Rev. W. J. Sholar, class of '89, Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., lets his North Carolina friends hear from him through the *Recorder* occasionally. He is one of a "Gospel Band" of three young men who go out together and work for the Master in the towns and villages of New York State. They spent a portion of last summer and the recent Christmas

holidays at this work and accomplished much good. They are thus preparing themselves for the work that is before them. Mr. Sholar is a young man of excellent ability and possesses fine oratorical powers.

—'79. Rev. W. J. R. Ford, of Blenheim, S. C., recently paid a visit to his *alma mater*.

—'81. After graduating at Trinity in '79, Mr. D. B. Reinhart spent two years here and then attended a medical college. Soon after obtaining his medical diploma he was appointed assistant superintendent of the Milwaukee Insane Asylum. At

present he is practising medicine at Merrill, Wis., so we learn from the *Trinity Archive*.

—Mr. E. B. Lewis, a student of last year, is now teaching at Marysville, Montana, and is doing well. He has not forgotten the *STUDENT*, like so many of our students after leaving us. A contribution from him will appear in the next number.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., of Baltimore, has recently been called to the pastorate of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York. This is in some respects the best Baptist pastorate in America.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

ANNIVERSARY!

THE SESSION is fast passing away.

MISS BELLE WINGATE left January 20th for Clayton, where she will teach this spring.

IT is said that one of our young professors has of late found the Hill very lonely and dreary.

REV. T. G. WOOD, of Murfreesboro, was on the Hill February 7th, the guest of Dr. John Mitchell.

PROF. POTEAT delivered a most entertaining lecture in the College Chapel Sunday evening, January 27.

DR. TAYLOR has been contributing a series of very able and interesting articles to the *Recorder* on "Physical Education."

THE *Yale News* pays each senior editor from \$250 to \$275 a year.

How we long to be there.—*The Delphic*. Ditto, brother.

MR. L. A. COULTER, General Secretary for North and South Carolina, visited the Y. M. C. A. here February 8th, and made an interesting talk to them.

THE FACULTY has set aside Monday night of Commencement as the time for the senior class to hold its exercises. This is something entirely new at this place and will no doubt add much to the occasion.

MR. T. E. CHEEK, of Durham, spent several days on the Hill the first of this month. While here we learn that he delivered a lecture before Mr. G. C. Thompson's school on—ask him what.

WE WONDER what professor that was who called on a lady friend and then walked around the campus and came in at the opposite gate in order to keep certain students from finding out where he had been.

THE Business Managers wish to secure Nos. 2 and 7 of Vol. II of the STUDENT. They will pay 25 cents for each number. Any one having either one of these copies will confer a great favor on them by forwarding at once.

AT THE last meeting of the Wake Forest Missionary Society Mr. G. W. Ward made an interesting talk, and Mr. E. L. Middleton and Miss Lucy Ranes presented essays. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, W. C. Dowd; Vice-President, M. L. Richman; Secretary, W. R. Cullom; Corresponding Secretary, J. R. Hunter; Treasurer, Mrs. S. V. Purefoy.

A HANDSOME crayon-portrait of Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York, has been lately hung in the library, also portraits of Hon. George G. Thompson, the oldest living trustee of the College, and the late Charles Skinner, Esq. These add much to the appearance of the library and we hope other pictures of friends of the College will be added.

EDITORS STUDENT:

Dear Sirs:—In the January number of the STUDENT is a well-written and appreciative article on "Edgar A. Poe." The statement that "His place is at the head of our men of letters" might be questioned, but without discussing that question I want to call attention to a trifling error in another statement. The writer says, "In those days the Hub was the Hub and Poe, who was neither a native of the Hub nor a dweller in the Hub," etc.

This is not quite accurate. Mr. Poe was born at Boston, in 1809, and was therefore "a native of the Hub," though not a "dweller in the Hub."

READER.

NO DOUBT many will wonder how that beautiful little poem, "Ellana," published elsewhere, came into our possession. We are indebted to Mr. J. E. White for it. He found it together with other poems by the same author, all written in an account book which was then used to paste prescriptions in by the druggist at Holly Springs, this county, several years ago. Recognizing the value of the poems he purchased the book and since that time it has been in his possession. Mr. Breen was possessed of considerable poetical talent, but unfortunately took Moore as his master.

PROF. PURINTON recently lectured before the Y. M. C. A. of Wilmington. Speaking of his address the *Star* says:

Prof. A. L. Purinton, of Wake Forest College, delivered an interesting and enjoyable address on "Fools." He spoke of three classes of fools. First, the scientific fool, who denied the God of the Bible; secondly, the theological fool, who by his bigotry denies the God of Nature; thirdly, the practical fool, who says in his heart there is no God. These men profess to believe in God, but live as if there were no God to judge the world, to whom every man must give an account for every deed done in the body. This latter class, the speaker said, embraced those with whom the young men would most frequently meet in their work. These practical fools live for earth and time, have no desire for, or concern about, things to come. They think there is no need of Christ, no need of religion in the heart, no need of professing the Saviour before men. They are fools because they grasp the worthless present and lay no claim to the eternal future; they are practically without God in the world.

The address was strong, well delivered and well received.

OUR friend, Cary J. Hunter, of Raleigh, N. C., has recently visited the College a number of times and never comes without gaining new business for the Union Central Life Insurance Company, for which he is manager of North Carolina. This is one of the old, unquestionable companies, having millions of dollars assets, the highest interest and lowest death rates of

any company. With these advantages they are making really wonderful results for their policy holders. Their Life Rate Endowment Plan gives one insurance at the Ordinary Life Rates, which in other plans never mature until death, and still the Union Central have and are actually maturing and paying to the insured while living the full face of these policies.

Those not insured can do no better than to insure their lives with one of our boys in the Union Central.

ONE beautiful Sunday afternoon, not so very long ago, a dignified senior and stalwart "Prep." were seen starting off to see their best girl. As she lived some distance they started early. Arrived at the place they were met at the door and cordially welcomed. All went well for some time. Suddenly there was the sound of a fast approaching vehicle. It stopped at the gate. A young man hastily entered bringing with him a parson, who proceeded in short order to tie the knot between said young man and said young gents' best girl, and in less than fifteen minutes the happy couple were on their way to the groom's house, leaving our friends "alone in their glory." At last accounts the senior was comforting himself with those lines so dear to every rejected lover's heart:

"O my darling, shallow-hearted !
O my dear one, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland !
O the barren, barren shore !"

While the "Prep." was wondering,

"If I was so soon to be done for,
What did I begin for ?"

LECTURE.

[Reported by J. E. White.]

It having been previously announced, an appreciative audience assembled in the

College Chapel Tuesday, 22d January, to listen to the first of a series of lectures to be delivered under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

After prayer by Dr. John Mitchell Mr. W. C. Dowd, after referring to the work and growth of the Y. M. C. A. of this College, introduced very gracefully Rev. J. S. Dill, of Goldsboro. Subject: "Veneering of Mind and Morals."

This gentleman, whose reputation as a speaker had preceded him, then for fifty minutes had the undivided attention of the audience. We hesitate before attempting a synopsis of this lecture, for any synopsis, however perfect, would be the grossest injustice to the lecturer. The lecture, then, if printed, would do him but scant justice, for, after all, it was the inimitable delivery which so charmed the audience. At any rate, wit, sense, pathos and earnestness, the orator's touchstones, combined to make it one of the most effective lectures which have been delivered before this College.

After convulsing his hearers with an anecdote, the reproduction of which is impossible, he began by speaking of the nature of veneering. "A thin layer, a light coating, will not stand use and wear, and the slightest blow will mar its beauty." "We are very often deceived in buying furniture," and from this the bachelor professors should draw a lesson and beware lest they be imposed upon by veneered furniture. He then spoke of the beauty of women—how often it is veneered, not even being skin-deep—and also how education is subjected to the same process, and of the growing tendency to make it superficial; how we strive for a royal road to knowledge, seek an easy edu-

cation. There is no such thing. Work, industry and patience are the only paths by which we may ascend the mount of knowledge. Young people hurry through school. Young men want to take a select course, and leave off the hard studies. Generally his ticket is the *calico ticket*. He studies his best girl a great deal more than his best books. His only idea of a promissory note is the note his girl writes him promising to go to church with him. Not only does he rush through college, but he rushes all the girls on the Hill nearly to death. Young ladies at our seminaries are very much the same way. Spends her time writing to somebody else's brother, learns to play variations of Home Sweet Home, and sings to her fellow across the hedge, "Thou art so near and yet so far." This young man and this young woman go out in the world. A few rough jostles and the veneering falls off, and they are exposed in all their native ignorance. Beware of the colleges which turn out educated men on short notice, for they, unlike the mill of the gods, grind fast, but like them, they grind exceedingly small. Lawyers study law a few months and then come forth full fledged to have all the veneering knocked off by men who have made it a life's study. Homage to the young man who perseveres, who toils; contempt for the one who is merely veneered.

The lecturer here paid his respects to young preachers who are veneered, and almost split the sides of the audience by his mimicry of a young preacher attempting to electrify his congregation. Church choirs are also sufferers from veneering. The study of medicine also suffers the

same way. There is no genuine education without work. No machinery has yet been devised to polish the intellect. There is quackery in education as well as in everything else. The great mistake is made when young men graduate and think that their diplomas give them a right to bid a long farewell to books. Men who want to know are the hardest workers. They want to know and they climb rugged mountains. They want to know, and behold them through the watches of the night study each flaming star and the mighty systems. They want to know—and earnest souls toil on through the long years.

The lecturer then spoke of the veneering of character. The world suffers from veneered characters. Reputation is the picture of your life which you paint for others. Character is the picture placed in the inmost recesses of your heart. A smiling face often hides the wickedest heart; a rough and uncouth face a glorious character. Veneering is used to hide an evil character. The educated *rascal* is the worst of all. The devil is educated. After all, character is higher and better than intellect. A true moral character with an education produces the highest type of humanity.

The speaker emphasized the necessity of moral training in our schools, and closed with the advice, "Let there be for you no veneering of mind and morals."

The Y. M. C. A. has determined to continue this series of lectures. Dr. Thomas Hume, so well known, will deliver the next on the 24th of February. Rev. H. W. Battle, of New Bern, will also lecture March 20th.

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OUR CIVILIZATION—ITS DESTINY.*

In this age of the freedom of speech and the press—when almost every hour brings in a new flood-tide of books and newspapers—when every one who has anything to say upon any conceivable subject, or inconceivable, as for that matter, is called upon to say it, everything of any possible interest has been discussed and re-discussed until it seems as if there is nothing unsaid and little chance of beguiling a new tune out of the one-stringed instrument upon which we have been thrumming so long. To me, hopelessly revolving these things, the undelayable year has rolled round, another Anniversary is upon us, and I find myself called upon to say something on this occasion and in this place where so many wiser persons have spoken before me. And knowing that I am expected to

choose some subject great and grand, and of which I know very little—some topic of comparatively abstract interest—it seemed to me wisest to select one that involves in its discussion something of domestic and immediate concern. The subject that most readily suggested itself was, *Our Civilization—Its Destiny*.

In dealing with this subject we cannot more than in *imagination* trace the stream of history to its source in the dark forest, follow it downward through the steppes of the shepherds and the valleys of the great priest peoples, to sweep swiftly along past pyramids and pagodas and the brick piles of Babylon, past the temples of Ionia and the amphitheatres of Rome, past castles and cathedrals lying opposite to mosques with graceful minaret and swelling dome; and still on and on till towns rise on both sides of the stream, towns sternly walled with sentinels before the gates, till the stream widens and is covered with ships

*ANNIVERSARY ORATION delivered in Wingate Hall on the occasion of the 54th Anniversary of the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies, February 15, 1889, by the Philomathesian orator, Mr. F. L. Merritt, of Morrisville, N. C.

large as palaces, like argosies of magic sail; till the banks are lined with gardens and villas, and huge cities, no longer walled, hum with industry and becloud the air, deserts and barren hills are no longer to be seen, and the banks recede and open out like arms, the earth shores dissolve and we faintly discern the glassy glimmering of the boundless sea. We shall descend to the mouth of the river, we shall explore the unknown waters which lie beyond the Present, we shall survey the course which man has yet to run. But before we attempt to navigate the Future, let us return for a moment to the Past; let us endeavor to ascertain the laws which direct the movements of this stream, and inquire why these ruins are scattered on its banks. For the coming age is shadowed on the Past as on a mirror. Man in man lies bound and we must seek the living among the dead.

As we look into the Past we see the Niobe of nations sitting upon the mouldering ruins of some fallen city by the stream of Time, weeping over her lost children. The earth is the tomb of dead empires no less than of dead men. Over and over again power has waned, art declined, learning sunk, population become sparse, until the people who had built great temples and mighty cities, turned rivers and pierced mountains, cultivated the earth like a garden and introduced into the minute affairs of life the utmost refinement, remain but in a remnant of squalid barbarians who have lost even the memory of what their ancestors have done, and regard the surviving fragments of their former grandeur as the work of genii or of some mighty race before the flood. So true is this that when we think of the Past it seems as the inexorable land from which

we can never hope to escape. And as we reflect upon its history and pass in review the different civilizations that have been its pride for awhile, coming, like an April sunbeam, with an excess of brightness, but to again depart leaving the world in deeper darkness than before, it sets one musing upon two elements of historic life—the faint beginnings of civilizations and institutions and their obscure, lingering decay; and as he sees in this rise and fall of progress, this retrogression that always follows progression, the rhythmic movement of an ascending line, all blent in one expression of a binding history, tragic yet glorious, we can but ask ourselves what is, not the apparent, but ultimate cause of this. What is it that has brought civilizations once so high and renowned to such a low state of barbarism and squalid savagery? What is the fundamental *law* underlying all human progress and advancement?

For this is an age in which the attention of all the students of the sciences is eagerly directed to the operations and universality of law. Ascending from the lowest type along with increasing complexity, capacity, beauty, with a constant approach to perfection in form and function; wherever they can trace it, whether in the fall of an apple or in the revolution of a binary sun, the men of science find no abatement whatever in the respect for order, in the permanence and prevalence of law. The liberty of nature throughout its vast and intricate course never dissolves the bond. The celestial life has the play of music, and in music there is rhythm. The rainbow bends round about the heavens. The mysterious fountains of life flow out in celestial music and diapason—a melody and unison. Angels and archangels, and all the company

and hosts of heavenly life move freely but they move in the measures of an everlasting harmony. Hence, as in higher things, so in the training for higher things does this reign of law continue. Then if we can trace out the laws which govern human life in human society we can perhaps approximate at the destiny toward which we are tending.

What, then, is the law of human progress?

Whether man was or was not developed from the lower animals it is not necessary to inquire. However intimate may be the connection of questions which relate to man as we know him and which relate to his genesis, however he may have originated, all we know of him is as man, just as he is now to be found; there is no record or trace of him in any lower condition than that in which savages are still to be discovered. By whatever bridge he may have crossed the wide chasm which now separates the man from the brutes there remains of it no vestiges, by whatever ladders he may have ascended to his present height he has destroyed them all behind him. But granted that man is a more highly developed animal, that back of this he is akin to the vegetable and still subject to the same laws as beasts, birds, fishes and plants, yet between the highest animals and the lowest savages of whom we know there is a wide, an irreconcilable difference, a difference not merely of degree but of kind. Man is the only animal whose desires increase as they are fed and are never satisfied. The wants of every other living thing are fixed. Of all that nature offers them, be it ever so abundant, all living things, save man, can only take and only care for enough to supply wants that are definite and fixed. No

sooner are man's wants satisfied than new wants arise. Here man and the beast part company, even the very desires that he has in common with the beast become extended, refined, exalted. The brute never goes further. The man has but placed his foot on the first step of an infinite progression—a progression upon which the beast never enters—away from and above the beast. Then there is manifested in man, however low in the scale of humanity, an indefinable something which gives him the power of improvement. The longing for comfort and adornment transforms the rude shelter built of mud and leaves into a magnificent mansion replete with modern conveniences, his surroundings bloom and blossom as the rose, his work assumes shapes of delicate beauty, marble colonnades and hanging gardens, and pyramids that rival the hills arise, every kingdom of nature is ransacked to add to his comfort, and satisfy his appetites. Man's mind knows no bounds to its improvement, he has but begun to explore and the universe lies before him, each step he takes opens new vistas and kindles new desires. Man must be doing something or fancy he is doing something, for in him throbs the creative impulse. He builds, he improves, invents, and puts together, and the greater thing he does the greater things he wants to do. Man civilized and man in a savage state differ only in the degree in which this faculty has been employed.

Then it is that passing into still higher forms of desire, that which slumbered in the plant, dreamed in the beast, awakes in the man. He longs to know, for the eyes of the mind are open. He braves the scorching heat of the desert, endures the icy blasts of the polar sea, but not for

food. He gazes upon the sun and moon pregnant with still grander thought. He watches all night to trace the circling of the eternal stars. As he feels the pulsing of life along his veins he longs to know. As he listens to the low plaintive song of Nature, as he sees the growing of grass and the spring of flowers, as he hears the deep mystic throbbing of a billow-dashed sea, he would that he might read the poem of the Universe, with its thoughts too great for words, too deep for tears. He looks for the depth of Nature's deep mysteries in the lone and silent hours when night makes a weird sound of its stillness, like an inspired and desperate alchemist, staking his very life on some dark hope. He adds toil to toil to gratify a hunger no animal has ever felt, to satiate a thirst no beast has ever experienced. A hunger, a thirst that leads the forlorn hope, that trims the lamp of the pale student; it is this that impels men to strive, to strain, to toil, and to die. It is this that raised the pyramids, fired the Ephesian dome, and enriches the annals of every nation with heroes and saints—the hunger for knowledge, the thirst for fame.

Out upon Nature, in whose centre he stands, in upon himself, so fearfully and wonderfully made, back through the mists that shroud the Past, forward into the darkness that overhangs the Future, turns the restless desire that arises within him as a consuming fire. Beneath things he seeks the law; he would know how the globe was forged and the stars were hung and trace to their source the springs of life. And then developing his nobler nature there arises within him the desire higher still—the passion of passions—the hope of hopes—that he may somehow aid in

making life better and brighter, in destroying want and sin, sorrow and shame. He masters the animal within him, renounces the place of power, turns his back upon the feast, leaves it to others to accumulate wealth, to gratify pleasant tastes, and bask themselves in the warm sunshine of a brief day. The Lethe of nature can't trance him again. By thought's perilous whirling pool he unbinds the zone that girds the incarnate mind. He reads of the mystery of ages here a line and there a line, he builds for the Future, he works for those he never saw, never can see—for a fame or maybe for a scant justice, which cold-hearted Humanity sternly withholds. But still ever upward he climbs, keeping his eye fixed upon the mountain top—on sharp, flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal. He toils in the darkness, seen by no kind eye, where it is cold and there is little cheer from men, and his heart is many times like to fail within him in his loneliness. He explores the unknown wilds for a new path that progressive Humanity may hereafter broaden into a highway. Ever climbs, climbs, glueing his footsteps in his blood; into higher, grander spheres desire mounts and beckons, and the Star that rises in the East leads him on, higher far, into the pure realms o'er sun and system. As the crown and all-supporting key-stone of the fabric, Religion arises. Lo, the veins of the man throb with the yearnings of the god—he would aid in the process of the suns. Man is an animal, but he is an animal plus something else. He is like the fabled earth-tree, whose roots are imbedded in the earth while its branches bloom and blossom in the heavens. And this is *progress* and the *law of progress*.

(Mind is the instrument by which man

advances and each advance is secured and made the vantage ground for new progress. Though he may not by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, he may, by taking thought, extend his knowledge in an infinite degree. We are taller, not because our stature is increased, but because we are standing on a pyramid. Thus each successive wave of progress makes possible a higher wave and each civilization passes the torch to a higher civilization. The narrow span of human life allows the individual to go but a short distance, but though each generation may do but little yet generations succeeding to the gain of their predecessors may gradually elevate the status of mankind. Mind is the measure of the man, and so of the nation. Mental power is the motor of progress; and men tend to advance in proportion to the mental power expended in progression—the extension of knowledge, the improvement of methods, and the betterment of social condition.

Now mental as well as mechanical power is a fixed quantity—that is to say, there is a limit to the work man can do with his mind as there is to the work he can do with his body; so the mental power which can be expended in progression is only what is left after all that is necessary for non-progressive purposes has been expended. When men live by themselves or in a savage state all their powers are required to maintain existence; and improvement becomes possible only as men come together in association, and the wider and closer that association the greater the possibilities for improvement. "Association is the first essential of progress, civilization is co-operation; union and liberty are its factors." Modern civilization owes its superiority to

the growth of association along with the growth of equality. But whenever association develops inequality of condition or power, this tendency to progression is lessened, checked and finally reversed. Here is a law of progress that will explain all diversities, all halts and retrogressions. This is

"What makes nations happy and keeps them so,
What ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat."

Having thus traced the tendency to human advancement to its cause, now let us see how, by a departure from this law, our progress may turn to decadence and modern civilization decline to barbarism as have all previous civilizations. What is the humming loom of Time weaving for us? Is the warp and woof it is putting into the fabric making one that will wear? *What is our destiny?*

We have simply enough come to believe that progress is natural with us, and we look forward confidently to the greater achievements of a coming generation, believing that this improvement tends to go on increasingly to a higher and higher civilization, and even to hint that our civilization may possibly be tending to decline seems like the wildness of pessimism. But it is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments. For whoever knows his own worth has very little left to learn. It is sometimes wise to cast the horoscope of the Future, in whose deep eyes men read the welfare of the times to come, and questioning that Future, try to discover what it has in store for us. Certain it is that that Future contains awful, burning, momentous questions, which, like the riddle of the Sphinx, not to answer is death. It is well for the mariner to occasionally

take the bearings of his ship to see whither he is drifting. The true beginnings are oftenest unnoticed and unnoticeable; men go wrong in their reckoning, groping hither and thither, not knowing in what course their history runs. "Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, but no hammer in the horologue of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era." Men understand not what is among their hands; as calmness is a characteristic of strength, so the weightiest causes may be the most silent.

A civilization like ours must either advance or go back; it cannot stand still. It is not like the civilizations of the valley of the Nile, which moulded men for their places and put them into it like brick. Whether in the present drifts of popular opinion and taste there are as yet any indications of retrogression it is not necessary to inquire. For in social development as in everything else motion tends to persist in straight lines and therefore where there has been advance it is extremely difficult to recognize decline. And there are now many things which go to show that our civilization has reached a critical period, whereon no fair life-picture can be painted. Everywhere it is evident that the tendency to inequality cannot long continue without carrying us into that downward path which it is so easy to enter but so hard to abandon; whoever looks around upon the world, comparing the Past with the Present, may find that the practical condition of man in these days is one of the saddest. Those industrial strikes and depressions, which cause almost as much waste as wars and famines, are like the twinges and shocks which precede paralysis. The increasing intensity of the

struggle to live, the increasing necessity for straining every nerve to prevent being thrown down and trodden under foot in the struggle for wealth, is only too much like the fainting and dizziness before disease has fastened its terrible, wasting fangs upon the body. The unlimited accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few, the daily increase of pauperism, crime, insanity, and suicide; the growing disregard for religion and the proportional swelling of the ranks of infidelity may be but the feverish rumblings and tossing before the coming throes of an earthquake's shock. It is only too probable that the mightiest actions and reactions are thus preparing. Over our noblest faculties is spreading a night-mare sleep; there is a vague but general feeling of disappointment; an increasing bitterness among the working classes, a widespread feeling of unrest and brooding revolution, and

"The times do cast strange shadows
On those who watch and who must rule their course."

Such stages of thought have always hitherto marked periods of transition. And it is the worst of delusions, the delusion which precedes destruction, that sees in the popular unrest with which the civilized world is feverishly pulsing only the passing effect of ephemeral causes. But how, when and by whom may Destruction accomplish her purpose? Gibbon says that modern civilization can never be destroyed because there remain no barbarians to overrun it. Only go through the squalid quarters of a great city, only watch the tramp upon the high-road, and you may see even now the gathering hordes of the new barbarians. These are the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied.

What change, if any, may come no mortal can tell. But thoughtful men begin to feel that some change must come—that the undercurrents have already begun to recede. The moon, which can heave up the ocean, sends not in her obedient billows at once, but gradually; and when the tide is turned it is only the floating trash that shows it. The short shadows tell when the sun has passed the meridian. But still

“The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices,”

and the full tide of power ebbs to its depth. Wolfish change, like Winter, howls to strip the foliage from the bower in which Liberty, the eagle, has sought to build her aerie; the storm is among its branches, the frost is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects oblivion on oblivion, ruin on ruin. To the observant person the civilized world seems trembling on the verge of a great movement; either it must be a leap upward, which will open the way to advances yet undreamed of, or it must plunge us downward toward barbarism. In the very centres of our civilization to-day are want and suffering enough to make sick at heart whoever does not close his eyes and steel his nerves; there are vast armies of homeless and unfed, and we shudder to think how crowded the country grows. For we cannot live like the stars of the heavens, undistracted by the sights they see, unaffected by the vast silence of their surroundings. The fiat of Fate has gone forth. With steam and electricity and the new powers born of progress, forces have entered the world that will either compel us to a higher plain or overwhelm us. Either it is the bugles of Lucknow calling to a higher civilization, or it is the Curfew tolling the knell of parting day.

Why is this? What is the cause of it all? What is the subtle alchemy that is extracting from the farmer and laborer the fruit of his weary toil; that is instituting a harder and more hopeless slavery instead of that which has been destroyed? What is it that is turning the blessings of material progress into a curse, goading men with want and consuming them with greed; robbing women of the grace and beauty of perfect womanhood, and taking from little children the joy and innocence of life's morning? There must be some answer, some cause, some departure from the law of progress.

It is caused by a violation of the fundamental laws of Civilization—it is *injustice*, it is *inequality*; a community divided into a class that rules and a class that is ruled—into free and slave—into very rich and very poor—may “build like giants and finish like jewelers,” but it will be the monuments of a ruthless pride and barren vanity. Civilization so based cannot continue. The eternal laws of the universe forbid it, the ruins of dead empires testify, and the witness that is in every soul answers that it cannot be. Turn to history, and on every page you may read the lesson that such wrongs never go unpunished; gallant nations whose banner had so often streamed above the roar of battle and the tempest's rage have, by this, gone slowly down into the still, quiet waters of oblivion. More than half of Greece were slaves; labor was degraded. So the upper part of the Greek body grew; the lower part remained in a base and brutal state, discharging the offices of life it is true, but without beauty and without strength. The face was the face of the Hyperion, but the lower limbs were shriveled and hideous

as those of a Satyr. She has perished from the face of the earth. "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more." The Nemesis that follows injustice never falters nor sleeps. But, like the shirt of Nessus, burns and seres its victim unto death.

But there is hope, abundant hope. A new day beckons to a newer shore. Though the ear of Destiny is deaf, by *action* can she be moved. Fate is mute, but *toil* is the pen with which her decrees are written. Let justice be done; let these wrongs be righted. Let all men be equal not only in the eyes of God and the law, but in the eyes of man. Not only prate of man's inalienable rights, but treat him as if he possessed them. Heed that voice coming from the deep Cyclopean forges where Labor, in real soot and sweat, does personal battle with necessity and its stern brute powers, rendering them fit and serviceable. Let mind and not money measure the man; let character and not power entitle him to respect. Let *Christianity* and not *despair* be the religion offered him.

And we cannot better close than by stating our conviction that for the saving of Civilization from the destruction now threatening it, from the prevalence of pauperism and crime, and from the thickening dangers of industrial discontent and conflict, *religion is the most effective instrumentality*; not the religion which repels instead of winning, which builds temples from which it excludes the poor and those who most need its consolations in the conditions of social contempt and proscription in which they are held; but the religion in which there is little of ceremony and much of Christ, a religion which reaches out its hands to the poor men and women who form the bulk of our race and do its work, which shows itself the friend and minister

of the toiling millions as well as of the millionaire. Otherwise our *destiny* is written in letters that he who runs may read. It is by *faith* that men remove mountains; faith is force; it is a lamp that burns in the thickest gloom to guide; it is the tone of the Memnon statue breathing music as the light first touches it. The doom of the ancient civilization has long been pronounced. A new is struggling to be born; but as yet "struggles the twelfth hour of the night; birds of darkness are on the wing, spectres uproar, the dead walk, the living dream"—Thou eternal Providence will cause the day to dawn.

Then will these ominous signs be but as the bubbles upon a river, sparkling, bursting, borne away. The dangers which now threaten disappear—the forces that now menace turn to agencies of elevation. The giant powers once so much feared will be transformed into ministering angels, as the "silent rock-bound strength of the world," on whose bosom, that rests on adamant, grow the frailest and most delicate flowers. Water will be turned upon the desert places of human life—the sterile waste clothe itself with verdure, and barren spots where life seemed banned become dappled with the shade of trees and musical with the songs of birds. Our civilization will take the phoenix-like wings of the morning, and who shall measure the heights to which it may soar, who foretell its destiny? Its colors grow too bright for words to paint. Its *destiny* is the golden age of which poets have sung and high-raised seers and sibyls told in groves of oak and fanes of gold. It is the glorious vision which has always haunted man with gleams of fitful splendor. *It is the culmination of Christianity, and so of Civilization—its manifest destiny.*

BISMARCK.

Napoleon in France, Gladstone in England and Bismarck in Germany; with these three names to brighten its pages the chronicle of the events of the nineteenth century in Europe will ever be full of interest to the student of history. Representing as they do the three great nations of Europe and presenting such widely diversified types of the human character, the study of the careers of such men cannot fail to be full of interest. First, we have a man who stands without a peer in military affairs; then we have that Grand Old Man, the advocate of an oppressed people; and lastly, if not the greatest at least the most successful of modern statesmen. Then must not a narrative of events into which the deeds of such illustrious men have been interwoven be a never-failing source of pleasure?

Mention military genius and our minds naturally revert to Napoleon; but notwithstanding his genius he appears in history only as a bright meteor whose light dazzles the eye for a moment then disappears. His genius "lost itself in fantastic conceptions" and he failed.

We are filled with admiration for the orator of the occasion as, on that memorable 8th of April, 1886, we enter the House of Commons and behold that vast throng held spell-bound by the matchless eloquence of a gray-haired old man who is pleading in tones of silver sweetness for a downtrodden people. Gladstone, notwithstanding his giant intellect and the noble cause which he espouses, has not as yet

accomplished the grand aim of his life; he has not obtained home rule for Ireland, and as he cannot possibly live much longer he probably never will.

But it is to Bismarck that we wish most especially to call attention. His success has been almost unprecedented. As Chancellor of the German Empire he exercises even more power than the Emperor himself. It has been well said that he is the incarnation of the military spirit in Europe and the central figure in the political machinations of the continent. He is more widely known to-day than almost any other man in existence. To his genius and perseverance was due, to a great extent, the unification of the German states, a movement which not only made him famous for the time being, but also insured for him phenomenal popularity ever afterward. Because the policy which he then advocated has since proved for the common good the people, with few exceptions, now place implicit confidence in his ability to decide what is best for them. If any oppose him he can quickly command silence by reminding them that, notwithstanding the opposition he met on every side when striking the first blow for German unity, he proved that they were wrong and he was right.

Prince Bismarck was born on the 1st of April, 1815, about two and a half months before the battle of Waterloo. What a striking coincidence! On the eve of this great struggle, which was to decide the fate of Napoleon, which was to hurl

him from the lofty position he held in the public favor to the lowest depths of hatred, which was to utterly crush this mighty general who had overthrown and devastated country after country, and who was held in awe by all Europe, and, in short, which was to banish him to St. Helena, a child was born who was destined not only to repair, to a great extent, the damages which he had caused, but also to subjugate the very people which he had led.

At the age of seventeen he went to the University of Göttingen, where he distinguished himself, not so much by study as by duelling; for it is said that he fought no less than twenty-eight duels while there. Here, as during all his previous life, he was utterly reckless and dissipated. Certainly this was no earnest of the bright future which lay before him.

At the age of thirty-two he married and his subsequent life is one of the noblest tributes on record to woman's influence; for after this we hear no more of his wild, reckless ways. He settles down to a quiet life and devotes himself to the work that resulted in obtaining for him a great name.

We must remember that we have under consideration no ordinary man. He seems to be a man of destiny. We firmly believe that no other man, practising all his inconsistencies, constantly shifting from one party and one creed to another, could have arisen to the heights he now occupies. He does scarcely anything from principle, but the great underlying motive in all his actions is self-aggrandizement. He only strives to promote the welfare of Germany because he knows that his own greatness depends upon it. These are broad statements, but we think one is bound to accept

them after having studied his public career.

At one time he favored Free Trade because the Free Traders at that time happened to be in the ascendancy and he thought to increase his power by identifying himself with them; at another, when the Protectionists held the power, he was a Protectionist. He at one time bitterly opposed Roman Catholicism; at another, when he needed the Catholic vote, he endeavored to win their friendship. Thus he is continually changing, striving always to be on the popular side. He is nothing less than a consummate turncoat. Yet precisely this quality has made him great. Bismarck sides with the majority, and consequently the majority are for Bismarck.

But, notwithstanding all his imperfections, if he were to die to-day Germany would be in a bad condition. His policy has been to place all the power in the hands of a few individuals, to constitute himself the grand centre and to make these chosen few revolve around him as satellites. He really has all the power. He is seldom opposed by these in anything, for they regard him as a superior being, and one in every respect more eminently qualified to choose measures for the best interests of Germany than themselves. Thus he has become a necessary evil.

When the day shall come, which cannot be far distant, when he shall cease to be, when great political problems shall present themselves, then it will be found that the people will have no practical knowledge of the principles of government and that the condition of the Empire would have been much better had Bismarck never lived. That, in our opinion, will be a critical period in German history, the

result of which is uncertain. We have only to hope that she may emerge from this crisis with all her powers unimpaired and continue to maintain the proud place

she now holds among European nations. Yet we think that no one can fail to see that this centralization of power portends evil.
T. R. CROCKER.

LONGFELLOW.

In perusing the lives of men of eminence and those undaunted heroes who, by many a strenuous effort, have lifted themselves from the shoals of a common destiny and planted their eager feet firmly on the pinnacle of Fame, we find, on the open page, only the deeds of heroism and virtue, only the acts of benevolence and charity. We rarely find mention of a life of sin. The author kindly veils from the cruel mockery of the world every stain of ignominy, every trace of crime. But who would mar the grace and effect of an inimitable genius by an undue research into a life made melancholy by hidden crime and secret sin?

We are now to take a cursory review of the life and labors of one whom none can reproach, whose life was a symbol of virtue and whose death was a triumph of holiness. Put aside your expectancy and wander with me over the verdant hills and sunny plains of our Southland up into the cheerless winter of the Northeast. We arrive at the quaint old town of Portland, the pride of Maine and the New Englanders. This is a city the memory of which must be dear to every American heart and every soul replete with melody. Here in the midwinter of 1807, on a day that was "cold and dark and dreary," was born Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, "in

an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea."

Tracing his lineage back into the mazy distance of the past, before the children of persecution sought refuge in our land of liberty, we find him the offspring of a noble, honored family. His father was of the firm old Puritan stock, who, rather than suffer the taunts and persecutions of royalty, bade a long farewell to all their greatness, and having banished from memory their worldly treasures and domestic happiness, left the scenes of their nativity and sought the solitudes of the American wilds. John Alden was no invention of romance, but the ancestor of him who has immortalized his name in lyric song.

Longfellow's boyhood was an example of truth which every American youth should strive to emulate. Early in life he learned the worth of true manliness and gained the love and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. The easy circumstances of his father afforded him ample means for procuring an education, and at the tender age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, where after four years of close application he graduated second in a class of over thirty. His personal appearance at this time was especially attractive and commanding. He was modest, refined, studious and very handsome. And

even as an old man he did not lose his genial smile or handsome face. Like all who have been given, by a Divine hand, a soul of music and a world of song, he began at an early age to wake his slumbering muse. From an exemplary boy he grew into a noble man. Not pleased with the study of law, for which profession his father had educated him, he hailed with delight his election to the chair of modern languages at his *alma mater*.

To better fit him for his new duties he spent several years travelling in foreign lands. But his fame had anticipated him and all Europe opened her doors to receive him. His admiration of the Germans was unbounded, and from the German literature he imbibed that perfect harmony which characterizes his gentler poems. Many were his excursions upon the lordly Rhine, and as he stood in contemplation upon the banks of that classic stream there dawned upon him an inspiration which would afterwards feel its way to the very souls of men. Yet when he stood entranced by the varied beauty of Nature he never forgot to whom her glory was due. Soon afterwards he was elected to the same position at Harvard—an honor of great significance, and which he sustained for nineteen years. While at college he formed an undying friendship with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and these two wandered through life side by side until their heads were white and their eyes bedimmed with age.

And now nothing can part them. In the cold, remorseless tomb they lie; the grass is green above their silent graves and alabaster shafts mark their resting-places. Longfellow, though independent in spirit, was the most urbane and sympathetic of men. His noble heart beat

in unison with the unloved and oppressed. What a contrast to the life of Byron! His charity was not that cold, proud, poetic charity which gives with unwilling hand, but a warm, substantial charity, a charity that ennobles the giver. Russia has her Pushkin, France her Voltaire, but Longfellow wrote for the world, and his sweeter songs have entered the peasant homes of all lands as well as the palaces of kings and princes. At times he grew dreamy and distant. In his journal for the 5th of December, 1854, we find only this entry: "The world is frozen, changed to stone by the cold, lovely Medusa face of Night, in whose dark hair the stars gleamed and flashed like the eyes of serpents." When the friends he loved so well dropped one by one into the grave he stood alone beside their hallowed tombs; and as he thought of that glorious day when friend shall be united with friend forever, his heart was comforted, and in the falling shades he sang farewell "*Auf Wiedersehen*."

Few men have known deeper sorrow. His first wife died in a foreign land, and she whom he loved so well was burned before his very eyes. He never complained of the decrees of Providence, nor did he give to the world his sorrow in sad, regretful song, yet as he sat by the evening fireside, lost in dreamy contemplation, all the pent-up sorrows of the past must have come back to him and from his soul he must have cried: "O for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." He was the children's favorite and he loved them dearly. Fast locked in the round tower of his heart he kept them, jewels of a happy home. As a present from their hands there remains

among his effects a handsome chair, made from the "spreading chestnut-tree" under which the "village smithy" stood. Though quiet and unobtrusive Longfellow did not lack patriotism as the spirit of "Paul Revere's Ride" well testifies. His heart was troubled over what he thought the wrongs of the Southern slaves, and he yearned to see them free. Yet never a word of calumny towards the South fell from those noble lips. Amid the tumult of a frenzied populace his voice was as the rippling of a gentle stream.

Of the poet's idyls of fancy *Evangeline* is perhaps the most admired. Its lines of measured beauty have a magnetism equaled by none except, perhaps, Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*. For the charming story it contains the world is indebted to Hawthorne, who, finding he could not use it successfully as a romance, laid it before his friend. Longfellow saw in it at once the groundwork of a touching poem, the production of which alone would have ranked him high among the singers of the century. *Hiawatha*, though not so universally admired, possesses, nevertheless, many rare gems of genius. Although it has a wider circulation than any of his other works, yet this fact is perhaps due to the severe criticism attending its publication; for there is no better advertisement for a literary production than the criticisms of the press. What a world of unspeakable beauty do these "tripping trochaics" contain! In them we see the romantic imagery of the Indian robed by a master mind in the golden texture of thought. He had many of his suggestions from the works of Schoolcraft, yet there is no dearth of original ideas. The form and style is somewhat after the Finnish epic *Kalevala*,

though far superior in thought and beauty. In fact the *Kalevala* is rather tedious to modern readers. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is by no means void of beauty. Who can but be charmed with the artlessness of Priscilla or admire the unselfishness of John Alden. The moral "If you want anything well done do it yourself" is aptly illustrated. At least in the opinion of the young people. The labor of the greatest magnitude which he undertook was the translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia* and the inherent value of the translation pays well the time and labor expended upon it. Among other gems might be mentioned the *Spanish Student* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; but those which sink deeper into the human heart are the *Bridge*, *Resignation*, *Psalm of Life*, and *Footsteps of Angels*, in which he poured forth the depths of his burdened heart.

His success was unparalleled; yet above the voices of his friends, loud with mutual praise, came the stentorian voice of Poe, full of jealousy, hate and proud ambition. He saw with prophetic eye that that rising star would soon be the brightest in the galaxy of American *literati*, eclipsing the grandeur of his own. Poe's invectives against Longfellow were of a savage nature. He did not consider the true merits of his poetry, but sought to run it through a machine of iambics and pentameters. That old school is dead. In its stead we have a newer, sweeter, nobler style; melting the heart, stealing the soul, enriching the mind. This manner of attack being unsuccessful, he launched against him that accusation which, unfortunately, but few authors escape. He accused him of countless plagiarisms, citing

one after another. It cannot be doubted but that Longfellow in his contact with great minds found many thoughts which he used as his own. He may have borrowed from other men, yet all his lines bear the stamp of his own mighty genius. His touch was golden, for he always left a thought more beautiful than he found it, and,

"Though old the thought and oft expressed
'Tis his at last who says it best."

The controversy has been ended, Poe's criticism will soon be forgotten, and though the *Raven* may endure through coming ages, yet, superior to its weird and gloomy author, Longfellow's name will remain forever. As the class of 1825 gathered for the last time at their *alma mater* all the fond memories of other days came upon him like an overwhelming flood and in behalf of his aged class-mates he sang this greeting, *Morituri Salutamur*.

Under weight of years and suffering the

poet bent his aged head, and in the busy town of Cambridge, in the year 1882, the favorite began his changeless sleep. All the world was hushed in sadness, every heart was left in gloom. So great was the interest manifested, not only in America, but in all lands, that one might be safe in saying the death of no living author could have caused such grief in the hearts of men or such a void in the poetic world.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

"Blessed and beloved, the singer is gone, but his song remains, and its pure and imperishable melody is the song of a lark in the morning of our literature." In his own words we might say of him:

"He is dead, the sweet musician,
He the sweetest of all singers.
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing."

J. H. PRIDGEN.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN" (WITH VARIATIONS).

Horace Greeley no doubt meant well toward the rising generation when he coined the phrase used above, and it might have resulted in great good to the young man to whom it was first given as advice, but, judged by its evil results since that time, it is a dismal failure as a standing invitation. Every young man in the East who has, either from laziness or inability, found himself dissatisfied with his chosen occupation, and has cast about him to find a more congenial business, unsuccessfully, has turned his longing eyes toward the

rolling prairies and beautiful valleys of the West. That the prairies are nothing but hot, dreary wastes of cactus and sagebrush, where nothing under heaven but jack-rabbits and cayotes can live, and that the valleys can produce nothing but grass and mosquitoes, never enters his calculation. If he wishes to farm he pictures himself as a wealthy ranchman, surrounded by waving fields of grain, which only needs broadcasting on the sod to bring forth an hundredfold. If stock-raising is his chosen road to wealth he is

photographed upon the retina of his imagination as a wild and woolly cow-boy mounted upon a mettlesome mustang, careering over the plains lassoing cattle and shooting big game. If his tastes are literary, and he will follow a profession, most likely he will be a lawyer. As such he, in his mind's eye, sees himself, by his power of argument and oratory, saving the life of an innocent man whom the natives were about to string up on a charge of "stock-raising," and last, but not least, sees the grateful villain heap riches upon him as his saviour. Or maybe he has chosen the noble profession of teaching, and has conceived the unselfish idea of establishing in that benighted region an institution which shall shed the rays of Truth and Education upon the pathway of the native, and shall "drag up drowned honor by the hair" and restore it untouched to the hearts of the people.

I say it may be that one of these illustrations will lead him to accept the advice nailed at the top of this paper. Possibly the sheriff may be the innocent cause of his exodus, but in either case he will find that said Horace Greeley is responsible for more wasted lives and diseased livers than any man of modern times.

As a ranchman he finds that to get the labor-saving machinery necessary to supply the scarcity of labor will cost him three or four times what his ranch did; that the science of irrigation, without which not a blade of grain will grow, is a sealed book to him; and that if he overcomes these stupendous difficulties and reaps a bountiful harvest, he can't get a pound of it to market.

As a stock-raiser he finds all the best ranges taken up, all the water rights

barred against him, and very slim chances to make a living. If he is rustler enough to get a start he will find the life of a North Carolina nigger far more preferable to that of a cow-boy. During the day he rides a "broncho," which, if bucking were a requisite, could break any faro-bank in the world. After amusing himself all day by hanging to the saddle-horn and picking out soft places to fall on, he reposes at night upon the bosom of Mother Earth with his saddle for a pillow and its blanket as a counterpane. As for the big game which abounds on the plains, one jack-rabbit and three prairie dogs is a fair daily average.

If he comes crammed full of legal lore, aching for a chance to come before the people and sway their minds with his burning eloquence, he may count himself fortunate if he can successfully defend himself against the charge of "turnin' Jack" from the bottom.

And as for teaching, may the good Lord have mercy on any poor fool who goes West as a teacher, if he has any respect for the profession and any ideas of his own. My dear "young man," if you expect to teach all your life, then "live and die in Dixie." Maybe you won't get as much pay as the average drug clerk, nor live as happily as a Lenoir county nigger, but you will at least be respected if not honored in your position. No matter if you do have to seat the big pupils next to the wall to keep the little ones from falling out the cracks; no matter if you must "board round," and eat sour krout and pumpkin pie for breakfast, you have the satisfaction of knowing that all your pupils are Americans, and that your patrons won't complain when you read

the Bible every morning to the school, nor stop their children if you speak discouragingly of the Pope. When you see in the glowing reports of some Commissioner of Education from the West that the average wages of public school teachers in a certain State or Territory are seventy-five dollars a month it doesn't state that you must pay forty or fifty dollars for board, and the bulk of the remainder to some wall-eyed Chinnee for "washee, washee," but such is the case. Neither does it dispute that you are expected to transform young animals of all nationalities under the sun into decent, polite, English-speaking American children, but such you would find your task to be. Teachers, as a general thing in the West, are *hired*, not employed, and are paid wages, not *salary*. These delicate distinctions may give you some idea of the anomalous position which they hold in society. They are expected to possess and exercise all those virtues in which their parents are most lacking, and teach them *in toto* to their children. They expect him to be a manufacturer as well as trainer of brain and intellect, and while attempting all these impossibilities to be content to occupy the position of a common laborer, and, like him, to work ten hours a day.

The average native considers a liquor seller far more respectable than a paltry school-teacher. Society at large only recognizes him on sufferance, and would far more gladly extend its favors to an ignorant, illiterate boor, if he only has the fashionable number of dollars to his credit, than to open its doors to the refined, educated gentleman whose capital is his intellect.

I have spoken at length, and somewhat

feelingly, my dear young man, upon teaching, for I have "been there." I have also tried being a cow-boy, so you may accept these remarks as the frozen truth, coming as they do from the bottom of my shoes, and as A. Ward says, "wa them well" before leaving your native backyard on a fruitless search for the mighty dollar.

Now "let's reason the thing a minute," as the campaign orator says. If you intend going West, you have, you think, good reasons. Did you ever try to make up reasons for staying at home?

One of your reasons, I surmise, is the crowded condition of every profession and business in the East, and the uncertain future lying in wait for the young aspirant in any occupation. Perhaps you are a graduate of some noted institution, and have a gorgeous diploma, which, you think, will give you standing anywhere. Perhaps you had a taste for Blackstone, and if you are a North Carolinian sat at the feet of Dr. Battle and Judge Manning for two years, passed the fiery ordeal of the Supreme Court, and at last were turned loose upon a long-suffering public, bristling with precedents, *nol pros.'s*, *sci. fa.'s*, etc.; you are anxious to be at work, but dread to enter the lists against such long odds as you find at home. Instinctively your eyes turn Westward, where lawyers are few and clients thick as "leaves in Vallambrosa." Well, now what would be the result if you went? Just this, my dear young man: You would find lawyers by the cord, and no chance in the world for you unless you knew all about lodes, drifts, claims, leads, placers, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of mining. If you would only

study as hard where you are as you would be forced to do there to make a living, you would soon be occupying a "room at the top." Or if you are too lazy, mentally, to do that, just throw away your diploma, your license, and your pride, and instead of being a second-class lawyer be a first-class mechanic. The same thing obtains as to all the professions. Very often they are chosen only as an excuse to loaf respectably and live on the easy good-nature and hard cash of an indulgent father. Why not swallow your false pride and earn what you eat, instead of sitting in the shade watching the old man sweat?

Going West involves more deprivation than a young man's fancy will let him perceive until it is too late. Whenever I use the term West I do not, as some may think, mean Illinois, Kansas, Iowa or Nebraska. By West I mean the frontier, the most uncivilized regions of the United States. Some fondly imagine they have had a Western tour when they take a Pullman from Chicago to St. Louis and back home by way of Texas, but the true West, the wild and woolly West, can only be found in Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. To settle in certain portions of these Territories, I say, entails more privation than can be foreseen. Everything is radically different from affairs at home, nor is anything as it was

expected to be. No indulgent father here to fall back on; no friends solicitous for your welfare; no intellectual pleasures; no social advantages; no religious opportunities. Indeed, you must consult a calendar to know when Sunday comes. Not a soul who cares a pinch of Lorillard whether you even subsist or not. Now, how long do you think a young man could live under such circumstances and be a *man* and a *Christian*? What did you give up for such an environment? Home, friends, social pleasures, religious privileges and maybe your immortal soul. Why did you go? My dear young man, because you were too faint-hearted to work and wait for success, or because you were too proud to do honest work with your hands, either of which reasons is unworthy of you. The idea prevalent in the East that money grows on trees is slightly erroneous. If you work as hard where you are as is necessary to success there it will come much sooner where you are. There is no royal road to wealth, and the sooner it is understood by young men the better.

Young man, "stay there," if the sheriff will let you, and if you can get "forty acres and a mule" to mortgage for supplies, then all the better, but by all means stay.

E. B. LEWIS.

MARYSVILLE, MONTANA.

EDITORIAL.

EXAMINATIONS.

That fashion rules supreme some may feel disposed to doubt. Be this as it may, no one can deny that many and vast changes have been made in educational systems in the last few years. Great improvements have been made and are still making. At present there seems to be a regular crusade going on against the present examination system. During the present school year *Amherst*, one of the most conservative of New England colleges, and the *University of the Pacific* have abolished the system altogether, while the University of Texas has decided to excuse from final examination all Sophs, Juniors and Seniors who make a daily average of ninety.

But what has most significance and has attracted most attention is the fact that some two hundred and fifty of the most distinguished educators in England have signed a protest to the system that prevails in that country. This protest was published in the *Nineteenth Century* with comments by Profs. Max Müller and E. A. Freeman and Mr. Frederic Harrison.

The point in the discussion, according to Mr. Harrison, is :

"That, having been called in to aid education, examination has grown and hardened the master of education. Education is becoming the slave of its own creature and servant. I do not deny that examination has its uses ; I do not say that we can do without it. I say that it is a good servant but a bad master ; and like good servants turned bad masters it is now bullying, spoiling and humiliating education."

While there may be no immediate danger of the system taking as great a hold on us as on the English, because our civil service is not so extensive nor our universities so rich and influential, still it is well for us to inquire into the workings of the system and note its evils lest we unwittingly suffer from the same.

Examinations *per se* are good things, but every good thing may be abused. There is danger that students may come to regard passing examinations of primary importance and the acquisition of knowledge only secondary. On this point Mr. Harrison thus speaks :

"Knowledge as such and knowledge to answer papers are quite different things. Student and examiner read books on quite different plans if they wish to gain knowledge, or if they are thinking of the examination. The examinee's memory is a tender memory, very sharp, clear, methodical for the moment. * * * It is a memory deliberately trained to carry a quantity of things with sharp edges, in convenient order, for a very short period of time."

How true this is, ask those who have had experience in preparing for examinations.

Again, marks do not necessarily show how much a student knows. They mean in many instances how nearly he has given the exact language of the text-book. Mr. Harrison well says :

"The prize school-boy who sweeps the board on speech day often gets a perfect loathing for books, and, indeed, for any study that is not 'cramming'; and the youth who leaves his university loaded with 'honors' may prove to be quite a potent of ignorance and mental babyishness. He has learned the trick of playing with a straight bat the examiner's artful twisters. But he cannot bear the sight of a book ; and, like any successful speculator, he has a hearty contempt for knowledge."

Besides, examinations may make real study irksome to the best of students. That this actually does happen Prof. Max Müller testifies :

"From what I have seen at Oxford and elsewhere all real joy in study seems to me to have been destroyed by examinations as now conducted. Young men imagine that all their work has but one object—to enable them to pass their examinations. Every book they have to read, even to the number of pages, is prescribed. No choice is allowed ; no time is left to look either to right or left. What is the result ? The required number of pages is got up under compulsion, and therefore grudgingly, and after examination is over what has been got up is got rid of again like a heavy and useless burden. * * * The only thing that seems to remain is an intellectual *nausea*—a dislike of the food swallowed under compulsion."

Alas ! that the species of professor who thinks it his sole duty to prepare students for examinations is not confined to the other side of the Atlantic. May he soon become extinct.

From the foregoing there necessarily follows this corollary : Examinations may be and are abused. And the question comes up, Where does the abuse come in, and how can it be remedied ? The answer to this is of vast importance to the rising generation, and is worthy of careful study on the part of educators.

H. A. F.

"SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR."

In studying the lower animals we are almost continually learning something new and interesting. We learn certain facts about their form, nature and habits that are truly wonderful. It strikes us as exceedingly strange that the lower orders of animals living in one world, we in another, they governed by instinct and we by reason, should possess so many traits common to both. It has been proved that what is

light to us is darkness to ants and what is darkness to us is light to them. The report of a gun is wholly unnoticed by them except the mechanical jar it imparts to the atmosphere.

There are many strata of seeing and hearing far above and below the plane of our narrow perceptions. Sounds whose vibrations are far too frequent for us to hear at all no doubt furnish the most agreeable music for higher pitched ears than ours. Things unseen by us furnish panoramas of exquisite beauty for other eyes. Sounds that furnish us the sweetest music and objects which seem to us the most beautiful are to the lower animals torture and discomfort.

If they are of the earth more earthy than we they are also far more sensitive to all physical impressions. The fowls of the air and fishes of the sea possess faculties for finding out things beyond the ken of a Newton or any of his successors. They have no need of the signal service ; their chronometers need no fabrication of mercury, wood and glass to mark their hours, seasons and changes. Yet they are far more correct than ours, and some one has said that they are initiated into the movements of earthquakes better than seismologists. The extreme sensitiveness of the dog's olfactory nerve or sense of smell is difficult to understand, and the spider making his web is very beautiful if we understand how 'tis done. We must return, however, and consider the ants which are so far from us and yet so near us. They see things that we see not, hear things that we hear not. Their high development of sensibilities removes them as far from us in some respects as if they were inhabitants of another world,

yet in many traits how much we are alike.

Solomon knew more about them perhaps than some later Solons, when he said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways, and be wise."

They are truly wonderful little creatures and we will ever look upon them with respect. They have anticipated man in agriculture, in slavery, in political divisions, in the care of domestic animals, in the division of labor and in the art of war.

The agricultural ants clear their fields, plant their rice and cultivate it well. A gentleman, we believe of Texas, watched them twelve years, and says they never failed during that period to plant their rice every year, nor would they allow any other sprig besides what they had planted to grow in their fields. When the rice was ripe the workers would harvest it, separate the chaff and straw, throw them off the premises and store away the rice for future use.

There is a genus of ants that will not work, but have slaves that work for them. Their mandibles are not well adapted to labor, but splendidly adapted to war. Therefore they make war on their neighbors, conquer them, carry away their young that are in the pupa stage, raise them with great care and make slaves of them. It is said those thus enslaved serve their masters faithfully all their lives.

There is a genus, in fact several genera, which are naturally divided as nations of people. They have a queen, and the queen has commanders, soldiers and workers. The soldier will not do the part of a worker, neither will the worker do the part of a soldier. The soldiers are much larger than the workers and look like those of another genus. Some of those genera

keep "cows," build shelters for them, feed them and raise them—the cows being a kind of plant-lice (Aphides) that secrete a sweet substance of which the ants are very fond. In autumn the ants carry the eggs of the Aphides into their nest and take care of them during the winter. When the eggs hatch in the spring the ants carry the "calves" out of their nest, put them on tender plants, build shelters over them and milk them all summer.

When ants go to war they are prompted by motives similar to those which prompted man in primeval times. One army fights for gain, the other in self-defence. They look beyond the immediate present. They also go to battle in regular rank and file, capture prisoners, remove the wounded from the field and care for them tenderly. It seems, so far as military tactics go, we are not so far ahead of the ants, though we will not say that our most famous generals have performed some of their greatest exploits as much by instinct as by genius.

The greatest difference between man and the lower orders of creation is that one is capable of indefinite improvement while the other ever remains the same, and man sees far beyond the instincts common to all.

T. S. S.

A PLEA FOR ENGLISH.

The fact that a fair knowledge of one's own language is of paramount importance may seem to some too evident to need further attention at present. But the magnitude of the subject, and that its claims may be urged along with the "pleas" and "hints" for those of lesser consequence to us, necessitate a few words occasionally.

Numerous have been the articles written by scholars and educators urging a

thorough classical education. And to this end much time and labor and money have been expended. But because the ancient languages have served as successful instruments in the hands of teachers in cultivating and burnishing the human intellect it does not follow that they are a panacea for its every deficiency. The fact is there are two sides to this question, and by laying too much stress upon the one there may be a danger of making a wrong impression upon the minds of some students, especially beginners. The danger to which I refer may deserve more than a passing notice. At the opening of each term of almost all the higher institutions of learning a comparatively large number of the applicants for matriculation possess only a meagre knowledge of the first principles of their own language and enter college with the erroneous idea that to master Latin and Greek is to have mastered English. But the truth is, they have just reversed the real if not the necessary order of things. Such students commit the fallacy and expose themselves to the criticism of trying to learn the *ignotum per ignotius*, the unknown by the still more unknown.

Correct thinking and that which tells upon the student is not the outcome of four years of bewildered vexation and chagrin, as some might suppose. It is not the three hours of blind, aimless confusion spent in trying to translate a Latin sentence or solve a problem in Algebra that educates the mind; but it is the cool, deliberate, common-sense reasoning done. Otherwise it is a self-imposed, relentless infliction, the result of which is only a needless wear and tear of the mind. And to avoid this and think clearly and prof-

itably one must touch *bottom* somewhere.

Again, in the study of the parent tongues the application of the inductive method of reasoning very greatly facilitates the work, provided the learner first understands his own tongue. Without a knowledge of English one may memorize the definitions of a few Latin or Greek words, but he must then be able to meet the difficulty of weaving them into a grammatical sentence, which he is not so likely to do. Where one succeeds at this point a score fail. But granting that he may succeed without first learning his own language the fact that a great mistake has been made still remains. He is then too far up (?) the hill of progress to turn back and begin anew. First the foundation, then the structure, would be the dictate of wisdom. Had we a moderate degree of prophetic genius we could predict one lesson that he will be sure to learn after his exit from college, if not sooner, viz.: That in no sense or under any circumstances will his knowledge of the dead languages compensate for his ignorance of the living. No man, whatever his other attainments may be, who lives within the confines of the English-speaking peoples, can afford to be deficient in their language. And when I say know the language I mean know it as a science as well as an art—the synthesis and the analysis of it, together with a well-selected vocabulary. And right here is, perhaps, as good a place as any for me to say that at college is not the place to learn these (I mean the first principles).

No one doubts that the study of Latin and Greek is a great auxiliary to the study of English, provided the first principles upon which it depends have first been

learned; otherwise if it can be called an aid at all it is a negative aid and therefore a positive confusion. Whoever tries to learn another tongue before his own will "pay dearly for his whistle." The student is supposed to be proficient in the common English branches of an education before he is admitted into the higher institutions of learning, and if he is not you may generally mark it down as pre-determined *futurum esse ut relinquatur*. The truth is such work is not the business of a college, and experience and observation have proved conclusively that it can ill afford to undertake it, or even propose it. Such students act as breaks upon the progress of the college and *vice versa*. Economy would suggest here a division of labor, giving to each grade of schools that peculiar department of work for which it is best fitted and for which it was intended.

To prevent the possibility of being misinterpreted let me state explicitly that I am by no means skeptical (entirely the opposite) as to the efficiency of these mental gymnastics, but I do not believe that any degree of proficiency in them will atone for a total or even a moderate degree of deficiency in the *alma lingua*. The English-speaking people think in English, hence to them it is indispensable. As a mechanical aid to thought the correct use of it is almost identical with sound reasoning. It is reason's counterpart. To know the English language well is no mean attainment; not to know it is a sad misfortune. S. D. S.

HONOR TO WORTHIES.

We think North Carolina ought to give more attention to preserving the memory

of her statesmen and warriors who have done so much for the development and glory of the State. One who visits the State Capitol is apt to come away feeling less pride in his State as a State than he ought to. This ought not to be so. Above all other things a visit to the Capitol of one's State ought to inspire him with feelings of reverence and pride. The State is largely responsible for this, and we believe that one of the best remedies is judiciously to expend money from time to time in gathering in and about the Capitol such things as will teach the people important lessons with regard to the greatness of the past and present of our State.

We wish at present to speak of the failure of the State to erect monuments to the memory of her great men and place their statues in the Capitol and the Capitol square at Raleigh. Visit the Capitol and you find it to be a plain but substantial building, located in the best part of the city; it is enclosed in a square that might be rendered magnificent, almost sacred, and certainly the pride of every public-spirited North Carolinian by a judicious expenditure of money in this direction. There is not a statue of a single North Carolinian in or about the Capitol at Raleigh. Why were those niches left in the inside walls of the rotunda of the Capitol? It is a shame upon the State that our young men in passing through it must ask that question. From each niche the face of some North Carolinian who has honored the State in the past should look down upon the passing throng; and from those marble lips would come mute but impressive whisperings to our young men: "Statesman," "Warrior," "Patriot." "These are they whom

the State delights to honor." No more powerful lesson could be taught the boys of our State. There could hardly be a more powerful incentive to noble endeavor. Nothing could be done that would more inspire our people with a desire to study the history of the State; and studying it they would be proud of it and learn to love it. Taking into consideration the fact that North Carolina led in severing the connection of the colonies with England; that she has felt the tread of armies in at least two great wars; that her sons were actively engaged in all these things; and that they were zealous and patriotic and self-sacrificing at all times in all that pertained to the welfare of the Commonwealth and the safety of the nation, a stranger visiting the Capitol must feel that the State has been singularly and shamefully parsimonious not to erect some memorial of her great men. But none appears. Washington alone looms up before us. This and nothing more.

At the gates of the public square let some eminent and patriotic soldiers stand on guard; here and there about the Capitol let statues of soldiers and eminent civilians appear; let the niches in the rotunda be filled by statues of North Carolina statesmen. Then our citizens will be proud of the State. Our legislators and other public functionaries at the Capitol would feel that the spirits of another age were looking down upon them. They would feel that they were moving in a sacred presence and hallowed memories would come thronging upon them. They would feel that they must live and labor for the good of the State. Could treason and corruption and bribery flourish with William Gaston, George E. Badger and others

looking on? Could riots spring up in the chivalric and knightly presence of Pettigrew and before the stern gaze of the brave Pender? From these would flow a hallowed influence that would touch the hearts of the people of North Carolina and modify their lives and cause them to strive to be good and honest and pure and great like these sages of the past with whose faces and lives they would become familiar.

But legislators of the present day will not do this work. It is to be done, if done at all, by a younger set of men who, loving the State and honoring her builders, will not fear to act. It cannot be done at once, but from time to time the State should appropriate money for this purpose, and in the course of years North Carolinians would be proud of their State and its history, and fewer of our young men would leave the Old North State to find homes in a more public-spirited Commonwealth.

North Carolina owes a debt to her builders and defenders. The fathers ought to strive to make the young men proud of the State. Let Gaston and others of the past, and, in due time, our beloved Vance and others of the present look down upon the youth of the land and inspire them with a determination to build nobly.

C. G. W.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

During the present session of our Legislature a bill has been under consideration providing for the establishment of a training school for teachers. The idea seems to be to give the poor, hard-worked teachers of the State, both male and female, for several months each year, free of charge, the advantages of training that

will fit them the better to perform their important duties. Without discussing the special excellencies or defects of the bill in question we desire to say a few things in a general way about the importance of a training school for the teachers of our State.

In the first place it is evident to the most casual observer that our school system is defective.

It is not doing for the children of North Carolina what the free school systems of other States are doing. Ignorance, as a dark cloud, still hangs over our dear old State, and out of its thickening gloom there comes a mighty host to swell the lists of crime and pauperism and fill our jails and penitentiaries with vicious and unhappy inmates. Thousands of bright-eyed boys and girls are growing up in our borders without the means of acquiring the elementary principles of an education. Honored and useful citizens, orators and statesmen, men who could shape the lives and characters of their fellows, many of them might become; but, like the gems which "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear," their powers dwarfed and darkened by the unyielding force of poverty, and fettered by the grim shackles of ignorance, must forever remain undeveloped and unseen unless the State, like a kind mother, reaches down and lifts them up and unfolds before their youthful gaze the joyous light of knowledge.

That our present free school system is doing this no one acquainted with the facts in the case will claim. It is doing much, but it is not doing enough. And one of the defects seems to be that much of the teaching is inefficient; that the teachers need special training for their

work. Recognizing this need, our Solons years ago established normal schools, hoping in this way the better to fit the teachers for their responsible duties. Much good was done, too, and many a faithful teacher has had his burdens lightened, his conception of the dignity and importance of his work heightened and his views on teaching certain branches improved by the methods adopted and the system of instruction pursued in our normals; but in many cases it is true that more was learned about the art of courting than about the less interesting art of teaching. Many persons have attended who have never taught and never expect to teach. The "social feature," so useful in its place, has in some instances been so perverted and abused as to render it difficult for persons to learn who were really anxious to do so. The normal schools have not been wholly satisfactory.

Now, what must be done? We believe that a training school should be established. It should have a board of managers and competent, experienced instructors. Like other colleges or schools, it should have regulations. It should be a school for study and not for recreation or enjoyment. The plan of study pursued should be broad and thorough, embracing such subjects as will best prepare the teacher to develop the mental and moral faculties of the child. Its doors should be thrown open to the noble teachers of the State without a charge of one cent for tuition. If such a school were established and properly conducted the teachers of the State, being brought closer together, being trained in the best methods of teaching, and, above all, being inspired with a deeper love for their important calling,

would enter with fresh zeal into the arduous labors of the school-room, and would soon create such a widespread interest in educational matters that North Carolina's school system would come to the front and

the dark cloud of illiteracy which now shrouds her intellectual sky would give place to the gladsome light of a general diffusion of knowledge. *Ita sit.*

J. B. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMAUFTRY.—The State National Bank at Raleigh has paid forty per cent. on claims upon it since its failure last March.—The Oyster, Fish and Game Fair at New Bern was quite a success. Governor Fowle, Minister Jarvis, Senators Vance and Beck and a number of the members of the General Assembly of the State were present.—After balloting for several days, the West Virginia Legislature elected Hon. J. E. Kenna (Dem.) to succeed himself as United States Senator.—Before his term expired President Cleveland approved the Nicaragua Canal Bill.—The census of 1890 will cost \$6,000,000.—Negroes are leaving North Carolina in large numbers for Kansas. Two hundred left Raleigh February 27. They were promised \$12.50 per month and board, and the money to pay the expenses of the trip was advanced to them.—Rev. J. E. Carter, well known in North Carolina, died at his home in Hendersonville, February 24.—Five hundred thousand Chinese are on the verge of starvation. Their Emperor appeals to the civilized world for help.—The case of the London *Times* has about collapsed. McDonald, the manager of the *Times*, acknowledges

that he paid \$12,000 for the so-called Parnell letters, and Piggott has fled after having confessed before the Commission that he forged several of them.

NEW STATES.—Congress passed a bill admitting Washington, Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota to the Union, and on the 22d ult., Washington's Birthday, President Cleveland signed the bill; so that while the people were celebrating the 157th anniversary of the birth of the father of this great country four new States were born into the Union, one of which bears his name. This shows that his memory still has a warm place in the hearts of the American people, and henceforth when the citizens of the State of Washington meet to celebrate the anniversary of their admission to the Union they will also celebrate the birthday of him for whom the State is named. Washington and Montana have the same boundaries that they had as Territories, while the Territory of Dakota was divided by an east and west line and formed into two new States, North Dakota and South Dakota. The area of these four new States is three times as great as that of the British Islands, and the value of their accumulated prop-

erty is \$475,000,000. It is said that Montana pays more money *per capita* for public schools than any other State in the Union. On May 14th South Dakota will vote upon the adoption of the Sioux Falls Constitution, and on the same day Washington, Montana and North Dakota will elect members to a constitutional convention, and on the first Tuesday in October the citizens in each State will vote upon the adoption of the constitutions proposed by their respective conventions. If the constitutions are adopted the Governors of these States will order elections to be held to choose members of the Legislatures and Representatives in Congress, and the Legislatures on assembling will elect United States Senators for their States. South Dakota is entitled to two Representatives, North Dakota, Montana and Washington to one each. These four States are entitled to thirteen electoral votes, equal to their whole representation in Congress, and they are at present Republican in politics, with a chance of becoming Democratic as the population increases. New Mexico asked for admission, but was rejected by the Republicans on the ground that sixty per cent. of the people are not able to read. An educational qualification is now demanded by the Republicans for the admission of a State into the Union, especially since that State is to be Democratic in politics. They forget the educational status of the brother in black here in the South,—but then he is the pet of the G. O. P.—let him pass. The great West will gradually make itself felt in the political affairs of the nation. With population the centre of political power is gradually moving westward. Paint four more stars on the old flag; it must have forty-two

now. Long may it wave. And the sooner it waves over people whose interests and sympathies are one the better for the nation.

THE INAUGURATION.—President Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated at Washington, March 4th, at 12 M. There was an immense crowd present and the ceremonies were simple and solemn. Immediately after taking the oath of office he read his inaugural address. We do not regard it as a particularly strong paper and will only refer to a few of the points in it. Of the protective policy he says that if at any time this question became sectional it was because slavery existed in some of the States. He very naturally looks hopefully to a continuance of the protective system and asks Southern capitalists to engage in manufacturing. He thinks the Southern people may lead the negro to vote for good government by joining him in upholding Republican doctrine. We beg to be excused. He forgets that the negro problem is a condition and not a theory, regards it as a theory, and thinks that education is the panacea for all the ills with regard to that much discussed race. It ill beseems him to tell the people of the South that they may make a good citizen and voter of the negro by educating him. Why did not he and his party think of this twenty or twenty-five years ago before trying the dreadful experiment of making him a voter? The white people of the South have already spent largely of their means to educate the brother in black, even to crippling the education of their own children. He wisely rejects the suggestion of a special executive policy for any section of the country. With regard to appointment to

office he says that honorable party service will certainly not be esteemed by him a disqualification for public office, and that it is expected that the civil service will be lawfully enforced and without evasion. We will see. One cannot read this paper and not be impressed with the fact that

there is now another hand upon the helm, another mind now directing the affairs of this nation, and that a weaker, less comprehensive and less bold mind than has overlooked the welfare of the country for the past four years.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

GREECE, the fair mother of ancient literary genius, stands yet as a beacon light to the world of letters. It has now six normal schools, which have within the last few years sent out 3,000 well-equipped teachers.

ALMA COLLEGE, Michigan, though one of the youngest in the list, is now so well established that her future seems to be assured. One hundred and thirty-five students were in attendance during the fall term.

DRURY COLLEGE has a senior preparatory class of twenty-five, the largest in the history of the college. They have recently adopted a rule forbidding dancing or card-playing at class parties and societies.—*Ex.*

It is not yet determined whether Trinity College will be moved to Raleigh, Durham, or where. The chances seem to be in favor of Raleigh. The enthusiastic spirit of President Crowell is likely to inspire the denomination with greater zeal for the success of their college.

CLARK UNIVERSITY, which is to be located at Worcester, Mass., will open next fall with Prof. G. Stanley Hall, now of Johns Hopkins, as its President. It is intended by the projectors that this institution shall rank with Johns Hopkins in opportunities for advanced study.

It is stated by *Public Opinion* that the late Miss Jane Holmes left \$300,000 to various charitable institutions in Pittsburgh, Pa., and also made them residuary legatees. But the value of the properties owned by her has so increased that the institutions have already received \$600,000, and will probably get nearly \$1,000,000.

THE more you investigate some questions the more interesting and popular do they become. This is true of manual training. It is now being introduced by a large number of the States into schools of almost every grade. The school committee of Providence, R. I., are now considering the propriety of introducing it into the course of study in the high schools.

OF the people of Alabama who are ten years of age and over only 57 per cent. are able to read; 50 per cent. cannot write; 60,174 white men and women twenty-one years of age and over cannot write; 111,667 white people over ten years of age cannot write; 370,279 people who are over ten years of age cannot read, and there are 433,447 people over ten years old who do not know how to write.

THOMASVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE will be moved in a short time to High Point, which offers considerable inducements. This is one of the most beautiful locations for a college in the State. The situation, the educational spirit of the people, the buildings, with ample apparatus, church accommodations, with the general enthusiasm of the citizens, are all quite an inducement. Doubtless the change will be for the better.

PUBLIC school affairs have been so vigorously stirred up of late that the women are at last taking advantage of the privilege of voting in school elections. It is several years since the Massachusetts Legislature passed the law authorizing this limited suffrage for women, but, in spite of clamor of agitators of both sexes, the registration of female voters in Boston has never reached higher than 1,845, the figure attained in 1885. This year, however, the registration proceeded at the rate of more than a thousand a day, until nearly 30,000 women registered, and the result was a lively contest, with a considerable amount of politics and unfortunate elements of religious opinion involved in it.—*Ex.*

THERE will be a Centennial Reunion of the Alumni and Matriculates of the

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Wednesday, June 5th, 1889. The members of each class will sit together in the meeting. An address of permanent historical value will be delivered by an eminent *alumnus*. The roll of the *alumni* will be called by classes and short speeches made by representatives of the various classes. The members of the various classes will dine together on this day, and another address will be delivered at night. On Thursday night there will be a social reunion of the *alumni* in the Library. The Committee of the Faculty consists of John Manning, F. P. Venable and Geo. T. Winston, and any one wishing further information may obtain it by writing to the committee. The occasion bids fair to be one of pleasure.

THE annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education gives some interesting statistics for 1886-'87. The total school population in the States, between the ages of six and fourteen, is 11,247,009, an increase in ten years of 2,528,705. All the States and Territories show an increase. The increase in Dakota was greatest—875.5, while in Vermont it was the least—5. The increase in Maine was only 9. In the three States, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, there was a large decrease in enrollment, amounting in New Hampshire to over ten per cent. In the North Atlantic division the increase in population was 16.5 per cent.; in the South Atlantic division, 26.7; in the South Central, 36.8; in the North Central, 32; and in the Western, 72.1. The expenditures during the same year were \$111,715,707, an increase in ten years of \$32,530,198, being an average of 41.1 per cent.

COMMISSIONER DAWSON of the Bureau of Education, as stated by the *Independent*, gives a total of 2,222,611 colored children of school age in seventeen States, including the District of Columbia. Of this number 1,118,556 are enrolled in the public schools. There are, besides, 3,924 colored students in the normal schools and 637 in collegiate institutions. In schools of Science there are 840; in schools of Theology, 922; in Law, 81; in Academic, 165. The grand total in public and other schools is 1,131,904. The total school population of the State of Alabama is 485,551. Of this number 212,821 are colored children. The total enrollment for the year 1886-'87 was 251,700. Of these 153,304 were white children and 98,396 were colored. The average daily attendance in the white schools was 93,723; in the colored schools, 63,995. This is a very favorable showing for the colored children when it is remembered that there are nearly twice as many schools for the white children as for the black children. More than one-third of Alabama's population are illiterate.

BERLIN, which outstripped Leipzig in numbers three years ago has now 5,790 matriculated students and 1,895 entitled to hear lectures, making a grand total of 7,685. It is rapidly becoming the most cosmopolitan university on the globe. Not only are all the non-German states of Europe represented by 405 students, but there are also 213 from the other conti-

nents. Of these 171 are Americans, 39 are from Asia, 2 from Australia and 1 from Africa. It is significant that the theological faculty, which in 1875 had only 137 students, now has 840. There has indeed been a great increase in the number of theological students throughout Germany during the last five years, but nothing in proportion to the increase in Berlin. Göttingen in 1876 had only 77 theological students; now it has 246 out of a total attendance of 934. This is an exceedingly high percentage and emphasizes the fact that the younger generation of theologians is being educated to a great extent under the influence of the "new theology" of Germany. At Bonn, where there had been scarcely a dozen Catholic theologians, there are now 113, the sudden rise being due to the fact that Prussia no longer maintains at Bonn only an old Catholic faculty, but has lately appointed a number of teachers acceptable to the Roman Catholic authorities. Tübingen has enjoyed a more than ordinary growth, having increased its attendance in the last ten years about seventy-five per cent. It now numbers 1,228 students and is one of the most solid universities in Germany. The increase in the number of Americans shows that they, even more than other nations, study German methods and manner of higher education. There are now over 400 from the United States at these schools, principally at Berlin, Leipzig, Göttingen, Munich, Heidelberg, Tübingen and Strassburg.—*Ex.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are soon to publish an edition of Mr. Lowell's complete works.

A CONNECTICUT minister received a bushel of potatoes for a marriage fee and ever since he goes about the household soliloquizing: Tuber or not tuber? that is the question.

"CAN you tie a true lovers' knot, my dear?" inquired Henry. "No," replied Minta, hiding her blushes with her fan, "but our clergyman can do it very nicely." —*Harper's Bazar*.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York, have just issued a bound volume of "The Missionary Review of the World" for 1888, which is the most important contribution of the past year to the literature of missions.

MISS MARGARET LEE has succeeded in attracting Mr. Gladstone's attention, which means a great deal for a young author of to-day struggling for an audience. Miss Lee is the author of the novel, "Faithful or Unfaithful."

MR. J. H. GILLESPIE, the author of "Elsinore and Other Poems," a sketch of whose life appeared in the January number of this magazine, died of consumption at his home near Warsaw, N. C., February 27, 1889.

Publishers' Weekly recorded 4,631 books in 1888. This is 194 more than was recorded during the preceding year and 45

less than the year 1886, the heaviest year in book production in the experience of the companies.

THE female members of the royal family of Belgium seem to be quite industrious. The Queen herself has just started a monthly magazine with the title, *La Jeune Fille*. She writes about household affairs and theatrical matters; her youngest daughter, Clementine, writes on art and literature; and her daughter Stephanie, Crown Princess of Austria, makes the pictures. Carmen Sylva will write the poems.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY has been put upon the stage and is one of the most famous plays of the season in New York. Its production in this country and in England nets Mrs. Burnett about \$1,500 a week, and her income last year was \$50,000. The talented author of this and several other works was born in Manchester, England, in 1849, and is now one of the leaders of American society in Washington.

"THE CROSS, ANCIENT AND MODERN," by Wilson W. Blake, is fully illustrated and gives the use of the Cross by all nations of the earth previous to Christianity. The symbol is found among the early Aryans, the later Hindu sects, the Druids, the Aztecs of Mexico and the mound-builders of the United States. Its use in heraldry is shown. The book is neces-

sarily small, though interesting, and so far as we know, very complete.

M. RENAN has completed his second volume of the "History of the People of Israel," and will write one more volume. He has traced the transformation of the national God of the Jews to the Universal God, the Maker of Heaven and Earth. In the third volume he purposes to show "how the organization of the Jewish religion was completed 450 years before Christ and then became an abridgement of all the religious work of the world."

HERMAN GRIM, in his life of Raphael, lately translated by Sarah Holland Adams, gives the principle upon which he has constructed this biography in one sentence: "Raphael has developed in four centuries into one of the mighty beings whose length of life is now counted by centuries. Perhaps mankind will yet some day lose all interest in the personal experiences of Goethe and Michael Angelo and occupy themselves with only their best works. The essential influence of such men on humanity must sooner or later become the sole measure of their genius."

MR. JOHN MACINTOSH, author of "The History of Civilization in Scotland," will write the volume, "Scotland" in the *Story of the Nations* series. Mr. Macintosh, in some respects, seems to be a remarkable man. He worked on the farm in his early years and was subsequently apprenticed to shoemaking, which he followed for fifteen years. Later he opened a stationery shop in Aberdeen and, he says, "there on the shop counter, amid all the noise and bustle of a striving thoroughfare, the three volumes of my history were written and the proof-sheets corrected and revised. All

being done while customers were coming in and going out and constantly interrupting me."

Death 'tis to part;
'Tis threefold death
To part, not hoping
Ever to meet again.

—GOETHE.

"LASTCHANCE JUNCTION," by Sally Pratt McLean, is a novel of the "far, far West." Lastchance Junction is a home of refugees who have fled from the Eastern States to escape justice. The men and women are guilty of various crimes, being robbers, forgers and murderers, yet they possess some good qualities. The hero, "Gordon Ferris," has fled to this place on account of some desperate act in his Eastern home. He is a handsome fellow, of good family and a brave and reckless rider. He joins a "Wild West" show and, as its most brilliant star, wins the heart of Lucie Dorne, a beautiful, educated woman, who runs away with him and becomes his wife. Her life is, as might be expected, a most miserable one, clouded by the crimes and brutality of her husband.

ONE of the latest translations from the Russian is the Tolstoi's "Family Happiness," by Nathan Haskell. The heroine is a romantic girl of seventeen who is left with a governess and young sister in a dreary, deserted Russian country house. She becomes very despondent and sinks into unnatural apathy, from which she is aroused by her guardian, a man twice her own age. He awakens in her a desire to be and to do, that she may fulfill his ideal of girlhood. They marry, as might be expected. There are fewer exciting incidents in this work than in some of Tolstoi's others, though it is a study of a strong, fully matured man's love and the

incoherent, indefinite longings, emotions, doubts and disappointments of a young girl's first love, and is considered one of his best works.

"THE APOSTALE," lately translated from the French by Elizabeth Phipps Train, is a very interesting and exciting novel by Ernest Daudet. A monk by the name of Père Auregan is the "Apostale." He becomes very famous for his brilliant oratorical powers and receives a call to preach before the French Emperor and Empress. At Paris a woman of high rank makes a confession to him and gives a detailed account of her connection with a murder for which another woman is being tried. This news, in connection with the rare beauty of the woman, causes Auregan to lose all self-control. He forgets all his heavenly vows and falls deeply into earthly love. He leaves the monastery, gives himself up to every excess and makes a rapid and frightful downward course. The two women, the one accused of murder and the one who committed it, play a wonderful part all through his wild life. His remorse and final restoration to the priesthood are graphically depicted.

MR. PERCIVAL LOWELL, after a residence of several years in Eastern Asia, Japan and Corea, gives "The Soul of the Far East." From this volume we judge that the prospects of the Far East are not the most hopeful. In his philosophical reflections upon the art, language, imagination of this people, as well as their intellectual and religious history, he concludes that their course is run. They are imitators, not originators; they have been importers not of merchandise, but of ideas. They are perfectly willing to adopt Western ideas rather than originate any of their own. We hope that Mr. Lowell has

received wrong impressions, for he concludes by saying: "Unless the newly imported ideas from the West really take root it is from this whole world that Japanese, Koreans, as well as Chinese, will inevitably be excluded. Their Nirvana is already being realized; already it has wrapped Far Eastern Asia in its winding sheet, the shroud of those whose day was but a dawn, as if in prophetic keeping the names they gave their homes—the Land of the Day's beginning and the Land of the Morning Colin."

TOLSTOI, in his "What To Do," discusses poetry and wealth. He thinks that God has furnished an abundance of raw material for the food and clothing of all his creatures. And since some are enervated by the indulgence of wealth and luxury, while others are being ground to powder beneath the galling yoke of poverty and want, there must be something wrong somewhere. Tolstoi has tried to solve the problem and signally failed. He has gone among the lowest and tried by indiscriminate giving to relieve their wants and investigated individual cases, but finds all alike unsatisfactory. We think that neither Tolstoi nor any other man will ever solve this problem, so long as the Creator makes men of such different degrees of intellect, foresight and supervision as He does in the age of the 19th century. According to the words of Christ himself while on earth the poor will ever be here. He thinks the relations between men are wrong and must be radically changed. Many truths are contained in the book, one like the following for instance: "True life is found in labor—bodily, mental and moral labor all united in one struggle with nature, the struggle for existence, in which every man must lend to his neighbor."

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

—One of the cherished and happy results of the recent Anniversary was the stately presence of so large a number of Wake Forest's noble sons, whose coming always makes us glad. Who is there so stupid or hermetic as not to feel revived and begotten with fresh zeal and courage, and attuned to a more harmonious blending of all his powers towards the acquisition of knowledge, after a hearty hand-shake and a few fresh reminiscences from such men as the Drs., Profs., Revs., Hons., Messrs., &c.? Sometimes the over-worked student, by a tedious train of reverie, manages to work himself up to the conclusion that college life is rather dull and monotonous at times, but he never feels so just after a visit from his elder brethren, who have been for several years—perhaps many years—initiated into the circle of active life. But at the same time he is often made to feel never so unprepared for and afraid of what awaits him just beyond his exit. Hence, with great reluctance does he welcome the inevitable weaning day. As a score of lads sitting aghast at the feet of an old veteran listen to his stories of bivouac and battle, so do we, with mouths ajar, recline in the presence of our worthy *alumni* veterans while they tell us of what awaits us beyond the college campus. And well may we heed, for many of them have wrought long and well, and have thereby been rendered capable of giving good

counsel. Come again, old comrades, with your sunny smiles, and shine away the “blues” from our every face. Your *alma mater* and her younger sons will gladly greet you.

—J. F. Spainhour, Esq., of Boone, Watauga county, is “persecuting” the guilty, and defending the innocent. Woe be unto the guilty! We pity them—and the innocent, too, if Spainhour is on the other side. He is also devoting a portion of his time to journalism. He is editor of the *Wataugu Democrat*.

—Rev. F. H. Paston, of Hyman, S. C., has recently been elected one of the Commissioners of Education in the newly-formed county of Florence. The office pays a stated salary of \$700 per annum. He is also pastor of three churches, which pay a salary of \$700, making the handsome sum of \$1,400 per year.

—'52. Hon. Benj. J. Lea, Speaker of the Tennessee State Senate, was born in Caswell county, N. C., 1833; graduated at Wake Forest College in 1852, and moved at once to Haywood county, Tenn. In 1859 he was sent to the General Assembly; was an officer in the fifty-second Tennessee Regiment in the war. After the war he was appointed Attorney-General of the State, which office he filled intelligently and acceptably for eight years, since which time he has settled down to farming, and one and one-half

miles from Brownsville he has one of the most beautiful farms of 130 acres to be found in the country. He is so popular with all parties that he was the unanimous choice of both parties for the office he now holds—a thing unheard of before in Tennessee politics.—*The Progressive Farmer* of Feb. 12th.

—'69. Hon. John C. Scarborough, of Johnston county, has been appointed by the Governor to the position of Commissioner of Labor Statistics. It comes to him unsought, like honors and places of trust generally come to great men. Mr. Scarborough was Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina from 1876 to 1884. He has done a great work for the public schools of North Carolina.

—'85. Profs. J. W. and J. J. Hendren have charge of a flourishing school at Cedar Run, Alexander county. They have been teaching at this place ever since the fall of '85, with an average attendance of not less than 100 students each term. They have just completed a large and commodious academy. The present term has an enrollment of 120. The scholarship and pure piety of these gentlemen will always secure for them a large patronage.

—'85. Mr. J. M. Lucas, of Parnassus, S. C., is a constant reader of the STUDENT, and the pretty part about it is he always pays his subscription promptly. In remitting his subscription recently he kindly sent his best regards to several members of the Faculty and some of his student friends. We are glad to hear from you, Brother Lucas. Success to you.

—'86. Rev. J. W. Watson is principal of Fair View Academy in Chatham county, N. C.

—'87. Rev. W. F. Watson is pastor of the church at Kernersville, N. C. He is also preaching to one or two other churches.

—'87. One of the most brilliant events in the society circles of Fayetteville this season was the marriage of Mr. T. Edgar Cheek, of Durham, to Miss Mamie Garason, of this city, in the Presbyterian church here Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. The church was artistically decorated with mistletoe and other evergreens, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, under arch "bedecked with flowers of rarest hue," from which was suspended a horseshoe made of beautiful white roses, typical of the occasion. At the appointed hour, 8 o'clock, the "wedding march" was most beautifully rendered by Mrs. W. A. Robeson on the organ, assisted by Mr. Will S. Sheetz on the cornet, when the ushers, Messrs. C. L. Campbell, R. H. Rigsbee, C. Cheek and Geo. C. Thompson, marched to the altar and took their respective stands, followed by the "flower girls," little Misses Mary Fuller Robeson and Lilly Slocumb. Next came the groom with his best man, Mr. L. G. Cole, and the bride with Miss Emma Belle Williams. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a goodly number of our people who gathered thither to witness the happy event, and bear testimony to the high esteem in which the newly made man and wife are held by the affections of many loving hearts of this city.—*Durham Daily Sun*.

—'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten is pastor of several churches in Sampson and Pender counties. His success is very marked. The boys from that section tell us he is

quite popular both as preacher and pastor. He has received several calls to other churches, but prefers to let well enough alone. Frank, come to see us at Commencement!

—'88. Rev. J. W. Lynch has left the Seminary on account of his health, and accepted a call to the church in Danville, Ky. This is the second strongest Baptist church in the State outside of Louisville. Dr. McDonnald, of Atlanta, Ga., is one of its former pastors. Mr. Lynch's many friends at Wake Forest were glad to see him present at the Anniversary. His church granted him a vacation of six weeks before entering upon his work, but his salary began at once.

—'88. A correspondent from Mt. Gilead in the *Montgomery Vidette* of February 19th, says: "Prof. Frank Hendren opened a school here this week. He is a graduate of Wake Forest, and a very fine scholar, worthy of the patronage of all who appreciate an accomplished teacher." We congratulate the people of Mt. Gilead on securing the services of Prof. Hendren. Good luck to you, Frank.

—'88. Mr. G. C. Thompson is devoting himself to the study of general history, and proposes to prosecute his studies at some length along this line. He is also teaching school near Wake Forest. He attended the marriage of his special friend, Mr. T. Edgar Cheek, at Fayetteville, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

FOOT-BALL!

In Memoriam!!

SNOW-BALL was the fashion the last week in February.

· REV. J. W. LYNCH, of Danville, Ky., paid the Hill a flying trip Anniversary.

HERE are Commencement Marshals: Eu., J. H. Nowell, W. O. Riddick, L. S. Cannon; Phi., J. A. McDaniel, W. A. Devin, M. P. Hoffman.

REV. G. P. BOSTICK, of Durham, who will sail in May as missionary to China, lectured here Thursday night, February 21, on the reasons why he decided to become a missionary.

MISSSES MATTIE HECK, Corrie Harrison and Caddie Litchford, of Raleigh, Miss Annie Powell, of Oxford, and Miss Celeste Smith, of Johnston county, stayed over Sunday after Anniversary, much to the delight of many students.

REV. DR. J. W. CARTER, of Raleigh, has been elected to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon next Commencement. Dr. Carter is considered one of the ablest Baptist preachers in the South, and we promise our friends an intellectual treat at that time.

THE present Senior class, numbering 28, is the largest in the history of the College. Davis, Fleming, Carr, Dowd, Huf-

ham, Merritt, Shaw and Wells will study law; Rickman, Betts, Bridges, Merrell, Swaim, Thompson and Watkins will preach; Hunter, Simmons, Harrill, Middleton and Tucker are going to teach; journalism comes next with two followers, Bailey and Royall; and medicine two, Early and Sprinkle, while Upchurch, Watson, Yates and Foushee are undecided.

DR. G. W. MANLY lectured Tuesday night, February 12. Subject, "*Student Life in Germany.*" As was expected, he gave his hearers a rare treat. They were kept in continual laughter by his inimitable mimicry of the German professors, astounded at the vast amount of information imparted in so short a time, and charmed by the rythm of his voice. We would attempt a synopsis, but hope he may be induced to allow it to be put in the STUDENT, and we could not possibly do him justice, and at the same time would be anticipating our readers in the pleasure they will enjoy in reading it.

DR. THOMAS HUME, JR., of the University, lectured before the Y. M. C. A. Monday night, March 4th. We had all been desirous for some time of hearing this gifted lecturer, and it is needless to add for those who have ever had the pleasure of hearing him that our high expectations were more than realized. After a few pleasant introductory remarks he addressed himself to the consideration of the relation of the Y. M. C. A. to the Christian Church. Said it does not belittle doctrine, does not antagonize Christian work as some suppose. It is intended to give a sphere for the young man to get training for the more important and higher sphere of the Church. It brings

together men of different denominations, and cultivates Christian love and tolerance. Said there were three kinds of help to the young man, companionship with men, with God, and with books. After speaking of the first two he spoke more particularly of the last. Then showing what a powerful influence the imagination exerted, he said it ought to be better cultivated by reading pure books. Recommended for Sunday reading such poems as "In Memoriam," "The Holy Grail" and Milton's "Comus." Many novels come under this head. Dr. Phelps's "Still Hour," Keble's "Christian Year," St. Augustine's "Confessions" and such biographies as the lives of J. B. Taylor and Adoniram Judson were also recommended. But above all the Bible should be read and studied, and studied not in detached verses, but as a collection of books. Dr. Hume is a chaste, elegant and polished speaker, and never fails to delight his audience. He had prepared a more formal literary address, but owing to the recent death of Dr. Simmons did not deliver it. In behalf of the Y. M. C. A., students, citizens and Faculty we extend to him an earnest invitation to visit us again at his earliest convenience and deliver his first lecture.

MARCH 3D was a day of sadness on the Hill. The Angel of Death had been in our midst and Prof. W. G. Simmons, A. M., LL. D., was no more. He had been in failing health for some months, but up to a few days before his death no one suspected that the end was so near. For more than thirty years he was a professor of this College, filling different chairs as the exigencies of the institution demanded. He came to the College when

it was just emerging from its struggle for existence. During the dark and gloomy days of the civil war he did not desert it. He lived to see, and was greatly instrumental in bringing about, its present prosperity. During all these years he missed only thirty days from duty. What a splendid record! Truly it may be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Dr. Wm. Royall, his old friend and colleague before and during the war, conducted the funeral exercises. After singing "Beyond the smiling and the weeping," and prayer by Dr. J. W. Carter, of Raleigh, Dr. Royall said: "The deceased belonged not only to his family, to this community and to the College, but the great Baptist denomination, to the cause of truth, of great enterprises, of education and to the State. Therefore it is fitting that we should have with us to-day representatives from some of these, and that they be allowed to pay a last tribute to his memory.

"Prof. Simmons had early religious impressions, but did not join the church until after he came to college. He was the oldest member of the church here, and served as a connecting link between the past and present. I will not speak of him as a man of learning, though his fame is spread throughout the State. In spite of all his learning he continued an humble Christian. He was not misled by the false lights of science that shone so brilliantly along his path, but held to the old theology with tenacity, and could give a reason for his faith as well as his hope. If he were here to-day and able to express his wish he would say to me, 'Brother Royall, preach a plain gospel sermon; do

not extol me.' Therefore I take this thought: 1 Corinthians, 15:19." Then followed a plain, simple discourse, which fell as sunshine after rain on the recently bereaved. After the sermon feeling and appropriate remarks were made by Dr. T. E. Skinner, Dr. Jno. Mitchell and Dr. W. B. Royall, and the remains were interred in the cemetery.

THE first intercollegiate game of football for the championship of North Carolina came off at Raleigh, Friday, March 1st, between the University and Wake Forest teams. Messrs. Jones and Rhaders, of Trinity, acted as referee and umpire respectively. The game was called at four o'clock. Wake Forest won the toss and the University kicked off. They began by rushing in a solid V. Their rush line was too heavy for ours, and they won twenty-five yards before they were stopped. Our team fought manfully, but they were gradually forced back almost to the goal, when Bragaw succeeded in making a touch-down. Graham missed the goal. Here Dowd brought the ball back without touching it down. The University then got the ball, and Rhem, in a short time, made a touch-down and Graham a goal. After the kick-off our team kept the ball in their opponent's territory for some time, but their heavy rush line again forced them back, until Bragaw made another touch-down, which did not, however, secure a goal. This (14 to 0) was the state of game when time was called for end of first half.

At the beginning of the second half Wake Forest kicked off and kept the ball in the University's territory some time, and it seemed certain that they would

make a touch-down, when a muff gave the ball to the University, who at once carried the ball back into Wake Forest's territory, and our team was forced to make a safety, which counted two points for the University. The remainder of the game was played very near Wake Forest's goal. The University's heavy rush line was almost impenetrable, while they succeeded nearly every time in breaking through and catching our half-backs before they could make any distance. Wake Forest was again forced to make a safety. Bragaw made another touch-down, which secured a goal, and Howell another, but no goal. Here time for end of game was called, when the score stood 33 to 0, in favor of the University.

Our team played a very spirited game considering the heavy odds against them. The University had had better training, was better organized, and showed more skill and acquaintance with the rules, and the result was clearly foreseen after the first few minutes. The teams were:

University: Rushers, Murphy, Fearington, Little, Johnston, Huggins, Blount, Corpening; quarter-back, Rhem; half-backs, Bragaw (captain) and Howell; full-back, Graham; substitute, ———

Wake Forest: Rushers, Devin, Williamson, Richardson, Mitchell, F., Riddick, White, Oliver; quarter-back, Upchurch; half-backs, Dowd (captain) and Merritt, F.; full-back, Royster; substitute, Beekwith.

ANNIVERSARY.

[Reported by W. A. Devin.]

Friday, February 15th, was the day set apart for the celebration of the fifty-fourth Anniversary of our Literary Societies.

As is usual on such occasions the weather was far from good. The day was dark and threatening, and, though it did not rain, it looked as if it would do so on the least provocation. But this did not prevent an unusually large crowd of visitors from assembling to add to and to partake of the joys of the occasion, nor did we observe much despondency or dejectedness.

At 2:30 P. M. a large audience had assembled in Wingate Memorial Hall, and a few minutes later the speakers of the afternoon were ushered in. The President, Mr. H. A. Foushee, of Roxboro, N. C., called the house to order. The minutes of the last Anniversary having been read and approved the Secretary, Mr. T. S. Sprinkle, of Reeds, N. C., read the query: "Are the merits of the present system of free schools in North Carolina sufficient to justify the State in supporting it?"

Mr. W. C. Dowd, of Charlotte, N. C., the first gentleman on the affirmative, began by deploring the ignorance that abounds throughout the State. North Carolina has a glorious record, but a dark cloud of ignorance is overshadowing it. The National and State Governments, almost from the day of their foundation, have recognized the constitutionality of aiding education.

If a State allows its citizens to grow up in ignorance it harbors that which will eventually destroy it. Therefore, in self-defence it must disseminate knowledge; and, as self-defence is the foundation of right, it is right for a State to support public schools.

In 1880 there were only one-twentieth of the children of North Carolina in attendance at private schools; hence public

schools are necessary for the remaining nineteen-twentieths. Great men have united in supporting free schools. North Carolina statesmen have joined hands with the old patriots in favoring our system of public schools, and the fact that it was put in existence by great intellects creates a logical assumption sufficient to sustain it until it has been proven useless. The cause of the great ignorance throughout the State is that the late war left it desolate and impoverished.

The defects of the present system are chargeable to the State and its poverty, and not to the system. There is no reason in abolishing the present free school system because it does not completely banish ignorance. Religion has not uprooted evil, nor has law prevented murder and theft. Hence, it is unreasonable to cry, "Down with the public schools," because they are not perfect.

Mr. M. L. Rickman, of West Mills, N. C., was the first speaker on the negative. He said that the present system of free schools is inferior to other systems, and is therefore unworthy of the support of a patriotic people. A system in which the money goes directly from the people to their own schools and for their own children will create a better public sentiment in favor of it; will be better supported, and better teachers will be employed. The present system conflicts with the academies, making the work of the latter less efficient. The present system requires certain books to be used that are inadequate for training the minds of the children. North Carolina pays \$600,000 to common schools, and yet hardly \$200,000 of this ever reach the children. The present system of normal schools has no

real worth, and, in supporting them, conflicts with the Constitution, which says that there shall be no discrimination in favor of either race, yet the colored normals receive twice as much money and are in session longer than the normals for the whites. A dark cloud is rising in the political and social horizon—the race problem. The negro race is inferior to the Caucasian. The Egyptians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, each in their time the leaders of civilization, after centuries of contact failed to leave a single trace of their civilization on the negro race. The present system of free schools is teaching the negro, at the expense of the white man, to take the advantage of power, while it has done nothing for his morals.

Mr. J. R. Hankins, of Salisbury, N. C., the second gentleman of the affirmative, said that the object of government was for the general welfare. The public schools of North Carolina have promoted the general welfare. The true and real development of our State demands that our masses be educated. The records show that eighty per cent. more of the children of North Carolina are attending public schools under the present system than did before it was instituted. Growing out of this fact the point is pertinent that our public school system has resulted in making life and property safer and government surer.

The only thing that can be urged against our system is its inefficiency. But this can be proven to be on account of the poverty and demolition which resulted from the war. The poverty of a system of public schools is no more reason for cutting its head off than the poverty of

a man for swinging him on the gallows.

Mr. J. E. White, of Apex, N. C., was the second speaker on the negative. He began by saying that if the present free school system was carrying out the true idea of education the State ought to support; but, as it failed in this, failed to give the kind of education needed by the masses, the merits of the system were not sufficient to justify the State in keeping it. It does not comprehend the true idea of education in that it does not fit girls and boys for that which they must do. No attempt is made to train the heart, the main-spring of all action. The great majority must labor with their hands, must earn their bread by manual labor. Therefore any system which does not take into consideration the training of the hand fails to comprehend the needs of the masses and hence does not deserve the support of the State. The present system does not do this with regard to the masses.

The vital point in any system is the choice of teachers. With young minds the teacher is the source of knowledge. And as in nature if the source of a stream be muddy the stream will be muddy. It is a well-known fact that any man who has a smattering of arithmetic and Reed & Kellogg's grammar can get a certificate to teach school, and it is the fault of the system that wastes its money on incompetent teachers. Under the present system we are compelled to take the money which would be devoted to the education of the future rulers of the State and devote it to the negro who ungratefully receives it. It taxes the many for the benefit of the few in giving \$20,000 to the "State College," spending as much

on two hundred boys as it does on twenty-five thousand boys and girls in the common schools.

After the question had been discussed in an able and interesting manner it was decided in the negative by a vote of 158 to 31.

At 5:30 the excursion train which had been chartered by the two Societies arrived from Raleigh, bringing a crowd of distinguished visitors, among whom were Governor Daniel G. Fowle, Hon. George W. Sanderlin, State Auditor, and about sixty-five members of the Legislature, who had been especially invited by the Faculty.

At 7 o'clock the crowd again assembled in the hall to hear the two orators from the Societies, and in spite of the threatening aspect of the clouds the hall was filled to overflowing.

Mr. J. O. Atkinson, the Chief Marshal of the Philomathesian Society, first introduced Mr. F. L. Merritt, of Morrisville, N. C., the Philomathesian orator, whose subject was "*Our Civilization—Its Destiny.*"

After Mr. Merritt's oration Mr. D. A. Davis, of Yadkin, N. C., who had been elected to represent the Euzelian Society, was introduced by Mr. J. A. Hollomon, Chief Marshal of the Euzelian Society, subject, "*The Land We Love.*" We will attempt no synopsis of these orations, as they will be published in the STUDENT.

After Mr. Davis had taken his seat Governor Fowle, in response to the enthusiastic calls of the audience, mounted the stand and spoke for a few minutes in that style that has won for him the title of the "Silver-tongued orator." After the Governor had vacated the rostrum the audi-

ence loudly called for Sanderlin, who, in response, gave us several of his choice jokes that kept the house in roars of laughter.

Mr. J. O. Atkinson now came forward, and, in a few words, thanked the audience for their presence and attention, and invited them to the social gathering in the Literary Halls.

And now comes the most interesting feature of our Anniversaries, at least to the boys, for then, instead of paying attention to long speeches, each fellow can find his girl and listen to soft words that he will long remember. All seemed to

enjoy themselves, while every corner held some smiling pair. The Marshals were flitting to and fro, enjoying the occasion to the utmost, and trying to make others have a good time. But this could not last always, and the time came all too soon for the young ladies to go, and soon the halls were silent, dark and deserted, and Anniversary was over.

It was pronounced by the young ladies to be one of the pleasantest occasions ever spent at Wake Forest. Please show your appreciation of Anniversary by coming to Commencement.

Exit the fifty-fourth Anniversary.

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
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THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FATHERS.*

Ladies and Gentlemen:

On one occasion during the late civil war General Joseph E. Johnston, in company with his staff, rode out early one morning to a conspicuous height, commanding a broad sweep of country, for the purpose of making some observations with regard to the movements of the enemy. When they reached the summit and the General's eyes scanned the rolling landscapes, all fresh with the morning dew and fragrant with the dying roses of autumn, he was so enchanted by the loveliness of the scene that he exclaimed, "I count it a privilege to die for a land like this."

General Johnston, in that patriotic exclamation, voiced the sentiments of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. From the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande they

came like lambs to the slaughter, and fell as heroes on Virginia's plains. It is difficult for us to-day to understand and appreciate the force of that sentiment which impelled our fathers to so great sacrifices. We live in another era; we have become adapted to new institutions; our hopes are intertwined with the new Southern civilization. But let me say to the few veterans of '65 who remain, and into whose faces I have the honor of looking this evening, that it is to be hoped your sons have inherited from you the same loyalty to the Constitution and the same love of country which you displayed in the dark days of the sixties. We of the New South had our births amidst the cloud that rolled back from Appomattox. The first objects which met our young eyes were the gloom, the carnage, the wrecks, the ruins, the poverty of the fallen Confederacy. The very first lessons which we remember to

*Oration delivered in Wingate Memorial Hall, February 15, 1889, on the Anniversary celebration of the two Literary Societies.

have learned were received from a father's lips who told to his infant son the tale of the lost cause, explaining to his young understanding the righteousness of the one side and the iniquity of the other. These early impressions cannot easily be forgotten, however much our circumstances may be changed.

I propose to discuss to-night the spirit and intent of our Constitution and government, and the issues, which are now claiming and will continue to claim the attention of American citizens, as they appear to one reared in the circumstances which I have described. And in saying what I shall say I believe that I express the sentiment of the great brotherhood of young citizens south of Mason and Dixon's line; but, in view of the immensity of the theme, I am overwhelmed with the consciousness of inability to do it justice. Nor shall I undertake so onerous a task. I can only hope to pick up a few stones along the shore of the great sea of thought which spreads before me. But if from anything which may be said we are led to a closer study of, and a greater reverence for, that wonderful instrument, the Constitution of these States united, my most sanguine expectations will be more than realized.

To-day, when trusts, monopolies, combinations, sectionalism and party strife have all but hid that instrument under their rubbish; when patriotism seems to have been swallowed up by materialism and selfishness, is it not well for those who are interested in the welfare of their country to ask themselves the question, What is the Constitution?

Judging from the acts of modern legislators, and the sentiments entertained by

a large class of our fellow-citizens, there seems to have gotten abroad an idea that the framers of the Constitution, as well as those who ratified the same and established the Union through conventions called by the several States, were either weak-kneed patriots or great fools; and that it has been left for political bigots of modern times to discover the kind of government which we ought to have, and to re-construct and re-mold the old one into a more comely form. There are those who have from time to time essayed with "mailed hand" to snatch down the Constitution from the sacred niche in which it was placed by the framers and trample it ruthlessly under their unhallowed feet.

But it is a gratifying thought that there are many who still hold that the patriots of '76 were great, good and wise; that their sagacity and foresight were almost prophetic; that the workmanship of their hands was wonderful for its near approach to perfection; that the Constitution of 1787 was a great, inspired instrument which had its birth out of the collected wisdom of the ages, bearing the impress of the finger of God.

That we may more fully understand the nature of our government, and that justice may be done to both these elements in American politics, it may be well to scan the circumstances in which our Constitution originated and compare it with the origin and growth of the Constitutions of other nations.

Perhaps nothing is more generally true than that the destiny of a nation is shaped and largely determined by the circumstances in which it originates.

If the early condition of a people be unpropitious the nation must ever strug-

gle over obstacles in the course of its advancement, and may, for the same cause, be forever debarred from reaching what, under other conditions, its common intelligence and national spirit would justify. But, on the other hand, if a government originates in the kindest conditions which nature can vouchsafe, instead of its origin being a continual obstacle it becomes a safeguard against retrogression — itself being the ideal goal of national greatness and the nucleus of the entire political system. Herein may be drawn the marked difference between our government and the only two others, which have preceded it, of a character worthy to be called constitutional.

The Constitution of the republic of Rome was formed through successive stages, not reaching completeness till many centuries after the expulsion of the kings. Changing by degrees from an aristocratical form to a democratical, it became ultimately the most popular, and in many respects the strongest government which has ever existed. But the barbaric royalty which had lurked about the cradle of the nation, and which, through all the succeeding years, stained the streams of her progress, was destined to shroud her pompous grave.

The Constitution of Great Britain is marked by a similar evolution. It originated out of the peculiar relations existing between Normans and Saxons, consequent upon the system of feudal tenures instituted by William the Conqueror. Through the long period succeeding it has struggled with untiring effort to lay aside the mortal coil of feudalism. As a result of this struggle the Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, followed by the estab-

lishment of the House of Parliament, through which the descendants of the subjugated Saxons have a mighty voice, have been secured. But the royal family, the House of Lords, and a privileged nobility still hang like mill-stones about the neck of the English nation as mementoes of the false chivalry of the tenth century.

Unlike the Roman code and the English common law, the American Constitution did not evolve out of barbarism or monarchy, but sprang into existence full grown from the bosom of nature and wisdom; like the fabled Wattawamat,

“Who was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak tree riven
by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound with all his weapons
about him,
Shouting, ‘Who is here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?’”

Here in America was accomplished within a decade what, in Rome and Great Britain, required more than eight centuries. An astonishing phenomenon! And when it is considered how superior our Constitution was to all others, and how free from the inherited defects so apparent in others, we are utterly amazed. Since this fact stares us in the face, it may be interesting and profitable to inquire what forces so powerful could produce results so wonderful.

The sturdy manhood which had displayed itself in wrestling with the wilds of forest life, the inborn love of liberty of conscience and action pervading the whole community, the intelligent religious spirit which looked up to and relied upon the Great Invisible, present a bold contrast to the conditions of all other people at the time when they first formed themselves into organized governments. A structure built upon such a sturdy

foundation could not but be marked by wisdom and durability. But perhaps the greatest of all forces which determined the peculiar character of the General Government is to be found in the condition of the colonies themselves just after their independence had been secured. The spectacle presented was that of thirteen colonies, each being endowed with perfect sovereignty and all the attributes of independent States. The question before the Constitutional Convention was how the sovereignty of the States could be maintained and at the same time a general government be established which likewise should be independent and self-sustaining, for those proud States would never consent to part with that sovereignty which had been bought at so great a sacrifice. Therefore it was unnecessary for the Convention to shape a government according to some preconceived theory, but what was necessary, and the thing they did, was to know the situation and adapt the Constitution to that situation. Now let us see how admirably their work was accomplished.

The sovereignty of the States was not sacrificed; but the States, in their sovereign capacity, had the power to create another sovereign in the capacity of a General Government, which could not be master over its creators, but existed co-ordinate with them. It was this system of co-ordinate governments, each moving independently in its own sphere, and all held together by mutual attraction like the great planetary system, that the Constitution of 1787 carefully secured. From the Congress to the town council, each and every repository of power had its bounds definitely marked out; and the

Congress could no more interfere with the constitutional action of a State Legislature or a city council than could a State Legislature or a Board of Aldermen interfere with and obstruct the action of Congress. And when the Constitution came from the hands of its framers no feature in it was more prominent than the fact that it had been the purpose of the Convention to establish perfect equilibrium between all sections and interests. In fact, to have given one section an advantage over the others would have been to nullify the happy results of the war for Independence. Accordingly the Convention not only established equilibrium between the different sections but made all provisions in its power to preserve that equilibrium throughout time. The General Government was endowed only with certain specified powers, solely connected with the foreign affairs of the nation and the external relations of the States, in the strictly constitutional exercise of which no advantage could be given to one section or interest not at the same time vouchsafed to every other. And this, in a nut-shell, was the character of the Constitution when it was ratified and the government established. It was a complete system. Once in the history of the world had a government been established with its powers limited to their proper sphere; once in the history of the world had perfect local self-government with its benign blessings been attained; once in the history of the world had a government been born of Truth and Wisdom.

Having now shown that our Constitution originated in the kindest conditions possible, and that it was thoroughly adapted to the situation and needs of the

States and people, it is clear that the duty of patriots was to strive to preserve that instrument as it was when the government was established, to resist innovations, to meet like brave men all assaults made against it either to pervert, infringe upon, or in any way to violate the same. But others calling themselves patriots have found it in their hearts to violate that instrument by using it as a means for their own emolument. I hope no one will become offended if I, in expressing my honest convictions, point out the *roles* played by the two elements in American politics, showing what relation each has sustained to the Constitution.

In the Convention which framed the Constitution there was an element, though small, which sought to blot out all State lines, obliterate the traditions of the colonial period, and establish a national government closely related to the English monarchy. Though their plan failed utterly in the Convention, the infant hostility to our federal system there displayed, gathering strength with years, grew to be a great giant, and finally triumphed by making a breach in the Constitution and changing the character of the government. It is for us to see how this deplorable feat was accomplished.

His Satanic Majesty, you know, was a very important personage even before the world was. And he was rather opposed to the creation of the world. But it was simply intolerable to him that a Garden of Eden should be established in which Adam and Eve could live in purity and peace; so he strode out from the pandemonium of the black world with all the pomp of a victorious monarch; and under his heavy heels the parched land did

shake. He burst asunder the iron gates which locked him within, and was gone flying over the nebulous mass of the incipient world to the Garden of Eden for the purpose of persuading the unwary Eve to bite that big red apple. I have often thought that His Majesty has been too severely criticised for that act, for he was undoubtedly instigated by a patriotic impulse. You see he was serving his country like a large number of persons at present who *candidly* (?) believe their own interests are the interests of their much beloved country, hence they go to the Eden of the republic, and, with malicious deceit, seek to pollute and debase the star eyed Eve of Reform.

But I discover I am digressing. We were to show how the enemies of the Constitution, having failed in their purpose to establish a national government, finally, by increasing their forces, succeeded in perverting the government which was established. Like his Satanic Majesty, they could not endure the thought that here in America should be established a federal republic of independent States in which every section and interest was on an equality. This peaceful Eden of social happiness was loathsome to their avaricious souls. The very idea that other men would be on an equality with them—noble gentlemen!

Accordingly, since they had failed to prevent the establishment of the Eden, like His Majesty, to whom we have referred, they began a systematic assault upon the Constitution—the fair Eve of the republic. And how ingeniously they did proceed! They would first assure the public that the eighteen powers specifically delegated to the general government were

not at all the sum total of powers delegated, but that a vast number of other powers were "implied" and essentially delegated; though the words of the instrument itself declare that "all powers not herein delegated are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." And since the power was granted to Congress "to promote the general welfare," they were satisfied that, in order to promote the general welfare, the Congress ought to act on the implied powers, itself being the judge of what and how many they were, and institute a broad system of paternal legislation. Besides, they expatiated on the "necessity" of the procedure. With tears in their eyes, they would lament over the sad condition of our rivers and harbors. And, then, we were sorely in need of manufactures, and the infants needed protection. So a very strong case was made out, and proselytes brought over until, having gotten together a sufficient following, the raid against the Constitution was begun by class legislation, favoring the one at the expense of the other. Now, the ablest jurists of the land have declared that a tax purely, to protect certain industries is a base system of robbery, without warrant in the Constitution. Nevertheless this system was begun many years ago, advocated and supported by a certain element in American politics, not, however, getting a firm hold on the nation till within the last quarter of a century. Viewed in the light of the Constitution, can such men be called patriots?

But there is another phase of this protracted siege which I cannot pass by unnoticed. Very early in our history these same enemies opened their batteries

against the Constitution under the pretense of prohibiting the extension of an institution which unfortunately had been introduced into our social fabric, but over which neither Congress nor any department of the General Government had the least control. They kept the nation convulsed and the Congress in a state of continual agitation by seeking to extend the powers of the government over that which was and ought to have been wholly without the sphere of its action.

Now, not a word of condemnation have I for those conscientious souls who believed that slavery was morally wrong, and who strove, by moral and constitutional methods, to have it washed from the nation's escutcheon. For such I have only words of the highest praise. For their efforts, let them wear a crown of unfading glory, and let their memories be embalmed in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen. But for those who took advantage of this rising moral sentiment to make an assault on the Constitution, who sought to press Congress into unconstitutional legislation with regard to slavery in order to destroy the States and institute a great centralized government, for such I have no words in my vocabulary too severe. They were wicked traitors seeking to destroy the government of our fathers. And so numerous were they at times that had it not been for the strong conservative element which, from the formation of the government to 1860, held these hostile factions at bay, their desperate work would long before have been accomplished. But the conservative element was alive and active, and rolled back the oncoming tide with Herculean strength. Every dart was returned with

the skill of an expert marksman. They stood on the bridge over the Tiber and defended the city of the gods. They watched by day and by night on the ramparts of the Constitution. Victory crowned their efforts for seventy years, and, when in 1850 the enemy had been completely routed and the strict constructionists held absolute control, the majesty of the Constitution was everywhere proclaimed, the dreams of the heroes of '76 were about to be realized. And during that long period, in consequence of the Constitution with its limitations being sacredly observed, there was no accumulation of abnormal wealth, but the whole people were prosperous and industry progressive. There were no distinct lines drawn between labor and capital, but the great mass of citizens were alike laborers and capitalists. Each industry was protected solely by the skill and ingenuity of its devotees. Manufactures, agriculture, commerce and all other industries stood side by side as friendly brothers. Truly it was a happy condition of affairs, but destined to a short duration. The time had come when the Constitution had to succumb to the severe ordeal of a fiery furnace. Whether it would survive the struggle and come out unscathed was a question of the profoundest solicitude to the conservative element in politics. It was not so much to them that the territory of the United States should remain unbroken as that the immortal principles of the Constitution should be maintained in their purity. But the opposing elements looked with a degree of complacency to the oncoming crisis. They hoped to take advantage of it to re-instate themselves at the Federal capital and prosecute

their desperate work against the Constitution. The fatal hour came. The Constitution hung trembling in the balance. That which for more than half a century had been fought with stern logic and subtle reasoning on the arena of debate was now submitted for a final decision to the cruel arbitrament of war.

"As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on, * * *
Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capital;
The voice of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan."

After a great conflagration men are apt to walk over the scene of its ravages and calmly estimate the losses and lay plans for their repair. Let us do likewise in regard to the great conflagration of '61-'65. It does not concern us to-day to waste time discussing the causes of the war, or in seeking to know who were right and who were wrong. These subjects are dead. It is sufficient for us to know that the war was inevitable, brought on by the force of circumstances. But it does behoove every American citizen to calmly and dispassionately weigh the results of the war on our government, and if severe wounds were inflicted on the freedom of our institutions, how can they be healed. To these momentous questions let us turn our thoughts for a few moments.

The Southern States have borne the calumny of seeking to destroy the Union, while those who fought under the Stars and Stripes have won the honor of having preserved the Union. But the facts in the case prove conclusively that just as true as the seceding States sought to break the territorial boundaries of the Union, just so is it that they strove to

preserve the Constitution of the fathers. Though they left the Union they hugged that instrument close to their hearts. When they departed from Jerusalem they carried before their hosts the Ark of the Covenant. It is significant how nearly related the Confederate Constitution was to that of the United States. The former in spirit and intent was identical with the latter. Only changes were made in the one to guard against the abuse of power so conspicuous in the other. In a word, the Confederate Constitution was the old Constitution of the United States better fortified and defended against the assaults of its enemies. This being the case when the Confederacy went down the Ark of the Covenant was delivered into the hands of the heathen, the most Holy of Holies was desecrated and the golden candle-stick broken in pieces on the floor.

But, on the other hand, in the prosecution of the war against the seceding States the government at Washington, which was created and established by the States in their independent and sovereign capacity, drew the sword on its creators. The beneficiary stabbed to the heart its benefactors. Even after the surrender at Appomattox the government of the United States suspended the *writ of habeas corpus*, contrary to the Constitution, which declares that "The privilege of the *writ of habeas corpus* shall not be suspended" except in cases of *actual* rebellion. The government of Lincoln violated the rights of persons and property by unreasonable searches and seizures, contrary to the Constitution, which declares that "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unrea-

sonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." The government of the Union ruled by martial law eleven sovereign States, contrary to the Constitution, which declares that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." The government at Washington crammed down the throats of the States by the force of arms three amendments, contrary to the Constitution, which declares that all amendments shall be "ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof." In order to more fully prove to your minds the character of the contest on the part of the Union it is sufficient only to state that when men like McClellan, commanding the armies of the Union, desired to conduct the war on the highest principles of humanity and in such a manner as not to violate the Constitution they were immediately displaced, and men of General Sherman's stripe put in their stead. Call it a war of rebellion on the one side, it was a war of usurpation on the other; call it a war of insurrection on the one side, it was a war of conquest on the other; call it a war for slavery on the one side, it was a war for the mastery on the other; call it a war against the Union on the one side, it was a war against the Constitution on the other. There are those in this audience who remember that when the seceding States were reduced to submission by the armies of Grant the same military force was turned against the State governments in other parts until every State bowed before the majesty of the armies of the Union and acknowledged the Congress of the United States lord of all. The sov-

ereignty which had originally resided with the people in their separate State governments was snatched away and stored up in the departments at Washington. Those who had once been *free citizens* of these American States were reduced to *subjects* of a great central government. Suffice it to say that when the territory of the United States had been pinned together by bayonets and cemented in blood the Constitution was broken to pieces and torn into shreds. Its enemies had at last triumphed. The government of our fathers vanished like a shadow.

There is no part of the ancient history more interesting to the antiquarian than the siege and destruction of Troy. For a whole decade the armies of Achilles swarmed continually around the walls of that historic city. Day after day their battering-rams thundered in vain against the massive boulders of Priam's bulwarks. The well-aimed darts of Hector's hosts were hurled from lofty towers upon the defenseless heads of the Doric phalanx, consigning to dust many proud spirits of Hellas. Midnight lights often gleamed from Troy's watch-towers, falling on thousands of defeated and despondent Greeks, wearily dreaming of homes and wives in far off Peloponnesus. The siege was almost abandoned and the assailing hosts were scattering over the sea, when lo! by the cunning deceit of one Solon all was lost; a breach was made in the walls and the wooden horse full of deadly soldiery was rolled into the heart of the city. Soon after this Troy was no more.

Against our Constitution for half a century were hurled by its enemies with tumultuous roar the battering-rams of deceitful logic and blind fanaticism. But

so strong were its bulwarks and so arduous its supporters that the enemy were repeatedly driven back with heavy loss. And at the semi-centennial of the Republic the friends of the Constitution seemed to have triumphed completely; but scarcely had the pæans of the victors been sung, when, like a thief in the night, a gale swept from the North, bringing to the nation's heart the seeds of death. By the cunning of leaders, patriotic citizens were induced to make war on the Southern States under the pretense of preserving the Union; though the real object and effect was to make a breach in the Constitution, through which an insidious horse full of death-dealing vipers could be rolled, to prey upon the vitals of the Republic. And these monsters, turned loose, are now thronging our entire political system, doing their fatal work slowly but surely.

As a result of that breach the equilibrium of sections and interests intended to be preserved by the Constitution has been utterly destroyed. One section and interest are now ruling this country as truly as did any oligarchy of ancient times rule. The other interests, equally as important to the welfare of the country, are as if they had no voice in the government at all. The only possible outcome of a continuation of this order of things will be either Revolution or Monarchy.

The vast system of unjust taxation which grew out of the issue of the war seems to have fastened itself eternally upon us in defiance of the letter and spirit of the Constitution. As a direct result of this, endless extravagance and corruption have crept into the operations of the government. By it a protected and privileged class have grown up who

bear much the same relation to the government that the nobility bear to the government of Great Britain. Their immense wealth and the extra advantages which they enjoy before the law are already weighing heavily on the nation's life. Is it not time for patriots to become alarmed when in a great national election the voice of certain combined trusts and monopolies is made to appear as the voice of the people? This abnormal state of affairs, so far from the simplicity and patriotic ardor of the early days of the Republic, cannot fail to create serious apprehensions on the part of all true citizens. And, having grown out of the same violation of the Constitution, is the still more momentous question in the shape of the race problem. No mortal eye can see what will be its issue. Already the color line is strictly drawn at the polls. This will eventually lead to a race struggle for supremacy. When that issue shall fairly confront us let the curtain fall, and may my eyes never look into the yawning abyss prepared for the grave of my country.

We are passing through a stage the most critical in all our history. There are those now living who must see the worst and provide for it. I am unable, with my short vision, to peer far into the future, but so far as my vision extends I can see nothing but gathering storm-clouds

and a rising tempest. The vessel on which we are embarked has been disabled by a wicked enemy. Through the breach made in her side the mad waves are now rushing. It is time to apply the pumps and set the carpenters to work, or we must go down. The storm is rising higher and the night is growing fearfully dark. Patriots, your country calls, come to the rescue! We are trusting for deliverance to a fraternal patriotism directed by the finger of a compassionate God. That the scales would fall from my eyes and a light from out the skies would illumine the dark vistas of our future, that I might see the Constitution of our fathers restored to its pristine perfection, raised high in the hearts and affections of the people!

No mortal eye can penetrate the veil which is drawn between mortals of earth and celestial visitants; but if the spirits beyond have a care for the affairs of men and nations, methinks a winged messenger from the skies is standing upon the cloud-capped summit of great Washington's mausoleum, and, with one look toward that paternal hero's dust, then another towards the Capitol, he unfurls a banner to the breezes that play along the Potomac, on which the pen of an Immortal has written in flaming characters, "The Constitution! The Constitution!!"

D. ARISTIDES DAVIS.

RUSSIAN EXILES.

The distressed sons of Erin have never failed to receive that sympathy and encouragement from liberty-loving Americans which a truly great and noble cause demands, and the influence which has been exerted by foreign sympathizers upon the British crown, with a view of securing to Ireland that recognition which every free people deserve, cannot be overestimated. But there is another class of people, not so numerous perhaps, whose condition is sadly deplorable and wretched; whose prayers and supplications have never yet been answered; whose appeals for assistance and protection have never reached the ears of the American people, but they have borne their oppression and cruelty with a fortitude and resignation which seems to us to have exceeded the bounds of human endurance. Those persons are the administrative exiles of Russia.

The forcible transportation of Russian citizens to the cold, barren wastes of Siberia, where the average temperature is thirty degrees below zero, and the winter nine months long, became common during the reign of Alexander II. Previous to his time it had only been resorted to as the most convenient means of ridding the country of its most dangerous and deadly foes; but in a few years that tyrannical monarch had abused his power to such an extent that men who were merely suspected of holding liberal opinions or in any way seemed to be in sympathy with the revolutionary movement were exiled

to Siberia by the hundreds. If forbidden books or newspapers were found by the police in a young man's room this fact alone was regarded as sufficient proof of his disloyalty to the Czar, and he was doomed to pass the remainder of what otherwise would have been an honorable and useful life on the extreme borders of that land of perpetual snow. If some kind-hearted university student, filled with a desire to do something toward elevating the minds and morals of those lower classes of ignorant laborers who live in huts and hovels on the back streets and in the filthy alleys of Moscow or St. Petersburg, undertook to open an evening school where these benighted people might learn to read and write, he too was sent to swell the number of his unfortunate comrades whose presence in the land of their birth was considered prejudicial to social order.

The character of these exiles is vastly different from what would be supposed. Instead of finding men of low birth, inferior education, and criminals in general, by far more usual do we find men and women of noble parentage, university graduates, editors, lawyers and physicians—men distinguished for their intelligence, renowned for their professional ability and achievements, and esteemed for their social culture and refinement. What a mighty influence such men as these would have in shaping the history of their country and rendering illustrious the age in which they live! Men of thought, culture, am-

bition, and character, whose lives and glorious deeds might have furnished examples of true manhood which we would do well to emulate, are forced to go five or six thousand miles away from home, are torn from the embraces of loving wives and children and all that is dear to their hearts, and there drag out a miserable existence which is worse than death.

What the result of such a system of punishment must be is obvious. It tends rather to exasperate a man and infect him with perverse ideas than to correct his error. There is no equity in condemning a suspected person without a fair and impartial trial, without allowing him the privilege of proving his innocence by the testimony of competent witnesses. The only evidence of his guilt and the only grounds for his conviction are contained in the perjured testimony of unprincipled police officers. The change from a life of ease to one of privation, want and misery; to be denied the rights accorded a common felon and forced to abide by the dictates of petty officers of the government whose past lives have been filled with deeds of crime, together produce a result which is the opposite of that which was intended. In no instance do you find a man who has been exiled for political views which are considered too liberal returned home reconciled to the government, convinced of his error and transformed into a useful member of society and a faithful servant of the crown. The remedy applied serves to increase rather than diminish the crime, and most frequently cases of madness, suicide and complete moral ruin are the outcome of this abominable practice.

An intimate association with those who

are the real enemies of the government will, in nine cases out of ten, develop them into most dangerous and deadly foes to social order and public peace. As for those in whom are already implanted the germs of Nihilism and social disorder exile serves only as a hot-bed in which to nourish these germs, sharpen their discontent and convert theoretic opposition into one severely practical and necessarily active. It is an outrage upon the law of all civilized society, a complete confiscation of individual rights of which no nation under the sun should dare be guilty. The true foundation of government is undermined, the protection of its citizens is disregarded, the radiant smile of Liberty—that eternal principle—is supplanted and darkened by the ravenous countenance of Despotism, bringing national corruption and ruin in its train.

In the attempt to eradicate the spirit of revolt and anarchy among a few by this unjust and inhuman treatment of many innocent men and women, inflicting punishment upon them for the sins of others, Russia has brought upon herself a reproach that will not end in idle words. The spirit of revenge in the human soul is too strong to be thus overcome by such overt acts of despotism and tyranny. Common justice cries out against it; the tears of the heart-broken wife and mother have not been shed in vain; the piteous wailing of forsaken children, left with no strong arm to provide for them, has not ascended to heaven only to be forgotten, and retribution sooner or later must come, and the day is not far distant when this slow murder of unprotected citizens by exposure to the bleak winds and blinding snows of Northern Siberia shall be

avenged and reckoned among the events of a once unhappy past. The day when serf and noble alike may enjoy liberty, free and unrestrained, to its fullest extent and feel the responsibility resting upon them as citizens of a republic whose chief corner-stone is personal freedom.

In Russia this exile system is preparing, yea, facilitating, the way for a new era. Serf as well as noble must put on the robe of manhood, because Democracy is as irresistible and absolute as the laws which govern the physical world. The stronger the compression the more vigorous will be the reaction which must follow, as in a fountain the height of the jet is regulated by the pressure and by the

volume of the water. No one can tell when the last hour will strike and Russia change its masters. The general fears of its consummation are so many proofs of its unavoidability. The people, now submerged in darkness, will in due time awake to the higher influences of truth. One can already hear the deep roll of the eternal waves of human rights splashing and beating on the artificial rocks of despotism and privilege. They will be broken down, washed away and engulfed. Liberty alone is enduring; all other social forms are transient manifestations, and, notwithstanding their existence, still doomed to destruction.

M. P. HOFFMAN.

WHAT OF THE NEGRO?

It is pleasing to note the spirited reply made by a Jewish lawyer on being confronted by his opponent with the general hatred expressed for the Jew and the frazzle-won Anglo-Saxon supremacy. He noted the impropriety of going into personalities, but, turning to the Court, he said, "My colleague, perhaps, is not aware that when his ancestors were keepers of flocks and herds, dwelt in caves and were clothed in skins, mine were priests and kings, and held the sacred records that have redeemed and civilized mankind."

Nothing like this can be said for the Negro; his ancestral records are blank; history takes no notice of him, save in a geographical way, until he enters America as a slave. There never was a country

covering such a vast area as that part of Africa inhabited by the Negro, which at some time did not present certain signs of progress and civilization. The Chinese, the followers of Mahomet, and even the mound-builders and Indians all show signs of enlightenment and division of labor; they had leaders, recognized and obeyed, showing that they were at least above the gregarious animal-life led by the Negroes of Africa.

Of course every humane Christian man would have them see the light that is promised to all men, but the question is should our national peace, "domestic tranquillity and general welfare" be subverted for the benefit of the seven million Negroes and to the detriment of the Union our fathers formed for their de-

scendants, the Caucasians of America? We approach this question with awe, and can scarcely be forced to say exactly what we see and know to be the present relation of the Negro to the government as a law enforced citizen, possessing all the privileges and prerogatives, but lacking the true essentials of the voting man. We have suffered for them with agony and bloody sweat; the cross and passion have been ours to bear and suppress.

The Negro is the closeted skeleton of the South. We try to hide it—to look on the bright side and let time bring a propitious solution for us; but no, “It will not down at our bidding”; “things are what they are,” and the consequences will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived? All writers on this question seem to think that educating the Negro will solve the problem, but theories founded on supposed precedent and seeming profound conclusions drawn from distant telescopic views will not hold good in the so-called “Negro Problem.”

As a fact the Negro's future, politically and socially, is to be decided in the South, where they live barred from the States farther North by climate and competitors in their line of occupation, with whom they cannot hope to compete as “bread-winners” any more than with the Southern whites in literary pursuits and attainments. Only by knowing the Negro's relation to the people among whom he lives can an opinion be formed just and worthy to be entertained. People cannot testify with truth to what they do not see and personally know, and the hearsay evidence that the reading public have access to does not entitle Northerners to say, “It is our share to tell the people of the South

just what to do in regard to the Negro, and it is their share to do it,” any more than that we should say it is our share to tell the Northerners just what to do with Anarchy, the Boycott and all the conflicts labor and capital are heir to.

Heretofore men acquainted with the Negro and his relation to the white race have not been forward in giving their observations; in truth it seems they would rather not broach the question which is so pregnant with forebodings, and which still remains to be settled, either advantageously or disadvantageously to the races concerned; no precedent in humanization can aid us. If the Negro stays among us with the privileges now granted him we will either lift him up to our level or he will drag us down to his standing. Now, where does education tend to put him? In the words of Noah K. Davis, brains, not color, must settle rank. The Negro's capacity for taking on to civilized influences and practices, both educational and social, since he entered his present state of freedom, has been marked and wonderful. This capacity which the theorist would cultivate and magnify only serves to make the Negro more of an equal to the white man. And yet people blindly believe him who “darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge.” If you educate the Negro into an intelligent citizen, capable to perform the duties equally as well as other citizens, what prevents him from being their equal? The artificial props made to hold him up constitute him such. When we turn and look upon the error of our way we can but exclaim, What! reject other peoples, deny them the right of suffrage until they become fully competent

citizens; these people who represent nations equal to ours—who have seen the golden days of the Old World, not yet passed, who are versed in enlightenments of the East and fresh from a country whose civilization we are proud to inherit and imitate, and whose motto is ever “America for Liberty”? Reject these and take unqualified four million Negroes whose fathers did not know Saturday from Sunday, the Sun from God, dwellers in Africa’s darkness benighted? Truly our people seemed to be the second chosen of God, but they have again erred, and the voice of the people cried for Barabbas. So the Negro is here. “We have the wolf by the ears and can neither let loose nor hold on.” White humanity trembles before the approach of the Chinese and the dwellers of the Islands. We are loth to give them a part in our free institutions which tend to reduce all the signal inequalities between men, and where no man may feel “overwhelmed with the weight of his own inferiority.” Then what should be our feeling on seeing the Negro’s gradual approach to equality and the consequent down-grade drift of those things we cherish in the white race? Let him who thinks education is the solution look both ways and consider well these things. For seven million Negroes using the ballot ignorant of its power, still blindly using it (for I’ve seen some of them voting their registration certificates) and casting the majority vote in some States, is a sight to make men chill and angels weep over the concerns of men.

Before the war there were cords of mutual helpfulness that bound us to the Negro, but in the twenty odd years that have passed they have gradually loosened;

our respect for the faithful old servants, the “Aunties” and “Maumas,” are not known to the present generation, save in the writings of Mr. Page and a few others. Their labor is the only thing we care about, and that is growing less and less valuable every year. To prove this look at the waste places in the Southern fields, for it is here that you will find the work of the Negro; compare a Northern farm worked by white men, the spirited way in which everything is done by the horse, reaper and white labor; the bright, productive aspect presented by the whole, and with this contrast the Negro and the mule lazily dragging out so much cotton year after year from the same field, while the waste places are gradually encroaching and growing up into “old fields.” Look at the log-house leaving the chimney and being in turn left by it; a “yaller dog” tied to the chimney as you approach has started to bark, but stops and envies the pig fastened with a grape-vine to the steps, whose grunt of complacency shows that he gets the best part of the “tater skins” dropped by the little darkies. Such people form the laboring class of the South; those of the Negroes who are better off work almost entirely for themselves. Can any one, comparing the North with the South, say that the Negro has been a blessing to the latter? Numerous stump orators have said that they serve as a barrier, and keep away the scum of the old world with all their isms, strikes and unbelief. I for one would say give us the scum of the universe with all their isms and unbelief, but let us have white blood that we may stir up enterprise, kindle the fires of literature and progress, and let them shine on our high places in the land,

"Where grows the orange, and where blossoms the rose;
The land of passions, where the brow of time
Dims not, but with renewed splendor glows
The joyous spring on her triumphal car,
Riding through the land in beauty and light."

Yes, it is the Caucasian development of our country we need. While the North has been growing rich from the proceeds of her natural resources, worked up where they are found into useful articles by their manufactories, these products of the South have remained almost untouched for the lack of more intelligent labor than that of the Negro. A cotton-gin is the highest form of machinery that he can understand, and even then a white man must superintend it for him. The Negro has debarred us in advancement, and we see it more and more every year. What means this westward movement in the overcrowded sections of the North? Why don't they come South, where there are equal or greater inducements to the settler in fertile land, healthful climate and temperate seasons? Mark the attempt made by a band of Negroes last fall to take the place of white employees in a Chicago mill; they were driven out and back to their homes in Virginia. Oh, we like the Negro, but don't let him come among us and our children; we want to see him prosper, but our children shan't suffer for his prosperity, for you know we are so horribly equal up here that it would not do. We like the Negro too, but in a missionary way, *i. e.*, in Africa or some other suitable place. General Grant, although it is natural for us not to give him full credit for the views he held, looked further into this question than any man of the North or South; and when he advised the government to buy San Do-

mingo for the purpose of transplanting the Negro he plainly saw the only solution to this question. Yes, General, you were right, the war did not end it; you may lance the boil and squeeze it a little, but if you leave the core, the very germ of the disease, your labor will be lost, and the boil will only rise—a larger and more hurtful ugliness on the body than it was before.

It is altogether wrong to say that we do not have a kindly feeling for the Negro; we do, and have always shown it, but our kindness should not get the best of our reason, for when called upon we should uphold any cause for the advancement of our country; and history plainly shows that kindness and leniency are altogether out of place in a healthy government.

Our weaker feelings and inclinations should always be on the side of the suffering nation than for a small, incapable part of it. Which should excite our sympathies most, the emaciated frame of a once vigorous animal, or the clinging parasite as he holds to his victim? For as the animal parasite clings to its prey in a place that cannot be reached, absorbing the bodily warmth, weakening the blood, and finally degrading the whole system of the animal, so the Negro has been clinging to and impeding the advancement of the South.

If any one does not believe this, let him notice how foreigners and "lettered mankind" in general regard us. A people's prosperity is known by their literary productions; the daily newspaper is the only literary vehicle we have; there are no magazines in the South, and, since it is a truth we must say it, our authors and book-makers have been few since the

war. With the Negro as a laborer our leisure classes have been too indolent and unproductive in literary callings, and as long as we have the Negro among us it will be our consideration, like the Spar-

tans', to keep down the lower class and hold up our own. Let us then consider these things, and not appear so unconcerned about that which pertains so nearly to our salvation. LEE ROYALL.

WRONG VIEWS OF PROFESSIONS.

It is not my purpose in this essay to declare success easily won, to make life's rugged places smooth, nor to point out a pathway leading through blooming bowers, but to take a calm and fair view of professions. The young men of North Carolina who annually enter professional life compose two classes: First, those who strive merely for a preparation sufficient for entering, or as much knowledge as may be conveniently obtained; and second, those who prepare thoroughly. By thorough preparation here I mean both college and professional courses. The greatest and most oft repeated reason for not entering a profession is because "It is crowded."

This is a wrong view to take of it. I do not deny the fact that it is crowded, but I do deny that that reason for not entering it is a valid one. Those taking this view reason somewhat thus: The number of lawyers, for instance, is large for the work of that profession. My chance on entering it would be the average of those already engaged, which must be very poor, discouraging, disheartening. Who can blame one for thinking professional life uninviting when viewed thus? But you perceive he is giving neither himself nor his profession justice.

It is a sad fact that a large per cent. of the lawyers of North Carolina have never taken a college course. Many have never entered a college, and few, in comparison, have taken both college and law courses. The average chance, then, of those engaged would be a preparation of not more than two or three years in college, with no law course, having read law sufficiently to obtain license. Their real chance would be an average of those already engaged only, who started with an equal preparation with themselves. This is a fair and inviting view to take of it. They reasoned as if they could barely enter, ignoring their thoroughness of preparation. A crowded profession is a sufficient reason for those only who are not prepared to enter it, and should ever be a valid one to them. As with law so with the other professions. In medicine the same reason is offered and the same reply will suffice.

Again, young men are discouraged by comparing their ability with those who have succeeded, who have won the goal, and stand masters of their professions. They examine them minutely and attribute their success to natural endowment. They examine their own talents and perceive such a contrast that they cry out

"Failure," if they choose those as their ideals. Not so. A moment's thought will convince them of such an error. They are trying to compare favorably their unpolished qualities with those that have been trained for an extensive period. Doubtless in that comparison faint signs of many of the qualities they so admired in their ideals were visible in a crude state. Courage, then, young men. You forget that the qualities you so admire were once faint like yours, that they demanded training for development, that they were obtained through rigorous exercise, that they were polished by toil and contact with a rougher substance. You cannot expect to step from your college and professional courses full-fledged. A few geniuses may, at one single step, stand high upon fame's great ladder, but the great bulk of mankind must start at the foot. Then don't be discouraged if you have to start low, for a solid foundation is necessary for a large and towering structure.

Remember that talent grows with age. Many also permit the absence of some quality they think necessary for success to prejudice their choice. But can this be argued as a valid excuse? Is it not true that weakness in one direction is usually accompanied by extra development in another? Never fail to enter law because you are not as fine an orator as some, or as subtle a reasoner as others. Some of the most successful lawyers are unskilful reasoners, while others are poor orators. Never despair of success in the practice of medicine because your nerve is a little weak or your disposition not genial. With an extra development of either of these and the other in a reasonable pro-

portion your prospect is encouraging. The prevalent tendency to speak lightly of the old adage, "There is room at the top," should be frowned down. Although the saying is a modern one, still this sentiment has been the great guide to success from the foundation of the world. He who has this as his motto is likely to succeed. He who enters life without it is as a ship without a rudder. All successes have been based upon this feeling. It took Demosthenes from his stammering accents upon the sea beach and made him the finest orator the world has ever seen. Napoleon, that mighty military giant, before whom kings bowed and empires crumbled, inspired by this great motive, though a Corsican lad, became the greatest of modern generals. It took Garfield from an obscure position and gave him the first office of this land. This spirit nerved a Georgia orphan, in spite of early ignorance, to become the father of education in his State. This feeling, young men, is the great stimulant to success. This truth, suddenly bursting upon the mind, has taken the spark of genius in many a youth and developed it into a talent which the world has delighted to admire and reward. How it fills the soul with new life, strengthens the nerves, lifts the drooping heart with an ardor to do and to be something! Because some have adopted it and failed miserably is no reason that you should not adopt it. Another's failure in life does not necessarily imply that you must fail. Because a worthy saying has been abused does not justify us in dropping it. The truth is there is a difference between the adoption of a motto simply by words and the adoption of it with will and determination. The *word*

adoption may fail even with the simplest aspiration. But *will* adoption even of the highest motto will invariably succeed. Then let us ignore the taunt thrust at us by the world when we utter that noble saying as our guide, "There is room at the top," as such a world is not worthy of our friendship. How many bright lives have been marred by being taunted thus! This saying is worthy of all. Then adopt it. Determine to be something. "And if you never reach the summit you will achieve more than if you had never adopted it."

As I said in the beginning, I will not deny the fact that the professions are crowded, but just there is where young men err. They attribute the failure of many so-called professional men to their profession and not to the true cause, the lack of preparation. No man can succeed without preparation for his work, and this is why I have confined this discussion to those who are prepared. Young men, let not that haunting desire to enter upon life's work mar your preparation for it, but let observation and not experience be your teacher. How many in after-life cry out when too late, would that I had prepared for it! Lay a broad foundation, though it should consume the bloom of young manhood. You may begin a beautiful structure upon a poor foundation, but ere it is completed, when you see even the long-sought goal looming up in the distance, when you think victory won and success almost within your grasp, it will give way and leave you often a helpless wreck.

It follows that one fitted for his work will succeed, but for one not fitted, to succeed is an exception. Remove the unpre-

pared from the professions of to-day and see how many remain. This is the great bane to professions in this age. Young men are entering them half armed for the fight, and what else but failure can be expected to be written over their names?

After preparation comes in will and determination. The time has come when success means preparation, labor, perseverance, determination. And failure means the lack of preparation; it means laziness, idleness, apathy, and not crowded professions or deficiency in talents. Away with such beliefs. Be determined, have a will, an object in view, a purpose in life. Form your purpose and let it be your star, directing your efforts, your life. Determine to be of the best service to your country, yourself, your God.

The world has never offered better opportunities nor the professions more inviting fields for well-prepared and determined young men than at present. The difference between to-day and the days of Daniel Webster is that a more thorough preparation is demanded. As education increases the standard requisite for success rises in proportion. In this "Land of the free" no one necessarily fails. Each man has it in his power to make the world better or worse for having lived in it. Who knows the talent he possesses till developed? Many brilliant minds have passed through life unknown to the world from being undeveloped, content with their sphere or kept there in obscurity by the force of circumstances. Had Henry Clay been content with being the "mill-boy of the slashes," Kentucky would have lost her greatest man, the United States Senate her greatest orator and America one of her immortal trio.

Had Robert Burns been content at the plow, Scotland would have lost one of her most illustrious poets and the world some of its sweetest poems. Had Benjamin Franklin remained at the soap kettle one of nature's greatest companions would have been unknown.

If you desire to enter a profession examine your nature, your powers, and choose the one best adapted to you. Many failures in life have arisen from choosing an occupation for which the competitors were not suited. Many who are adapted to success in medicine drag out their lives as lawyers, and many suited to law spend miserable lives in the practice of medicine. Never permit a probability that there is more money in another profession than the one best suited to you to influence your choice. The degree of success is too often plainly written upon many by their choice of a profession. Too many seek the greatest success that can be obtained by the least effort. Every sweet has its bitter. Nothing is worth acquiring that does not demand an effort. Many wish to succeed, but are not willing to pay the price.

This is a fast age, especially in America, and young men are sorely tempted to enter upon life before they are prepared for it. They look around and see their friends already in the race and taxing their utmost strength to acquire means or influence. They become restless to join the busy throng, and to put into execution some of the great plans they have formulated for the advantage of mankind. This is a temptation that it needs no little will to overcome. Youth or young manhood is naturally an ambitious period. The young, quick blood fills the soul and

body with activity and puts wild schemes of success in one's head. This, then, with the American push, is an inheritance that the young may well guard. Our age is an extremely practical one. "Action is its watch-word." The busy brain of the day hardly has time to cool at night ere it has begun the routine of another day. Activity is commendable, but the best thing may be abused.

This practicalness often overlooks the profounder laws of success and becomes mere narrowness and shallowness. It takes time and means to prepare for a successful professional career. Years of hard, steady toil, with no apparent direct practical result, must be endured. Means, with no hope of immediate practical result, must be expended. In truth, one must be willing to make what seems at the time a sacrifice to plant the germ that may, by proper culture, become in after life a beautiful, well-developed tree. How often we have heard promising young men say, "I cannot afford to spend four or five years of my best days and a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars in obtaining an education. I must be at work. Time is swiftly passing." Too practical, you see, to seize the opportunity of their life. Often we have heard the remark while at college, "I see no use in studying Greek or Latin. Such stuff will never benefit me in my work. It is only time thrown away." The objector is too practical to subject the mind to rigorous exercise that it may be the more able to grasp the truths and advantages of life's work.

If all were to study only what seems to them to be of practical use for after life few would take full courses at college.

We would then see a shallow age. The mind needs certain training to reach its development. How well a wise instructor of mind once put it. Says he, "After reaching a loft by means of a ladder, you may kick down the ladder if you wish. You are there. So with Greek and Latin in training the mind. They act as the ladder. After you have completed their study you may drop them, but you are

there." In professional life, after taking a thorough college course, you may drop what is not practical. But by taking it you have reached the loft and have no need to come down again.

Then, young men, if you wish to succeed in a profession, look difficulty full in the face, prepare thoroughly and have as your motto, "There is room at the top."

LOUISVILLE, KY.

G. T. WATKINS.

CHINA AND THE UNITED STATES.

To the Wake Forest Student:

I suppose you often wonder what the Chinese think of the treatment they have received from the United States Government. The following extract from a conversation between a foreign gentleman and the Viceroy Li, which was published in the *North China News*, will give you some idea of how those in authority think. As to the masses of the people, they for the most part know nothing of, and care nothing for the matter. They think only of what they shall eat and what they shall wear, and in this particular the treaty has only affected the Southern Chinese, since almost all emigration has been from that section. The riot at Chinkiang, while it has had no cause or occasion in the treatment of the Chinese at the hands of the United States, may be the occasion of open hostilities when indemnity is demanded by the United States Consul for the loss of thousands of dollars' worth of property. The United States flag was insulted, too, and they must atone for that.

Will they do it or not? In the words of the Viceroy, I should say, "The temptation is great." The following is the extract:

"When he had once started, the Viceroy was willing to go on. Of course, I asked him about the question of Chinese immigration to the United States. 'I understand,' he said, as nearly as I remember, 'that the newspapers have a great deal of influence in America. Well, tell them from me that I ask them to refer the matter to their sense of justice. They make professions of dealing justly with all the world. How have they dealt with China? They refuse us citizenship, they suffer our people to be murdered or expelled by armed mobs, they shut us out of their country, except under certain severe restrictions, and then when we agree to these, they break them off and exclude us altogether. China has never done so false and unjust an act as that. Yes, we have agreed to a good many of these restrictions, but we shall not agree to any more. China is able now to take her own position among western nations, and she will do so. Shall we retaliate? I cannot say. We are perfectly able, and the temptation is great. We shall not submit in silence to outrage and treaty-breaking, but I hope and believe Americans will see how wrong they are and alter their recent laws for themselves. If not, the United States and China will not be friends.'"

After speaking of England's treatment of the Chinese in her Australian colony—which was very similar to that of the United States—he goes on to say :

“‘But is it a fact, or not,’ I asked him, ‘that the Chinese Government views the emigration of its people with disapproval, considering that their periodical religions and family duties render it

imperative for them to remain in China?’ ‘The Chinese Government,’ was the severe and diplomatic reply, ‘demands for its subjects the rights that are accorded to them by solemn treaty, and the same favors that it accords to the subjects of other friendly powers.’ ‘And with regard to Australia—?’ ‘At present we are at the stage of protest.’ ‘And afterwards—?’ ‘I cannot say.’”

D. W. HERRING.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

EDITORIAL.

IDLENESS VERSUS INDUSTRY.

Industry is the key which unlocks for us the treasures of wealth, honor, usefulness and happiness. Idleness is the Devil's magic wand which he furnishes to all his followers as a key to unlock the door of every vice between here and perdition.

Industry, combined with a sound body and a good intellect (and it promotes both), transforms the boy of penniless and untutored parents to the most refined, educated and useful gentleman, and it may transfer him from the city slum to competency and wealth. Idleness leads the son of the wealthy and refined into drunkenness, gambling and worthlessness to such an extent that he becomes a disgrace to himself and his parents, and hurries their gray hairs to the tomb, and after he has passed away it may truthfully be said, "The world had been better had he not been born."

Every individual has launched his bark upon the river of Time, and *industry* prompts the industrious to embrace all good opportunities. When winds are favorable they hoist the sail, ply the oar and move up the stream to the fountain-head of success. Idleness permits its votaries to sit with folded arms, to allow all opportunities to pass unheeded by, to hoist no sail, to ply no oar, and, like our friend Micawber, continually wait for something to turn up. But just so sure

as the Amazon flows into the salt sea just so sure will their barks be plunged over the falls of Destruction and they be lost in the fathomless depths of Oblivion's sea.

Industry is the lubricating oil which enables the most delicate machine (the human body) to do the greatest possible amount of work. This machine, unlike all others, the more it works, so it remains within the bounds of reason, the greater is its capacity for work. Idleness is the rust which impedes the progress of this most delicate machine, which when once stopped is hard to again start, and the longer it remains still the weaker it becomes and the less its efficiency for work.

Every human being is endowed with a desire to do good in some way. This desire, properly cultivated by industry till the proper age, incites each one to think that God made every man and an honorable place for him to fill, and urges him to search carefully Creation's mighty structure, to find his niche and fill it with great credit.

In testing the strength of bars and beams the point where they are most liable to break is called the dangerous section. In the life of every one in this age of progress and competition there comes a severe test, and if there be weak points they will most surely give way. The weak point of an individual is often *idleness*, and the breaking of this dangerous section fills our streets with loafers, our infirmaries with paupers, our peni-

tentiaries with criminals, and is also, no doubt, a most effective auxiliary in filling perdition with those who break the divine decree.

Man must live by the sweat of his face. And it is our honest opinion that whoever is too lazy to earn an honest living by the labor of his own hands is also too lazy to earn a golden crown and an everlasting home in the New Jerusalem. Then we should take heed not to sleep away the golden hours of life's morning for fear that when age shall come we be like the fig tree—withered and unfruitful, only fit to be hewn down and cast into the fire.

T. S. S.

ETHICAL EDUCATION.

Rev. Dr. Newton has well said that "the interests of society are not secured in a system which turns out brains minus a conscience." Locke, in his "Thoughts on Education," declares: "It is virtue then, direct virtue, which is the head and invaluable part to be aimed at in education." Milton, in his "Tractate on Education," in characteristic and beautiful language, says: "The end then of learning is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him as we may be nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue."

This is a matter so delicate and fine that the wisest may well pause and give it a moment's thought. The want of a true ethical principle in a man, whatever his other attainments may be, precludes him from enjoying the fullest confidence even of his most admiring followers. They are liable to betray and forsake him at any time. The world, though bad and

near-sighted itself, does not bid for men gross, but it weighs them analytically, and, having determined the specific weight in pure metal, adjusts the price accordingly. The cloak of deception may serve as a temporary screen, but the donkey's ear will out.

Further, I believe that all calm, deep and decided convictions on all vital questions are evolved from the germ of a deep-rooted, moral principle, and *without which nothing*. And in the absence of such principles and convictions there invariably lurks a greater or less degree of levity which vitiates to some extent the entire character of the man.

Every institution of learning, whatever else it may profess to teach, is in some sense a character factory—the molds into which the plastic spirit is run, shaping it into noble character or base profligacy. One's school-days are more than any other the formative period of his character. It is then that it either blooms or blasts. Failures at this point, though the saddest of all, are not infrequent. In spite of thorough drilling and rigid discipline some leave school with very little clear and accurate knowledge of the fundamental principles laid down in their text-books; but to fail at this point is not fatal; whereas to fail in the formation of a good character is *serious* to say the least. How to meet this difficulty in a practical way is a problem not so likely to be solved at a glance.

One has suggested that an oblique line is the line of greatest power in communicating ethical knowledge. Perhaps this is the only effectual method in producing fruitful and permanent results. Crime may be punished by law, irregularities of

deportment may be rebuked and severely condemned, but by these inflictions the perpetrator is generally made even more rebellious at heart. Hence moral reforms do not come about in this way.

The power of good books in the training and development of a virtuous character cannot easily be overestimated. History, especially biographical, if rightly studied, may be made to throw character into the foreground. Who can read and study the lives of Luther, Judson and Whitfield without having kindled in his own soul a spark of that divine fire which in their souls was fanned into a consuming flame by the love of humanity and its author? Or who can contemplate the mystic genius of Coleridge, Tennyson and Bryant and not feel that there is something higher to be attained in this life than mere gratification of the lower appetites or base ambition? Or is it possible for one to follow soberly the biographer as he portrays the unfeigned patriotism of our own dear Washington, Lee and Jackson and not realize that there is always a flower of comfort on the lonely mound of a patriot's grave—that it is even sweet to die for one's own country? On the other hand, will he not feel that on the blasted heath of a profligate's grave no flower of glory can ever bloom? Let the reader scan the biographies of these sainted men and answer these questions for himself.

The same results, I believe, may be produced by the physical sciences if rightly pursued. The more a man knows of nature the nearer is his soul drawn to its author. This is the natural order of things. Alas! for those who follow the unnatural. Moral laws can be shown to be grounded in nature; to be no mere

arbitrary impositions of society, no illusions of the imagination, but part of "the order and constitution of things." The power of good examples is too evident to need reference here. S. D. S.

FARMER BOYS.

We would be glad if by writing this article we could help some son of toil to strive to enter a new field of labor where the contest is one of mind and the athletes are mental athletes; where the digging is not with spade and axe and hoe at gum stumps and white-oak roots, nor the ploughing and harrowing a ploughing and harrowing of common earth to nourish plants that spring from its bosom.

The athletes are mental athletes, but the fire and iron that have come to the body through physical toil will be an advantage in this new life. The digging and toiling is at *Greek* roots, *Latin* stems and *Geometric* curves and lines. The ploughing and harrowing is a ploughing and harrowing of the brain, and the plants nourished are thoughts that grow with study and reflection. The man who has a sound mind in a sound body is the man to grapple in this field.

There is a great cry among a certain class of dyspeptic country newspaper editors now, and has been for years, calling upon farmers' sons to stay upon the farm. It is all right for them to remain there if by doing so they can accomplish most for themselves and their fellow-men. But it is every boy's duty to look out in the world and choose for himself. There may be other places that need your labor, and, if educated, unbounded possibilities are before you.

We would ask our farmer boys, before permanently settling down to their work, before they cut themselves off forever from the joys of an expanding mind and settle down to common but honest toil, if they feel no longing to know more of this great world about them? In his contact with nature, in his wrestlings with mother earth, has he not caught glimpses of hidden secrets of which he would like to learn something more? If so, we invite him into this other field of labor. Do you ever feel a longing to rise to a higher plane of life where you may add the highest intellectual pleasures to those which you already enjoy? Cultivate the mind.

The patronage of this College comes very largely from the agricultural classes of the State. These farmer boys fling life and activity into whatever they go at. They are inured to toil, and on coming to college become very largely the intellectual life of the place. They find plenty of sympathetic company here. A large majority of the present Senior class left the plow to seek intellectual improvement here. The College and Literary Society records will show what they have done. These are the men who, on entering the professions, give them life, vigor, dignity and efficiency. Take the professions and call the roll of those who have been great as preachers, lawyers, physicians and teachers, and see what proportion of them came from the farm. Would not the professions suffer if *all* the boys were to stay on the farm? As a matter of fact most of the boys do stick to the farm. It is equally true that a large number, embracing, perhaps, the most ambitious ones, will not stay upon the farm, but, induced by the prospect of greater rewards, enter

the various learned professions, and we believe that it is for the welfare of the State that they do. The professions would languish without the iron wills and enthusiastic labors of the farmer boys who enter them. Let our boys educate themselves and then choose wisely their own vocations. If they choose to farm their education will sweeten toil and they may still take off their coats and tread the smoking furrow.

C. G. W.

EXAMINATIONS AGAIN.

In our last we called attention to a *symposium* on examinations as conducted in England which had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the March number of this same magazine there is an American Supplement on the same subject by nineteen prominent Northern educators.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that examinations are necessary and cannot be dispensed with at present as a means to an end. As regards public and high schools there is an unanimity of opinion that the system is greatly abused—that there is entirely too much examining and not enough real teaching, or, in other words, that the instruction has become too mechanical. There is a wide difference of opinion concerning colleges, some few claiming that examination in them is not abused, the majority holding that there is much room for improvement. Prof. Hunt, of Princeton, thus sums it up in a nut-shell:

"What is needed is more educators and fewer examiners; more who teach because their best abilities and strongest tastes are in that line of work, and fewer men who hear recitations and ask questions for so much an hour, and in order to bewilder their pupils. The great need of the time is

mental disciplinarians. Examiners should be educators."

President Adams, of Cornell, takes advance ground. He says :

"As to examinations as a spur, I for one am frank enough to avow my belief that for college students * * * such artificial spurs or stimulants are not helpful, but on the contrary are positively harmful. * * * If I may be allowed to speak from my own personal observation, I desire to say that one of the most confident convictions resulting from my own experience as a teacher of history is the belief that as a rule the best work has been done where there has been the largest freedom, and the least satisfactory work where there has been the most rigid system of examinations and marks. * * * But further than what is necessary to inform the teacher whether the pupil is doing his duty to himself and the class, I believe all term examinations and all marking tests exert a depressing influence upon the higher kinds of scholarship."

President Magill, of Swarthmore College, favors a plan similar to the one proposed by our present Senior class, and we have yet to be convinced that such a measure will not remedy the evil :

"I would then offer as a premium for faithful, earnest work during the year exemptions from all final examinations upon those subjects in which the student reached, in his regular record, a certain established percentage of excellence."

Of much interest to us, since medals have been abolished here, is the position of these educators in regard to prizes for mere scholarship. It is pleasant to note that they are almost to a unit, so far as they express themselves, opposed to the system and favor the consideration of other things, as character and intention, in awarding fellowships and scholarships. Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University, says :

"The whole system of college prizes introduces unworthy motives for effort, and unfits the student trained under their stimulus for the patient, unrec-

ognized toil in which all scholars must engage in after years. I believe that higher education would be decidedly promoted if every prize awarded for comparative scholarship should be abolished."

We are glad the question of the utility of examination has been raised. We believe that there are some crying evils in the system, and we hope the discussion will continue until every teacher in the land shall become awakened and some means be found to eradicate these evils.

H. A. F.

MIND VERSUS MUSCLE.

In the earlier stages of human society, before man had entirely freed himself from the shackles of barbarism, the voice of right was often silenced by the iron heel of might and brute force held sway over the more gentle and quiet powers of the mind. Some savage monarch, with a vast horde of still more savage subjects to do his bidding, would sweep beyond his own borders, spread ruin and devastation throughout the dominions of his unoffending but less powerful neighbor, and, perhaps, lead a whole nation into slavery, simply to gratify his wicked whims. Socrates, the virtuous philosopher, whose great intellect towered o'er his contemporaries, as the snow-crowned mountain summit rises above the unvarying plains that line its base, who felt in himself the workings of an immortal spirit and in some sense foresaw man's glorious destiny, was doomed by his senseless countrymen, because of this very superiority, to a shameful death. Brute force, aided by ignorance and superstition, triumphed over intellectual power and moral beauty. We mention this case merely to illustrate the spirit and character of the age and to

emphasize the contrast between the reign of physical and that of intellectual force.

The dawn of our modern civilization marked the beginning of the reign of mind. Monarchs no longer considered their subjects as so many willing instruments in their hands—mere aggregations of bone and muscle—to obey their cruel behests and carry out their ambitious designs; but through the higher development of the mental and moral faculties every man became a reasoning being, a king in himself, with the power to plan and prosecute noble enterprises and realize the relations that subsist between man and his fellows. The individual asserted himself. Personal freedom, no longer a bright dream in some far off Utopia, became a living reality. War, cruel and inhuman though it is under all circumstances, has been divested of many of its savage features; and when men now appeal to its dread arbitrament in vindication of some vital principle they no longer march into the bloody arena to slay and be slain like so many oxen doomed to slaughter, but, under the guidance of one controlling spirit, their every movement is executed with mathematical precision tempered with a due respect for human life.

In all the relations of life, in all the operations of trade and commerce, in every department of human activity we see the most wonderful organization and concentration of forces through the agency of trained minds. This result is in no small measure the outcome of labor-saving inventions. In our grandfathers' days the cotton crop of an entire neighborhood numbered only a few bales and the removal of the seed furnished welcome

employment to the merry lads and lasses. Now millions of bales are produced in our Southern States, and one cotton-gin will do more work in an hour than half a hundred of the seed-pickers of that time could do in a year. Factories are multiplied. There are machines for the manufacture of everything. The educated mind has usurped the domain and now performs the functions of mere muscular power.

In the olden time men met on the world's broad battle-field in the ceaseless struggle of life, and, when the conflict was over, there was a survival of the strongest. To-day they meet in a struggle more intense, more severe, some battling for fame, some for wealth, some for food, some for a mere existence, and there is a triumph not of muscle, but of mind, not of the strongest, but of the brightest, the shrewdest, those who are able to utilize their own powers and overcome their opposing circumstances.

May we not in this find a fresh plea for education in its highest, broadest sense? In this stirring age he who would not be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water for others must determine to make the most of his powers. He must force himself upward or be pushed downward. He must with a seat in the on-sweeping car of progress or be crushed beneath it resistless wheels. He must return from the world's great battle-field victorious or vanquished—victorious, if he develops his powers, masters his circumstances and makes the most of life—conquered, if he goes with a mind untrained, with erroneous views of life, or with a weak character.

J. B. C.

CURRENT TOPICS.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

GALLIMAUFERY.—Ex-President Cleveland has gone to Cuba.—Senator Vance is Chairman of the Committee on Woman Suffrage.—Justice Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court, died in Washington City on the 22d ult. His successor has not yet been appointed.—Chief Justice Fuller's daughter, Miss Pauline, recently eloped and married Mr. J. M. Aubery, of Chicago. The Chief Justice still has seven marriageable daughters.—Capt. W. F. Dawson, editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, was killed in Charleston on the 12th ult. by Dr. F. B. McDow, a man of bad character.—The Baptist chapel and the residences of the missionaries, Bryan and Hunnex, were recently burned by a mob in Chikiang.—During the year 1888 160 miles of railroad were built in North Carolina, 2,617 miles in the South, and 7,106 miles in the United States.—The last session of Congress appropriated \$10,000,000 for public buildings. Of this sum \$500,000 is to build a light-house at Diamond Shoal, off Cape Hatteras, N. C. Asheville, Charlotte, New Bern and Statesville are to have public buildings. Durham ought to have one also.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly adjourned on the 11th ult. The *State Chronicle*, to which paper we are indebted for most of the following facts relative to the work accomplished by that

body, pronounces it "a hard-working, intelligent, honest body." There were few men who towered above the others, yet it is generally conceded to have been as capable a body as has assembled in the same capacity for years. There are growlers and sore-heads and there always will be such we suppose. No body of intelligent men should try to please them.

The Senate introduced 1,217 bills and the House 1,551. Of these bills 878 were passed by both branches of the Assembly.

The provision made for the relief of ex-Confederate soldiers who are in need has been commended on all sides. Every North Carolinian will cheerfully pay the three cents on the hundred dollars' worth of property and nine cents on the poll, by which a fund of \$85,000 will be annually raised for the relief of needy veterans and the surviving widows of those who died for the State.

A bill was passed appropriating \$5,000 per year for an encampment of the State Guard, and the number of companies was increased from twenty-five to thirty. Wilmington has given a site at Wrightsville for the encampment, which Governor Fowle formally accepted on the 14th ult., and the United States Government will furnish a battery.

The road law has been amended. Each man between the ages of 21 and 45 years is

required to work four days on the public highways each year, and the joint board of magistrates and commissioners may levy a tax of fifteen cents on the hundred dollars' worth of property and forty-five cents on the poll to help keep the roads in repair. Convicts and persons confined in jail may be made to work the roads.

The Local Option law was amended so as to allow elections to be held this year and on alternate years hereafter. These are off years in politics and it will doubtless be better than to get prohibition tangled up with politics.

The Governor's Council was authorized to use the funds, about \$10,000, secured from the sale of lots in Raleigh, to complete the Governor's Mansion. Gigantic folly.

The Normal Schools were abolished and the money heretofore expended on them is to be devoted to holding Teachers' Institutes in each county every two years. The bill to establish a Teachers' Training School was, unfortunately, it seems to us, defeated in the House by only one or two votes.

The most lively discussions of the session were had on the bills to establish a Railroad Commission, a Teachers' Training School and to enact an election law similar to that of South Carolina, all of which failed to pass. These are only a few of the most important things done by the Assembly.

EXODUSTING NEGROES.—The negroes are leaving North Carolina in large numbers for the South and West. Some 4,000 have already left the State (March 25), and still they go. They are wanted in Kansas and Arkansas. They go by the carload and carry their families with them.

They cannot secure transportation as rapidly as they wish to go, and Raleigh is crowded with them. They have organized the "North Carolina Emigration Society" and issued a call for a State convention to meet in Raleigh on the 22d inst., the object of which is to organize the State, and within the next two or three years they intend to colonize the State of Arkansas.

They are breaking contracts to go away. We would not keep them here. We do not believe that the success of the South and her owners depends upon the negro. He ought not to break his contracts with the farmers. This is a great inconvenience and may cause them to sustain temporary loss. But what cares the negro for that? Not a straw. Their places will be filled by more intelligent and industrious men. The negroes who have grown up since the war are notoriously worthless. Let them pay their debts and go away. The State must do something to secure farm hands, and if the negroes go away we can go at it. White men do not like to compete with negroes.

The people are divided in their opinions as to whether it will be better for the State for the negroes to go or remain. We think the farming interests may suffer some especially during the current year, but we are slow to believe that the State of North Carolina is dependent upon the negro race for its prosperity. It bids fair to be a migratory movement, and it is thought that in three years two-thirds of the race will be out of the State; if so, we believe that within five years North Carolina will be the happiest of all the Southern States and will be on the road to substantial prosperity.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

THE Legislature of California is considering the advisability of establishing a medical college at San Francisco in connection with the State University and making for its maintenance an appropriation of \$80,000.

THE educational interest of Japan, controlled principally by the women, has twenty-nine boarding-schools, in which are enrolled 2,707 pupils, and 2,895 pupils more in day-schools, numbering in all 5,502 students under lady teachers.

MR. J. BOWDITCH, of Boston, has left \$5,000 to the Dorchester Industrial School for Girls. Miss Maria Loomis, of Burlington, leaves \$10,000 to the University of Vermont, the interest on which to go towards buying books for the library of the University.

FIFTEEN young Hindoo ladies have been admitted to the female class of the Campbell Medical Schools at Calcutta and are studying medicine. Many of them are Brahmins. Ten have obtained scholarships and the others are admitted as free students.—*Zion's Herald*.

THE following are among the largest sums given by individuals for educational purposes: Leland Stanford, \$20,000,000; Stephen Girard, \$8,000,000; Johns Hopkins, \$3,148,000; Asa Packer, \$3,000,000 to Lehigh University; Ezra Cornell, \$1,000,000; Jonas G. Clark, \$1,000,000.

THE alumni of Williams College have raised \$75,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument to the late Mark Hopkins.

The monument is to consist of a new building, and it is suggested that the sum be increased to \$100,000, which will enable them to build it of stone, as typical of the firm character of the famous teacher and theologian.

DANIEL PIERCE, once a poor orphan, but now a rich merchant, gives \$100,000 to establish a school in the vicinity of Estherville, Iowa, for orphans and half-orphans. It is to be a school, not an asylum, and will give each pupil a thorough education in the English branches besides training in farming and stock-raising, housekeeping, etc.—*Independent*.

FULLY two hundred educators, representing nearly all of the States in the Union, recently held a session in Washington, D. C., in the lecture hall of the National Museum, it being the annual meeting of the Department of Superintendents of the National Teachers' Association. Among those present were superintendents of county, State and city schools, editors of educational journals and professors from various colleges and universities.—*Ex*.

TROUBLE at Dartmouth College seems perennial, and verifies the supposition that there is something not right in the government of the college. Three of the Senior class and two Juniors have recently been suspended; and for an attempt of the Freshmen to abduct Sophomore toast-master and the retaliatory proceedings of the latter's class-mates nine Sophomores

have been suspended for the remainder of the term, and fourteen Sophomores and seven Freshmen have been put on probation.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller, of New York, who is a millionaire, and also President of the Standard Oil Company, is going to give \$2,000,000 for the endowment of a great Baptist university in Chicago. Mr. Jacob Tome, of Baltimore, has given for industrial education the handsome sum of \$2,000,000, and its significance can only be appreciated in connection with the millions given for educational purposes by Leland Stanford, of California; Mr. Williams, of Philadelphia; Mr. Clark, of Worcester, and Mr. Pratt, of Brooklyn.

THE maintenance of public schools in New York State during last year cost \$14,980,841, an increase of over \$1,200,000 above what it was in 1887. It was for the education of 1,772,958 children, of whom 1,033,269 attended school. The number of teachers employed was 31,726, at an average annual salary of \$419.75. Mr. Garrett E. Winants, of Bergen Point, N. J., has promised Rutgers College a fine dormitory building which will cost about \$100,000. This princely gift will provide rooms for a hundred students, and, with the large increase of students under President Gates's administration, will afford great relief. Maj. R. W. Millsap, of Jackson, Miss., has subscribed \$50,000 to build and endow a college for the Methodist Episcopal Church South in Mississippi. His only stipulation is that the church shall collect from other sources a like amount.

THE project heralded so loudly five or six years ago of establishing a "free" Catholic university at Salzburg, in which pure and unadulterated Ultramountainism could be taught unhampered by the supervision of political authorities that sometimes proves uncomfortable for extremists in the Catholic theological faculties of Austria and Germany, has practically ended in a total failure. The least sum with which it was thought possible to inaugurate the work was six million florins. Of this amount only 42,000 florins have been raised in six years, and of this only 39,000 is in cash. The Catholic nobility of Austria and elsewhere did not respond very freely to the appeal of the committee and the second Congress of Hungarian Catholics recently demanded the dissolution of the university committee. This will doubtless be done in May by the Congress of Austrian Catholics who originally inaugurated the enterprise. —*Public Opinion*.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THE NEGRO.—Dr. A. G. Haygood, one of the agents or trustees of the Slater fund for education of the colored people, thinks that the South has not received due credit for its exertions in behalf of negro education. There is an impression in the North that the only education that the negro is getting is from funds contributed by Northern philanthropists to certain colleges and schools in the South. From Alabama I have received a full and clear statement of how much money has been expended in that State in seventeen years for the education of the negro. It shows that \$3,500,000 has gone towards this object since 1870. All that I could learn as to what Georgia has been doing was

the figures for a single year, compiled by School Commissioner Orr. They showed that one of the best years this State gave \$15,000 for the education of the blacks. That means that in seventeen years Georgia has spent \$2,500,000 to educate this people, while Alabama has spent \$1,000,000 more than we did. Virginia has spent more than \$4,000,000. I don't think these figures can be interpreted otherwise than that the South is doing more for the education and enlightenment of the negro than any other people on the globe. Dr. Haygood expresses his intention to obtain, as far as possible, full statistics upon this subject from the Southern States covering a period of a dozen years or more. It is to be hoped that he will succeed in securing complete and reliable figures and that they will all make a favorable showing as those relating to Alabama and Georgia. The Doctor may be sure that those who applaud the princely gifts of John Slater and Daniel Hand, and millions of whom, according to their smaller ability, follow these examples, will rejoice at every proof that the people of the South share with their Northern brethren in self-denying desire that the freedmen shall be fitted by education to be free men.—*Christian at Work.*

THERE are dangers from our blessings. The wealth and material prosperity of modern times has brought in a rushing tide of secularity. Education has brought in a disregard of many things once unquestionably revered and disposition to deify human intellect and mere mental power; public life, with its many paths open to distinction, has unduly stimulated personal ambition and led many to forget the claims of a higher and better state of

being; the whirl of daily business life has entangled many and abounding temptation has caused the love of many to wax cold.—*Rev. Alexander McLaren.* To this we append the following comment by the *Biblical Recorder*: There is a force in this not appreciated by unobserving people. We have wondered, at times, if we were not in the same danger as were the priests to whom the Lord sent the following message by Malachi: "If ye will not hear, * * * to give glory to my name, * * * I will even send a curse upon you, and will curse your blessings." We have what we call the blessings of civilization. Among these is education. Education has so far progressed (?) as to establish what is known as "modern thought." "Modern thought" thinks most anything, but is particularly fond of arraying itself against the existence and works of an infinite Being. It does this mainly through the leading magazines of the country, which are widely read. It makes the most specious presentations and arguments. It likes to talk of religion as a superstition. It is so insinuating and flattering that its readers are unconsciously drawn into sympathy with it and become its professed advocates. With this comes indifference, if not absolute disregard, concerning spirituality. This may be called a state of self-sufficiency; and this is a curse. "Modern thought" is thoroughly human. Will any one call himself a man and so far forget his manhood, his personality and his own power of thought as to allow himself to be guided and controlled by the thought or opinion of a being to whom none accord anything beyond human fallibility? If so, then a blessing is perverted into a curse.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

EDITOR, T. S. SPRINKLE.

MR. LOWELL celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 22d of February.

A GUTENBERG BIBLE was lately sold for \$10,000. How is this for high?

MACMILLAN & Co. are to publish Sir Monier Williams' book on "Buddhism."

It is said that 1,000 copies of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth" have been sold in England and 3,000 in this country.

THE "Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris" is thought by a London critic to be the most important American diary ever published.

MRS. STOWE's health has permitted her this winter to revise her own biography written by Mr. Rirk. The work will be published at an early date.

THE diaries of Emin Pacha, which are believed to contain much valuable scientific investigation and information, will soon be issued by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HENRY CABOT LODGE's work on "George Washington" will be published in the series of "American Statesmen" before the next centennial of his inauguration.

LEW WALLACE denies writing the biography of Mr. Harrison for political promotion, and says all he wants in this world is his home, his farm and his library.

MR. RUSKIN's profits from the new edition of his "Modern Painters" are thought to be about \$30,000. Even an author may now-a-days become rich as well as famous.

MR. FROUDE is writing a novel, the scenes of which are laid in the rural districts of Ireland a century ago. Some critics think Mr. Froude has never written anything but fiction, whatever it may be called.

DURING 1888 there are said to have been published 107 books in Constantinople in the Turkish language, forty-nine in Greek, forty-one in Armenian, eight in French, three in English, four in Bulgarian, three in Hebrew and one in Volapük.

THE Royal Library of Berlin is the largest lending library in the world. Though the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale contain more volumes they are simply consulting libraries and no books are allowed to leave the buildings.

JOHN BROWN, as well as Bolingbroke, has his admirers and sympathizers, and a German writer, Herman von Halst, gives a sympathetic essay on the life and death of the hero of Harper's Ferry fame and criticism upon the unfriendly criticism of John Brown.

HENRY W. GRADY, editor and proprietor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is engaged

upon a history of the Southern portion of the Union, from which much is expected in that section. Mr. Grady is assisted by several competent persons and the book is to be illustrated.—*Ex.*

"A QUAKER GIRL OF NANTUCKET," by Mary Lee, is a very interesting and fascinating novel, the Quaker element being new in fiction and the many eccentric ways of this people in the days gone by impart to this book more than an average amount of interest and information.

"THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE" is the title of Mrs. Burnett's latest novel. This is indeed a very romantic story. Pepita, the heroine, is a very beautiful, proud, self-willed, high-tempered country lass who falls under the influence of Sebastino, Spain's champion bull-fighter. The poor girl has a hard time and a great deal of trouble. The scenes are laid in and around Madrid.

THE Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States have been compiled and published in parallel columns in English, French and German. The work has been carefully revised by able French and German scholars and is well supplied with explanatory notes which render it a very valuable work for foreigners who wish to become American citizens.—*Laidlaw Bro.'s & Co., N. Y.*

THE latest volume of the "*International Statesmen*" series is "Life of Viscount Bolingbroke," by Arthur Hassall. The author intends to set Bolingbroke in his true light, and endeavors to show that he lived in advance of his times; that he is now more honored than then; that he was misunderstood and unappreciated, and his labors were not estimated at their

true worth. Well does Mr. Hassall vindicate the Viscount, and will no doubt make him better understood and more highly appreciated.

"AUTHORS AT HOME," which contains personal biographical sketches of well-known American writers, is a most interesting and delightful book and will be eagerly devoured by lovers of our geniuses who are curious to know how they live at home. These brief biographies have been contributed by various writers whose opportunities have enabled them to give us many charming interiors. Among the notable homes may be mentioned those of Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Lowell, and of Howells, Cable, and S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

"TOILERS OF BABYLON" is a novel by B. L. Farylon. This story takes its place among the poor and lowly of London. The beautiful heroine marries a Mr. Manners, far above her in station, much to the displeasure of both fathers. Her husband is disowned by his father, a very wealthy man, because he refuses to forsake the pretty little "Nansie." Then come their trials and troubles to be fought out among the poorest of the London poor. The husband loses his mind, which renders Nansie's burdens doubly heavy; but after a lapse of years all parties become reconciled.

OF all hypothetical speculations yet made in science we consider Laurence Oliphant's last work, "Scientific Religion," the most absurd. This work is a system of spiritual development. The means used are self-devotion, self-denial, self-purification—in a word the practice of the virtues of which religion teaches the

theory. The result of such a course of instruction as he lays down he thinks will be "the restoration to man of his primitive bisexualism which will be effected by the perfect union, spiritual and personal, of pairs of males and females, each affording a new channel for the descent of divine power upon earth." He further thinks that the world is utterly depraved and its destruction can be averted only by the adoption of the remedy disclosed in his "Scientific Religion." This author has recently died. Perhaps his death was caused by some of his spiritual remedies.

"THE STORY OF MEXICO" forms the twenty-second volume of the eminently practical and useful "*Story of the Nations*" series and has been written by Miss Susan Hale. The literature of this neighboring republic is voluminous and scattered through several different languages. Sketches of observation and travel in that country are abundant; but a readable digest of it all was in great demand. This

Miss Hale gives. It is no dry compilation of facts, but life-like, vivid pictures of civilization through two dynasties before the Aztecs, whose destruction was wrought by the Spaniards. Then its history under Spanish rule, its war with the United States, the ill-fated empire of Maximilian, the establishment of the republic, the beneficent rule of Diaz. It is a romantic story in which the rigid line of historic truth is truly followed. The author takes an impartial view in her account of the war between that country and ours, and thinks the admission of Texas was "an act scarcely to be justified according to the laws of honor and international good faith." She also thinks it learned the Mexicans the much-needed and useful lesson that it would but work their own destruction to contend in bloody war with superior foes. Miss Hale thinks that Mexico will not owe her future prosperity to her mineral resources, but to enterprising manufactures.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

EDITOR, C. G. WELLS.

—The *Columbia Spectator* is as bright and sparkling as ever. It devotes a good deal of its space to athletics, but we suppose this is what its patrons want.

—The *Vanderbilt Observer* for December and January reaches us just as we go to press. We suppose it must have been delayed to get out that little gem, beginning—

"'Twas the darling of my heart," etc.

—The *Guardian*, of Waco, Texas, compliments the STUDENT by reproducing one of its contributions, "Lessons from History and Song." It renders the proper credit. Thank you, Mr. *Guardian*.

—The *Delta Upsilon Quarterly* is published at New York by the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. The February number has more than a hundred pages, and contains much special and general Fraternity news.

—*The Free Lance* for March has been received. It is neatly printed on good paper, its editorials are short and to the point and the departments are well served. Like many of our other exchanges it has no department for contributions from the students of the college it represents.

—*The Hamilton College Monthly*, published by the young ladies of Hamilton Female College, Lexington, Ky., is a credit to them. It contains a number of short articles contributed by the young ladies of the college, and its editorials show that the editors do a good deal of general reading. We were struck with the versatility displayed by the writer of the editorial signed "M. T."

—*The Wofford College Journal* for March comes to us with the request to exchange. The "Literary Department" consists of twelve pages and six of these are devoted to a discussion of "College Fraternities" by a fraternity man. The article relates to local matters and indicates that there is no good feeling existing between the fraternity and non-fraternity men at Wofford. We think the editors should have thrown this piece into the waste-basket. A wrangle of this sort, young gentlemen, will benefit neither your *Journal* nor the college it represents, unless it results in the extirpation of the fraternities by the college authorities.

—*The Adelpian* for March is the second number of a neat little fifteen-page monthly published by the Adelpian Society of Furman University, S. C. We

entirely disagree with the editorial on "Novel Reading" and think that if its author would spend a few leisure hours in the delightful, inspiring and elevating company of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and other masters of English fiction he would wish to blot this editorial from existence and write another in quite a different strain. We see that the other society at Furman is soon to begin the publication of a paper. That is quite a mistake. No college with 132 students will be likely to sustain two college papers. Better consolidate. It requires money as well as brains to run a paper.

—*The Richmond College Messenger* is a daisy. It prints more than ten pages of locals of which the following are specimens: "Mr. N.: 'Say, B., it is time for us to go; I see they are lighting the *lamp-posts*.'" "Mr. H.: 'She needn't think I'm so *perceptible* as to fall in love with her.'" Ten pages of such stuff is not very inviting to the general reader; but the funny part is the *Messenger* criticises the *College Message*, of Greensboro, N. C., for having "too much of the order of locals, news from other colleges, etc.," when really that magazine contains only about one page of college news. After that "harsh notice" the *Messenger* reproduces an old and musty quotation, "all is fair in love and war," and adds: "We trust that we do not cherish the latter sentiment toward you, Miss *Message*." That is splendid, and we just call on the *Messenger's* "devil" to pour a bucket of water on the exchange man.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR, H. A. FOUSHEE.

HURRAH !

THREE CHEERS!!!

FOR Captain Dowd.

AND every member of the team.

MISS LUCY RANES, of this place, was married March 18th to Mr. W. A. Moody, a prosperous young merchant of Person county.

THE Faculty did not grant the petition of the Senior class in regard to final examination ; they decided to abolish April Senior speaking instead. Ugh !

DR. I. G. RIDDICK has recently moved to Youngsville, where he has a splendid practice. Dr. Riddick is a fine physician and we are glad to learn of his success.

WHY don't some of our music-loving students organize a Glee Club? There is the greatest abundance of material and it is only necessary for some one to take the lead.

MR. T. EDGAR CHEEK and his charming bride, of Durham, spent some days on the Hill last month. Long life and much prosperity, and abundant success to you, Edgar.

JUST as we go to press Rev. James S. Purefoy dies. In him passed away one of the best friends the College has ever had. An extended account of him and his labors will appear in our next.

MESSRS. DOWD, McDaniel, Kesler, Ward, Sprinkle, Rickman, Hankins, and

Merrell attended the State convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Wilmington and reported a very enjoyable occasion.

MR. L. R. MOTT, Secretary of the international collegiate branch of the Y. M. C. A., spent several days on the Hill last month and greatly revived the Y. M. C. A. by several interesting and judicious talks.

THE game between the University and Trinity foot-ball teams played March 8 resulted in favor of Trinity, the score being 25 to 17. Messrs. Dowd and Upchurch of our association acted as referee and umpire respectively. It was an interesting and well-played game.

MR. WALLACE RIDDICK, of Lehigh University, Pa., spent several days at home with his parents last month. Up to the time he left Wallace made the highest average that has ever been made here, hence we are not surprised to learn that he leads his classes at Lehigh.

A BEAUTIFUL memorial tablet has been placed in the entrance of the Chemical Laboratory. Upon it is this inscription :

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES REYNOLDS DUGGAN, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

Born Nov. 14, 1859.

Died Jan. 8, 1888.

Professor of Chemistry at Wake Forest College from Sept. 1, 1886, to Jan. 8, 1888.

We hope to see another one beside it soon to the memory of Rev. James S. Purefoy.

HON. WILLIAM L. WILSON, of West Virginia, has accepted the invitation to deliver the literary address before the two Societies Commencement. He, it will be remembered, won his spurs in the great tariff debate in Congress last summer, making the best speech that was made in that able discussion. He was President of the University of West Virginia a number of years and is in thorough sympathy with all that tends to advance higher education in the South. It is needless to say what kind of an address may be expected of him.

WRITING of the death of Dr. Simmons Dr. T. B. Kingsbury, editor of the *Wilmington Star*, said :

"He was a man of very superior intellect. We doubt if he has ever had his superior in his departments in North Carolina. He was as modest and retiring as he was gentle in character and high in intellect. He was a man of piety, of range of information, was reputed a good lawyer, had good administrative talents, was a man of sound and safe judgment. He was a rarely gifted and eminent North Carolinian, an ornament to the excellent literary institution he had done so much to advance and to place upon the permanent foundation upon which it now rests and he was *par excellence* the most gifted mind among the Baptists of North Carolina, whether at home or abroad.

"A singularly pure, upright, manly, genial, meritorious gentleman has gone from among us. A sincere, humble believer in the Crucified One, we have no doubt his spirit is at rest with his Redeemer in the home of the just."

THE third match-game of foot-ball for the championship of North Carolina was played at Raleigh, Friday, March 29, between Trinity and Wake Forest. Trinity won the toss and took the ball. They began by rushing in a V, but our rush line met them half way and completely checked them. Then they tried to rush-through our centre, but Burns was im-

movable. Again Trinity's centre rushed to break through, but with the same result. The ball was then passed back to half-back Daniels, who endeavored to run, but was tackled before he could make his five yards. Wake Forest then took the ball, and, by a splendid run through the centre, made thirty yards. Merritt, who had the ball, was tackled, and, dazed by the fall, let go the ball. Trinity did not keep the ball long before Wake Forest had it again, and in ten minutes from the beginning Merritt made a touch-down. Devin missed the goal, but Wake Forest secured the ball and in a short time Sikes made another touch-down. The goal was again missed and Trinity secured the ball and by a well-directed kick Durham, R., sent it back towards the centre of the field, but Devin caught the ball and brought it back near Trinity's goal before he was tackled. By successive rushes Wake Forest continued to go down on Trinity's goal and Merritt made another touch-down.

The rest of the first half was played in Trinity's territory. Dowd made a touch-down and McDaniel, by a good run, secured another. This ended the first half. Score 20 to 0.

At the beginning of the second half our team formed the diagonal and made thirty yards before Trinity could stop them. A foul gave the ball to Trinity and full-back Durham kicked it far down towards Wake Forest's goal, but Devin, by an equally good one, sent it back up the hill. Trinity then went at it with a will and did some good playing, but were steadily forced back until Merritt made a touch-down. Trinity hotly contested every foot of ground, but by most successful block-

ing Williams and Oliver made some good runs. Richardson took the ball and made the best run of the day, passing both half-backs and full-back, making a touch-down. The remainder of the game was played in Trinity's territory. Riddick made the last touch-down. After that Oliver made a very fine run which would have secured a touch-down had he not mistook the five-yard-line for the goal-line, and cried, "Down," midway between the two. At this junction Daniels jumped on Oliver's head and the umpire disqualified him. Before the teams could line up time was called for the end of second half.

The teams and their positions were:

TRINITY — Dailey, Center Rusher; Crowell, Right Guard; Hathcock, Left Guard; Roberts, Right Tackler; Wolfe, Left Tackler; Watkins, Right End; Mitchell, Left End; Daniels, Right Half-back; Johnston, (Captain), Left Half-back; Durham, S., Quarter-back; Durham, R., Full-back.

WAKE FOREST—Burns, Center Rusher; Sikes, Right Guard; Richardson, (Williams, F.), Left Guard; Williamson, Right Tackler; McDaniel, Left Tackler; White, J. (Richardson), Right End; Oliver, B., Left End; Dowd, (Captain), Right Half-back; Riddick, Left Half-back; Merritt, F., Quarter-back; Devin, Full-back.

Referee, H. G. Wood; Umpire, H. B. Shaw; both of the University of North Carolina. Wake Forest's substitutes were Watson, Williams, F., and Cook.

Our team worked right together and each man did his duty. Scarcely an error was made. We would like to commend each one separately. The half-back work of Riddick, the full-back playing of

Devin and the rushing of Burns deserve, however, if we may be allowed to specialize, especial mention. Captain Dowd handled his men perfectly, and to him is due in no small measure the credit of the victory. White also made several fine runs before he was winded and had to stop playing. By the time the game was over he was all right again, however.

Trinity played well and showed strong determination, but they were powerless before our splendid rush-line and were outwitted at every point. The only thing that marred this most interesting game was the ungentlemanly playing of Daniels, who seemed determined to cripple our team by every means in his power. The umpire deserved and received the praise of all the lookers on for disqualifying him, their only regret seeming to be that he did not take that step sooner. The decisions of the umpire and referee were entirely satisfactory.

Ye reporter returns thanks to Mr. Mitchell, F., for assistance in preparing this report of the game.

When the team got back Friday night they found an elegant four-in-hand coach (only the coach was a wagon and the four-in-hand a dozen or more boys) waiting, into which they were helped and driven to the foot-ball ground, where, in response to their repeated calls, Captain Dowd, Sikes, Merritt, F., White, J., and Devin entertained the large gathering with well received remarks. A large number of torches lighted the way and the "Tin-pan Orchestra" discoursed dulcet(?) strains. The team were then carried to the Riddick House, where mine host Riddick gave them a most excellent supper. The next morning the team's colors (red and white)

were seen proudly waving over the belfry of the Dormitory Building.

One of the most pleasant occasions the writer has attended since he has been at college was the banquet given to the team by the students in general Saturday night, March 30, at the Riddick House. The Major and his estimable lady had prepared an excellent repast and the tables *actually* groaned under the weight of good things placed upon them. In behalf of the students H. A. Foushee, President of the Foot-ball Association, acted as master of the ceremonies and welcomed the team to the banquet. Sikes, Burns, White, J., and Captain Dowd followed with interesting and appropriate remarks. All then "fell to" with a vim, and full justice was done to the spread. Thanks were extended to the students for their thoughtfulness and appreciation, to the two substitutes who did not get a chance to show their mettle in the contest, and to mine host Riddick and his lady for their several kindnesses to the team. A toast was proposed to the health of the President of the Foot-ball Association by Captain Dowd, and after some scattering remarks by the first named gentleman the banquet was closed by the agreement to hold a reunion Commencement '99—ten years hence.

The office was then repaired to, a box of cigars, presented by Prof. Carlyle, opened, and time passed unheeded by till the wee small hours, when the company reluctantly separated. Thus passed this most pleas-

ant occasion. Especial praise is due to Messrs. Kelly Mason and Cannon, committee of arrangement for the students, for the faithfulness with which they performed their duty.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Dr. W. G. Simmons. He was not called away until he had accomplished a great work. In his departments North Carolina has not had his superior. He was an ornament to the institution he so long represented. As a scholar he stood the intellectual peer of any man in the State. He was true to his purposes, firm in his convictions and impartial in the performance of his duty. His modesty, retirement and gentleness of character rendered him a most amiable man.

Inasmuch as Death has claimed this great and good man from among us, therefore be it

Resolved 1, That, while we reverently submit to the Divine decree, we realize that in his death our College has lost one of its most zealous supporters, and our Faculty one of its ablest and most worthy members; that the Philomathesian Society has been bereft of one of its most loyal and honored sons; that from the Baptist Church has been taken a member who has ever upheld its doctrines and done honor to the denomination, and that Science has lost an able and faithful devotee.

Resolved 2, That we, as students and members of the Philomathesian Society, tender our sincere sympathy to his relatives, and to his sorrowing and grieved widow and children who have been bereft of a fond husband and a loving father.

Resolved 3, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records, sent to the family of the deceased and to the *STUDENT* and *Biblical Recorder* for publication.

L. H. BATTLE,
E. L. MIDDLETON,
J. E. WHITE,

Committee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

EDITOR, S. D. SWAIM.

—'83, '74, '81. It is pleasant to know that Rev. Thomas Dixon has achieved such uncommon distinction at so early an age, and after so short an experience in the Christian ministry. We have not met him, but we have watched his course with interest. He is a man of rare and brilliant gifts, with a genuine substratum of intellectual force. He will become more famous still if he is studious, humble, consecrated to God, and avoids extremes and "isms." He has charge of a Baptist church in Boston, but is now lecturing in his native State, North Carolina. He has a brother of excellent parts in Baltimore, in charge of a Baptist church also, and is perhaps a superior preacher to his younger brother. Sam Jones says his own wife told him that the Baltimore Dixon could "beat him preaching." The Baptists of North Carolina have another young minister of promise in charge of a Baptist church in New Haven, Conn. All of these young and gifted men were educated at Wake Forest College. We rejoice always in the success of our young men.—*The Morning Star*.

—'70. Prof. G. W. Greene, of Moravian Falls Academy, while attentively engaged in cultivating the heads of those entrusted to him, never neglects the training of their hearts also. In a recent series of meetings conducted by himself at

the academy eight of his students embraced a hope in Christ. His meetings are generally conducted in a way so as not to cause any perceptible interference with the regular work of the school. As usual his school is flourishing. The "sines of the times" indicate that the culmination of its glory is not yet. Its perennial bloom is evident from the fact that it is *ever-Green(e)*.

'55. Mr. L. R. Carroll, of Warsaw, N. C., has this to say of Prof. P. W. Johnson: "We are delighted with Prof. Johnson and lady. As efficient and faithful teachers they are all we desire. Our great anxiety now is that our people shall *know* and avail themselves of the great advantage the Warsaw High School now offers them."

—'54. Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, N. C., is suggested by the *Religious Herald* as successor to Dr. Boyce in the presidency of the Southern Baptist Convention.—*Chronicle*. Dr. H. W. Battle thinks North Carolina cannot spare Dr. Pritchard. He has this to say about it: "Dr. T. H. Pritchard going to leave us? God forbid it! In all the world there is no man (not joined to the heart by the tie of consanguinity) so *dear* to me as Thomas Henderson Pritchard. But I must not vent my *personal* feelings thus publicly. As a Baptist and North Carolinian, I earnestly protest against his going. Are

not North Carolina Baptists tired of supplying the demand of Northern pulpits for able and eloquent preachers, and *to that degree* impoverishing themselves? I grant you that there have been brilliant and most valuable acquisitions from other States, but I am persuaded that no true son of the Old North State *wishes* to leave her, and it is an appropriate time for us to do some just and wholesome thinking."

—'86. Rev. J. L. White is delighted with Durham. The people of Durham are even more delighted with Bro. White. He is preaching to crowded houses. The present house of worship will not hold the people who go to hear him.—*Recorder*. Rev. J. A. Stradley, speaking of the recent revival at Oxford, says: "There have been about one hundred professions. Out of about sixty young ladies boarding at the Female Seminary only one remains without hope. Brother White is pouring "hot shot" into the Germans, grog-shops and gambling places, and is shelling many out who promise never to go to such places again. Bro. White stands in the front rank of the very best evangelists of the day."

—We chronicle with the deepest regret and sadness the death of Rev. J. H. Gillespie, which sad event took place near Warsaw, February 27th. Rev. H. W. Battle says of this noble soul: "The author of 'Elsimore and Other Poems' possessed the poet's soul. Writing of his haunting fate, consumption, his verse, like the sandal wood which perfumes the axe that smites, throws about it the tender and pathetic interest of suffering genius."

—'85. Rev. A. T. Hord, of Burlington, N. C., spent a few days with us the

last of March. He is preaching to the church at Burlington, and hopes to be able soon to procure funds enough to erect a house of worship at that place. He is also in charge of three other churches in that vicinity. As usual he is cheerful and hopeful.

—'80. Prof. J. T. Alderman has charge of the school at Fork Church, in Davie county, where he has been teaching ever since the fall of '81, and his school has enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity all the while. The present session has the largest attendance in the history of the school. The people of Davie speak in very flattering terms of the Professor and his school.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick is preaching very acceptably to the church at Lexington. He is called one of North Carolina's good preachers. But few men are more thoroughly consecrated to their work than Brother Carrick. He is both a successful pastor and an able preacher.

—'62. Hon. George W. Sanderlin, of Raleigh, has kindly accepted an invitation to deliver the address before the fair young ladies of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute at the commencement in June. As a matter of course they anticipate a rare intellectual treat.

—Rev. J. A. Campbell, of Poe's, N. C., has charge of a flourishing school and is also preaching to several churches. He has enrolled in his school during the year 137 students, representing six counties. This gentleman is another of our zealous workers. He takes life to be a reality and proceeds accordingly.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Morton, of Weldon, is pastor of the Baptist church at

that place and also of the church at Litleton. His people are more than delighted with him. It has been through his constant devotion to his work that the church at Weldon has been raised from a mission point to the banner church in the Baptist State Convention in point of benevolence—giving more to the various objects of benevolence, in proportion to its numbers, than any other church in the State. He is quite popular as a man as well as a pastor and preacher. He proceeds on the theory that calm, steady development of a people is most enduring and fruitful.

—'88. We are sorry to be denied the rare pleasure of announcing in this num-

ber of the STUDENT the entrance of at least one of the '88 *alumni* class into the peaceful realms of conjugal bliss. We are not sure where the blame lies, but could not suppose it due to any indifference on the part of the gallant gents whose future was so bright and full of hope on the day of their exit from college. No, to be sure *they* are not to blame. We doubt not they have acted well their part. Certainly not one of them could be called fastidious. But if the trouble is not due to their negligence or indifference (and we cannot believe it is) where does it come from? There is only one solution to the question. Boys, be brave, try again and blot this *stigma* from your fair names.

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VOL. VIII.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., MAY, 1889.

[No. 8.

CAPITAL—ITS ORIGIN AND GROWTH.

As is the case with regard to many other terms in Political Economy so in the case of capital, the popular notion of it does not coincide with the scientific use of the word. The confusion in the popular mind as to the difference between money and wealth resembles that in regard to the difference between money and capital. Just as money is thought by many to be synonymous with wealth so some do not comprehend the distinction between money and capital. But money is identical neither with wealth nor with capital. The reason why it is mistaken for the one accounts also, I think, for its being mistaken for the other. At any rate the explanations are similar. Money is one of the most conspicuous forms of wealth. A man, according to popular notion, is wealthy either in proportion to the amount of money he has or to the readiness with which his possessions may be turned into money. "In common discourse," says Mill, "wealth is always ex-

pressed in money. If you ask how rich a person is, you are answered that he has so many thousand pounds. All income and expenditure, all gains and losses, everything by which one becomes richer or poorer, are reckoned as the coming in or going out of so much money." In a word, it is the medium of exchange and the standard of value; the conspicuous channel through which the products of industry flow from one to another in the industrial world. Now production, with which capital has so intimately to do, is an essential part of that industry whose processes are so facilitated by money, so closely connected with it. Capital is wealth at work producing wealth, and money facilitates the process by which what Prof. J. B. Clark calls consumers' wealth becomes what may be called, in contradistinction to that term, working wealth; that is, capital. It is not strange, therefore, that money should be regarded as capital.

But how is capital to be defined? The necessity for a clear-cut definition, or definitions, of it is seen, not only in the fact that the popular notion concerning it is a more or less confused one, but even more in this other consideration, that economists themselves differ, both as to some of the minor and even in regard to some of the fundamental ideas of capital. While definitions are everywhere important they are nowhere more so, I imagine, than in Political Economy. The conceptions which make up this science are so closely dependent, one upon another, that a varying definition of any one of them makes itself felt along a whole line of economic truths. Mr. Mill defines capital to be "a stock, previously accumulated, of the products of past labor." Mr. Walker says: "The capital of a community is that part of its wealth (excluding land and natural agents considered unimproved) which is devoted to the production of wealth." Dr. Ely's definition is somewhat different from the ones just quoted. That difference we will have occasion to notice further on. His definition is: "Capital is the heaped-up products of past labor which *may be* used for purposes of further production." But Karl Marx is radical. In his description of capital he hits the present capitalistic method a shoulder-blow. We will not, however, enter upon a discussion of his startling words, but simply quote them: "A negro is a negro. In certain relations he becomes a slave. A cotton-spinning machine is a machine for spinning cotton. It becomes capital only in certain relations. Capital is the social relation existing in processes of production. It is an historical relation. The means of production are not capital when

they are the property of the immediate producer. They become capital only under conditions in which they serve at the same time as a means of exploiting and ruling the laborer. The foundation of the capitalistic method is to be found in that theft which deprived the masses of their rights in the soil, in the earth, the common heritage of all." In these definitions it may be seen that there are two main elements in capital: (a) it consists of stored up goods, and (b) it must be capable of being used for further production.

An important distinction to be noted is that between capital and non-capital. Mr. Mill's distinction between them is not thought to be satisfactory. He makes it reside solely in the intention of the owner of the economic goods as to the use he shall put them to. On this point he says: "The distinction between capital and non-capital does not lie in the kind of commodities, but in the mind of the capitalist—in his will to employ them for one purpose rather than another; and all property, however ill-adopted in itself for the use of laborers, is a part of capital, so soon as it, or the value to be received from it, is set apart for productive re-investment. The sum of all the values so destined by their possessors composes the capital of the country. Whether all those values are in a shape directly applicable to productive uses makes no difference. Their shape, whatever it may be, is a temporary accident; but *once* destined for production they do not fail to find a way of transforming themselves into things capable of being applied to it." But man's will is changeable. At one moment he may will to do this, and the next that. Let us suppose a case. Here is a stock of

economic goods in the shape of cotton cloth. Is this stock the capital or wealth of the owner? That depends, according to Mr. Mill, upon whether he *intends* to use it for further production, or, say, for mere pleasure-giving consumption. If the former, it is capital; if the latter, it is not capital. But what if he suddenly changes his intention to use it for further production and decides to use it for the purchase of rare wines? From capital at one moment does it change with the whim of its owner to non-capital at the next? The character of the stock did not change; but it lay there all the while capable of being used for purposes of further production, and hence was potentially capital. This arbitrary test does not seem to be nearly so good an one as this other which may be gotten from Dr. Ely's definition of capital: "Every product laid by which may be used for purposes of further production." Here the distinction is objective rather than subjective, as in the other; residing not in the may-be freaky will of the capitalist, but in the economic goods themselves.

While, as we have seen, the popular notions of capital, and even the definitions of it by economists, are not always clear and consistent, Prof. J. B. Clark thinks that among business men the word stands for a single, clear conception. His treatment of the nature of capital is so important as differing from the traditional views, and his distinction between pure and concrete capital bears so directly upon the discussion in this essay, that I will give here, partly in his and partly in my own words, what he says on that subject: In the business world capital has one clear-cut meaning; in the economic world it

stands for two unlike conceptions, and is sometimes applied to the one and sometimes to the other. If a manufacturer is asked what his capital is he will say so many dollars. Ask him in what it is invested and he will mention the buildings, land, goods, tools, and what not, in which his productive fund is embodied. He regards these concrete things as the containers of his capital, "while the content itself will appear to be a value, an abstract quantum of wealth." Suppose he is a hardware merchant. His stock at a given time consists, let us say, of so many saws, axes, files, knives, etc. But all these do not, in his eyes, denote his capital until you attach a monetary value to each. In a year, perhaps, his stock has entirely changed; but if the new forms represent the same monetary value his capital is the same as it was. The fund of capital is not impaired because the stock has changed, has moved. "The corn or wheat that perishes, abides." "The fund capital resides in many unlike things, but consists in an entity that is common to them all." So much of this common entity as a business man has embodied in instruments of production—however much they may change and exchange, may perish and be restored through use—so much is his permanent capital. This "vital essence" contained in concrete instruments of production is pure capital; the instruments themselves are concrete capital. Now, economists define capital in its concrete and apply it in its pure or abstract sense. They first say that it consists of buildings, tools, etc., and then treat it as a fund which is the result of saving from income and a reservoir of wages, the laborers' share of abstract wealth. This fact it will

be well to bear in mind when we come to consider some traditional views concerning capital which are antagonized by later writers.

One of these views, important in its bearing on what follows, may be considered just here. I refer to the wage-fund theory. Walker defines that theory thus: "There is in any country, at any time, an amount of wealth set apart by economic forces for the payment of wages." "The average amount received by each laborer is determined precisely by the ratio existing between the wage-fund and the number of laborers; or, as some writers have preferred to call it, between capital and population." In a magazine article Mr. Mill says: "More than the amount of the wage-fund, it is assumed, the wage-receiving class cannot possibly divide among them; that amount they cannot but obtain; so that the sum to be divided being fixed the wages of each depend solely upon the divisor, the number of participants." Prof. Clark takes direct issue with this doctrine that wages are paid out of a fund of pure capital paid in advance. What the laborer receives is a part of the value which his labor has created. Capital does not primarily seek investment in the forms which afford subsistence for laborers, but only secondarily so. These forms are a convenient exchanging stock in which the laborer may invest his wages. This stock might be diminished without diminishing wages. The rate of wages does not depend upon the exchanging stock as it was thought to do upon the wage-fund. For wages to decrease the amount of the value created must decrease. This value must be large enough at the end of any given time to

cover the amount of that time's wages; but if the exchanging stock does not amount to that, wages will not necessarily fall. The laborer is worthy of his hire because he helps create a value out of which his hire comes. "This wage-fund theory," says Clark, "has long ago gone the way of exploded fallacies, even though now and then some writer of ability infuses a galvanic life into some part of it."

There are many kinds of capital which might be mentioned, but I do not think it necessary to mention them here. But the distinction between the two forms, circulating and fixed capital, is of too much importance to pass over. Adam Smith, in his writings, makes this distinction. Accumulated goods he calls "stock," and this he subdivides into that which yields an income to its owner, and that which yields no income, but is destined for his immediate use. The former is capital, and this he divides into fixed and circulating, classifying under the head of fixed, (*a*) machines, (*b*) buildings, (*c*) improvements of the soil, and (*d*) useful and acquired abilities; and under the head of circulating, (*a*) money, (*b*) unsold wares, (*c*) provisions, and (*d*) materials. The instruments usually classed under the head of fixed capital perform active functions; they impart, rather than receive, utilities; while on the other hand, what we call circulating capital performs passive functions; it receives, rather than imparts, utilities. Cotton receives the utilities which the spindle imparts. Moreover, fixed capital can be used as such more than once; in any one round of operations only a part of its value passes over to the product; but circulating capital cannot be used as such but once, and its

whole value passes over into the product in one round of operations. The returns upon fixed capital are spread out over a considerable space of time. A machine, in a day's time, gives up to the product almost an inappreciable quantum of its value. If the product of this one day's use is sufficient to defray the expense of keeping it in repair, to replace the slight loss of value it has sustained during that time, and to furnish the ordinary profit on its entire value, the machine has accomplished its purpose. But not so with circulating capital. It cannot be used as such but once; so that the product of that one operation must not only return to the owner the ordinary profit, but replace the whole value of the capital. Speaking after the fashion of Prof. Clark, the "vital essence" in the original form of the circulating capital must make a rapid trip to its destination in some other form; and its accretion, in its passage from one concrete container to another, must be as rapid as was that passage. On the basis of this truth Mr. Mill lays down the proposition "that all increase of fixed capital, when taking place at the expense of circulating, must be, at least temporarily, prejudicial to the interest of laborers." "This is true," he continues, "not of machinery alone, but of all improvement by which capital is sunk; that is, rendered permanently incapable of being applied to the maintenance and remuneration of labor." Here we touch the point popularly expressed in the question, Is the invention of machinery a good thing for laboring men? The argument in all its ramifications is too tedious to be entered into, but the general conclusion is that, in the long run, it is, to the *mass* of labor-

ers, beneficial. This truth is seen in the words we use almost unconsciously in speaking about the matter: we say *labor-saving* machinery. By the process of invention labor is freed, so that it may employ itself, perhaps, in other industries. The hardship to laborers in a given industry wrought by the introduction into it of labor-saving machinery comes, I think, not, as Mr. Mill holds, from the fact that the wage-fund has been diminished by a conversion of circulating capital into fixed, but from other causes: among others, the difficulties attending a change of employment, or, what is known as the unmobility of labor. The laborers know, perhaps, but a single process of an intricate industry and their habits having become fixed in that one process the learning of a new trade is tedious, sometimes almost impossible, for them. But Mill holds that laborers *collectively* suffer, temporarily, by the introduction of machinery. But in the present state of industry is it true that the introduction of machinery takes place always, or even in a majority of cases, at the expense of capital actually employed in production? Is not a part of that idle capital usually to be had used for the purpose? Even granting that it is introduced at the expense of the circulating capital supposed to contain the wage-fund which is made so much of—then the proposition would depend upon the truth of the wage-fund theory. The argument against his position, which Mill regards as plausible, he replies to by a proposition which depends upon that theory. The argument is this: Though by the introduction of machinery employment is withdrawn from laborers in one department of industry, yet by the

cheapening of commodities, which the machinery brings about, purchasers are enabled to create a demand for other commodities, which will give laborers an equivalent amount of employment in another industry. But, says Mill, this argument is fallacious; for "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labor." Prof. Clark, however, flatly contradicts this celebrated "fourth proposition," and holds, as we shall presently see, that a demand for commodities is a demand for labor. Therefore, as the argument against his position, which Mr. Mill regards plausible, is not only so, but also not, as he claims it to be, fallacious, we may conclude that the invention of machinery, while it may work temporary hardship for those in the special employment concerned, must in the long run benefit laborers as a body.

We now come to Mr. Mill's celebrated dogma, commonly known as the "fourth proposition." It gets its feeble life from that fruitful source of economical dogmas, the wage-fund theory, whose life, in turn, is, if Clark's words be true, only galvanic. Clark, as has already been said, flatly contradicts the proposition that "a demand for commodities is not a demand for labor." Mill's illustration is well known. He supposes the case of a rich landlord who is given to the building of parks and lakes. He determines to change the mode of spending his income, and to lay it out in the purchase of fine velvets or other luxuries. But this new demand will call no laborers into the velvet industry, because it furnishes no capital out of which the wages of the new laborers may be advanced. Clark replies that even granting that the land owner gives several

months' notice of his intentions his demand for velvet will create an instant demand for laborers to make it. Velvet manufacturers will add to their force of workmen, and these new men will from day to day create new values, a part of which will accrue to them as wages; and these wages will in turn not fail to find their way to the vender of provisions and clothing. "It is not only true," says Clark, "that a demand for commodities is a demand for labor, but it is true that a known future demand for articles of any kind is, in actual conditions, a present demand for labor."

Economists generally say that capital originates in saving. They make saving the first step. "Capital," says Mill, "is the result of saving." Familiarly expressed it is the old saying, "You cannot eat your cake and have it." But is saving the basal fact? If you cannot eat your cake and have it, neither can you have it unless it is first produced. This may seem trite, but it illustrates this most important truth, that capital is primarily the result, not of saving, but of production. After it has been produced it is saved from destruction by being productively applied. Walker goes so far as to call saving the "law of capital." "At every step of its progress," he says, "capital follows one law. It arises solely out of saving. It stands always for self-denial and abstinence." This he illustrates by the case of the member of a fishing tribe who begins to lay by fish, instead of immediately consuming them; till, ere long, by drawing upon this stock of fish, he is enabled to support himself while he digs out a canoe in a neighboring forest. The canoe made, he is a capitalist; and others

of the tribe following his example inaugurate what becomes an earnest of the modern capitalistic method. But suppose the fisherman and those who followed his example had done nothing but save fish—had not dug out the canoe—would they ever have had anything approaching the modern notion of capital? How soon their fish would have perished! But their canoes endured and buffeted the waves, giving up to the product of their use now a little and then a little of their value. The “vital essence” in them began to take up its abode in the objects of new desires, and by motion grew. Even the fish had to be caught before they were saved. Who cannot save? Yet producers are comparatively few. John might possibly save the most of millions—if he had them; but a Vanderbilt or a Gould must produce them and make them generate other millions. “It stands always for self-denial and abstinence.” It does and it does not. It does; but not in the sense that they who claim this mean. The capitalistic method is attacked, and they defend it by saying that the capitalist deserves his profits because he abstains from consuming his capital—meaning by consuming pleasurable consumption. But he deserves, if he deserves at all, his profits because he does not abstain from consumption. He literally consumes, or causes to be consumed, the concrete forms of capital, that the fund of pure capital, the “vital essence,” contained therein, may increase. To speak paradoxically, he abstains and he does not abstain. He does not abstain from consuming concrete capital; even Mill says: “Although saved, and the result of saving, it is nevertheless consumed.” “The abstinence in ques-

tion,” says Clark, “consists solely in the diversion of an abstract fund of wealth from one mode of investment to another. It has, however, the effect of saving the fund itself from destruction.”

“The wheat that perishes abides.”

We can hardly conceive of a state of society so rude that there were not in it some simple forms of capital. The cave-dwellers had their stone implements which they used both to kill their game and to keep rapacious enemies from snatching it from them. It is customary, however, to divide industrial progress since the dawn of history into certain stages. There are the hunter, or fisher, the nomadic, the agricultural, and the industrial stages, each characterized by its obvious, peculiar capitalistic processes. We are now in the midst of what is eminently the capitalistic age, when the name of the forms of capital is legion. The discovery of steam-power takes its place along with other inventions and discoveries—like, for example, the invention of the bow and arrow, the domestication of animals, the discovery of the smelting process, and others too numerous to mention, among those causes which may be said to have all but revolutionized the industrial world. I think we may find the origin of the present system in the guilds and towns of the middle ages. The rise of the bourgeois class marked a great advance upon the old *regime*. Hitherto a few favored ones had enjoyed the fruits of the wail and toil of slaves. The serfs of the feudal system were little better than slaves. They were the mud-sills of the structure. Slowly out of this feudal system began to emerge a class of merchants and tradesmen who built cities and grew rich by commerce.

Their progress was death to the system. Thus the development went on; aristocracy of birth and privilege waning, aristocracy of wealth increasing. This spirit of material progress seems to be specially vigorous in America. If this is the capitalistic period in the growth of industry, America is the country where the capitalistic method is having its most wonderful development. These last days have seen the rise of a powerful Plutocracy, the lords of capital; and that rise puts mighty emphasis upon the great question of the day, the Labor Problem. Do laborers get their fair share of the products of industry? With certainty it may be said they do not. But what is their fair share? Capital and labor—what are their true relations? Capital, that mighty force of crystallized human exertion, is powerful

for good or evil. By its use man's myriad wants are supplied and civilization made possible; by its abuse poverty is made, pauperism, manhood degraded, and virtue deflowered. There is truth in Karl Marx's accusation against capital; we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that it is too often used to exploit the laborer. True, he is nominally free to contract, and that is a great advance upon slavery; but he is not always really free. He must live, and oftentimes his necessities determine his wages. These questions are agitated on all sides; we must wait upon their solution. Meanwhile "justice in the division of products, equality in exchanges, must become the aim of social endeavor."—(*Clark in The Philosophy of Wealth*).

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

WALTER P. STRADLEY.

J. H. U., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From the foundation of the Roman Catholic Church till the beginning of the sixteenth century its progress was remarkable. By the thirteenth century it had become the established religion in the first nations of Europe. But with its rapid growth and increased wealth the standard of piety had been lowered, and foul crimes, disgraceful to humanity, were often committed by Popes and Cardinals. Throughout its history the Pope was regarded as the Head of the Church; the laity were not permitted to read the Bible, but were compelled to accept the Pope's interpretation of it as authoritative and infallible.

In the year 1383 an English translation of the Bible was made by John Wycliffe from the Latin Vulgate. This work was received with avidity by the English people. Copies multiplied at a rapid rate, notwithstanding that each one had to be transcribed. The Pope was much enraged at this act of Wycliffe, for, as Catholics expressed it, "the gospel pearl was, in this way, cast abroad and trodden under the foot of swine." The English Catholics made an effort in Parliament to pass a bill suppressing this work, but failed. A spirit of inquiry had been awakened, and well has Wycliffe been called "The morning star of the Reformation." Determined

to take vengeance upon him the Pope ordered that his bones should be dug up and burned thirty years after his death.

John Huss, of Bohemia, likewise aimed a blow at the papal throne soon after the death of Wycliffe. Treatise after treatise flowed from his pen, boldly attacking the corruptions of the Church, and publishing the crimes committed in the name of religion. He answered the Pope's bulls and denunciations by new attacks upon his power and his abuse of it. So great was the debauchery of the Church that in violation of his safe-conduct he was arrested by the Pope's orders, almost as soon as he arrived at Constance, where he had been cited to appear. When he was asked by the Council to renounce his former opinions he avowed his purpose to adhere to them, and this he did, at the cost of his life. Others followed in his footsteps, gently fanning the flames kindled by Wycliffe.

In the early part of the sixteenth century all eyes were turned to the capitals of England, France and the German Empire for a great revolution. But they were deceived in this, for the man who was to mould the thoughts of future generations had not yet appeared on the scene.

At this time Romanism had reached its zenith. The Pope's authority was so vast that, by one stroke of his pen, he gave away what is now our beloved native land. When a dissenting voice was heard in any quarter the rebel was at once silenced—if not by entreaty, then by the stake. Romanism was the established religion in the leading nations of Europe, among them England, France and the German Empire.

The people, harassed and impoverished

by the extortions of the Church, and even knowing the wickedness of their plunderers, sought no relief from such inflictions, but looked with savage satisfaction upon the fagot-fire of every one who had questioned the authority or infallibility of the Pope. "The Pope was the representative on earth of the Saviour of man, and he poisoned his guests, like Borgia, slew his opponents like Julius, or lived the life of an intellectual epicure, like Leo the Tenth." Never was the contrast between true and false religion so manifest. While the Founder of Christianity lived an humble life—never boasting of his power, and avoiding every appearance of pomp or splendor, this representative of Him exulted in his own power and infallibility, and extorted tribute from the impoverished people to rear imposing structures to perpetuate his fame and deck his spacious halls with the masterpieces of literature and art. The sale of indulgences, promising full forgiveness of sins to the buyer, was universal. "Pour in your coin," cried Tetzel, the infamous agent for indulgences in Germany, "and the souls of your friends and relatives will fly out of purgatory as soon as they hear the chink of your dollars at the bottom of the box." Kings, queens, barons, nobles, and people of all classes flocked around him with their money, believing implicitly the promises of the Infallible! The Pope was everything; the people were but his slaves!

In Wittemberg, October 31, 1517, an Augustine monk affixed to the church door ninety-five theses condemning the traffic in indulgences as a base imposition upon the ignorance of the people, and utterly anti-scriptural. A spirit of inquiry

was awakened. The press began its work, and the theses of Luther were soon scattered throughout the German Empire. Everything seemed to conspire to the success of his undertaking: though the power of the Church was at its culmination the Church itself had recently been divided by the great Schism of the West; and the printing-press was of inestimable value in propagating Luther's doctrines.

All Germany was aroused. Tract after tract appeared openly attacking the existing corruptions in the Church. The Pope was at first indifferent to the appeals of the zealous Catholics in Germany, for he regarded the new departure as only a quarrel of monks. At length, seeing the danger with which he was threatened, Leo hurled forth his bull summoning Luther to Rome. The great reformer refused to obey this summons, for he knew full well what would await him at the very fountain-head of corruption. He afterwards appeared before the Prelate at Augsburg, but the Pope gained nothing by the conference.

Leo's hopes revived upon seeing Charles the Fifth, a most obstinate Catholic, elected Emperor. In the year 1529, Luther appeared before the Diet of Worms. Such a scene was never before witnessed. All the peers and potentates of the German Empire, with the most powerful ruler ever known in Europe to preside over them, were assembled to hear the trial and condemnation of this pale and wan-visaged monk.

"Yet prophet-like that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
And answered all their questions
With force and modesty."

Again and again was retraction de-

manded of him, but in vain. Scarcely had he, at the instance of his friends, left the Diet before it declared him a heretic, and threatened, with severe punishments, all who should give shelter to or in any other way assist him.

By this time the dawn was breaking upon other nations, and almost all the European states welcomed the coming light, and exulted in the hope of deliverance from superstition and spiritual tyranny and despotism. In Switzerland, Zwingli had at once embraced the reformed religion which had now taken deep root. Sweden had entirely overthrown the papal empire in her borders. In France, England, Scotland and Scandinavia the new doctrines had found many supporters. Diet after Diet was convened, while Luther continued to send forth his unanswerable dissertations. The Diet of Spires determined to resort to harsher measures to suppress the Reformation, but a political storm was gathering which thwarted these designs. The Turks were thundering at the eastern gates of Europe, Vienna was besieged and France was rent by intestine commotions. But, above all the din and confusion, ever and anon the rallying cry of Luther could be heard in response to the denunciations of Cardinals and Popes.

The first marked triumph of Protestantism was gained by the League of Smalcalde, by which it was legally recognized, and soon afterwards half the states of Europe embraced it. Protestantism continued to advance for the next two decades. Although it had made rapid progress in all the nations of Christendom it was never permanently established until 1552, for religious liberty was guaranteed

to the Protestants by the Treaty of Pisan, of that year.

The benefits to mankind resulting from the Reformation at once become apparent when a comparison is made between a few Catholic and Protestant countries. Spain, once the first of nations, at the height of prosperity in the fifteenth century, with a newly discovered and conquered world at her feet, is in the nineteenth "a nation so disheartened that it feels itself perish and watches its own decline with the resignation of a fatalist." What has so lowered her in the scale of nations? The politician says, Tyranny; the Protestant answers, Romanism, and the historian replies, the Inquisition;—Tyranny and the Inquisition? While Spain has fallen from first to nearly last of nations, England, on the contrary, has come to the front rank. In Austria, where Romanism reigns supreme, the light of knowledge is extinguished and liberty of thought forbidden. Romanist Belgium, with its fertile soil capable of producing abundant crops, with its valuable mines and marble quarries, is far behind Protestant Holland, almost submerged in ocean. The fertile valleys of Belgium still remain largely uncultivated, while the marshes and swamps of Holland have been converted into green fields. In Belgium nearly one seventh of the entire population are paupers; in Holland almost none. Italy! "once mistress of the world! the glory of Europe! possessing the Infallible Head of the Church in her capital!" surely she is pre eminent to-day among the nations. But alas! Imperial Rome, the Eternal City, is in ruins! But why wander longer in European countries searching for these results when our beloved America

furnishes such a striking contrast? Imperial Spain's hosts thronged to the southern continent. The country was open for occupation. Nature's bounties lay in profusion on every hand. Romanism alone entered. But throughout South America and Mexico anarchy prevails and the simplest laws cannot be enforced. What a contrast with the Protestant North! Here a few immigrants settled on a sterile soil with an inhospitable climate. Rugged forests have been felled and barren plains have become green fields. Peace and prosperity reign throughout the land. Liberty of thought and freedom of conscience are insured to all. Law and order—offspring of Protestantism—reign supreme.

Perhaps in nothing else do the beneficent results of this great reform appear more clearly than in the purifying effects upon the Catholic Church itself. Indeed, this was the great end aimed at by Luther and not to found a new sect or creed, as is attested by his own words. No longer does the "Infallible" dare to slay his guests, or pronounce, and have executed, the sentence of death, even in Rome, upon one who invades the sacred rights of the priesthood. No longer can he give away to one of his subjects a whole continent as a reward for religious faithfulness. No longer is the pure Word of God locked from the people and its construction and meaning determined by one man for the masses. Nor does one man longer do the thinking upon secular and religious topics for the thousands of human beings forming great empires and dynasties and decree just what shall and what shall not be done upon pain of death.

When we remember the numbers of precious lives which were taken by Popes

and Prelates under the guise of preserving the purity of the Church, the impoverishing exactions made upon the people by preying upon their implicit belief in the "Infallible," and, indeed, that the very idea of an *infallible mortal*, false as it is—and the Catholic Church's history is a proof most positive of its falsity—has been so nearly eradicated from the mind, how can we but admire and for the time almost

worship the heroes who instituted this great reform by their devotion to principle?

The leading civilized nations of the world to-day enjoy civil and religious liberty. *One* if not *the* prime cause thereof is the great German Reformation of the sixteenth century. This triumph of truth over error is amply sufficient to show that "Truth though crushed to earth will rise again."

J. R. HUNTER.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

With the space allotted me I cannot go into details. I will, therefore, confine myself to the points which will be of more immediate interest to us in our college work. Every man at the Convention seemed to be full of the energy of youth, full of the spirit of work. The first thing particularly noticeable was the lack of formality. We were all brethren and friends though comparative strangers. We felt that we were united in a common work, with great opportunities and responsibilities under the eye of God. Another thing very noticeable was the deep spirituality that was ever present during the whole sitting of the Convention.

The physical, the educational, the social and the spiritual development of young men was ably and thoroughly discussed by men of experience and ability. A. W. McLeod, of Charlotte, read an interesting paper on "Physical Work." It impressed every one with the need of a good gymnasium in each city and college and especially the need of a good gymnasium instructor.

Prof. Smith, of Davidson College, spoke on "College Work among the Students." He brought clearly before us the great need of some strong influence to ward off the many temptations with which students have to contend—an influence to hold boys back from the perilous paths of sin.

"College Work" was presented with power and effect before the Convention by L. R. Mott, College Secretary International Committee. After his speech a cash collection of \$126 was taken up for extending the work among the colleges in the State.

A committee was appointed to visit the colleges in the interest of foreign missions. The following gentlemen compose this committee: Lee of Trinity, Wills and Worth of Chapel Hill, and Rickman of Wake Forest. Prof. Poteat also was added to the Executive Committee, of which Dr. Hume is chairman.

The reception given to the delegates by the young ladies of Wilmington was simply *delicious*. The tables were loaded with all the good things that heart could

wish, and the ladies themselves with womanly watchfulness saw that all were cared for. They gained a place in our hearts and we will not soon forget the "city by the sea."

Sunday night Dr. Hume delivered an address on the "Value of Young Men to Church and State." It was a masterly effort from a masterly man—a man who has never lost his interest in youth, whose voice speaks so plainly the kindness of his soul.

Monday morning we went to the Hammocks and saw the great ocean roll her maddening waves upon the golden sands, then, in confusion and covered with surf-beaten spray, return again to the bosom of the sea. Above the roar of the ocean and the tumult of a myriad of waves, above the voices of men, above the shells that lay strewn at my feet, I heard, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." It was the voice of God.

Now the one hundred and seventy delegates begin to break off in different directions going to their homes to live out their little lives, each with a resolve to do more for man and thus do more for God.

I have not spoken of the \$2,000 raised to support a State Secretary. This is only a fragment of the work that was done and the things that were said.

The immediate result of this work by young men will be the breaking down of the prejudice existing between the denominations. It will hardly make our church relations less firm or weaken our convictions on disputed points, but it will bring

us closer together and so we shall find that we do not differ so much as we think. Half the wrangles on "*doctrinal points*" arise because one does not understand fully the position of the other. In the olden time one nation considered another its natural enemy, but now we see that we are natural friends bound together by common interests. So once there was a notion that denominations were natural enemies, but to-day we feel that we are children of a common Father, living alike on the hidden manna, seeking to know the fullness of truth, bound together by common interest in a common work. Let men see eye to eye and with hand joined to hand push the work which has for its aim the uplifting and developing of man.

This work of young men cannot be measured by statistics. It is mainly a work of character-formation—a work unseen, yet eternal, that dies not with the days but is commensurate with the life of the soul.

We are looking forward to the time when we shall have a good gymnasium at Wake Forest—one in which we will all take pride, with a good instructor at its head.

We are hoping for a chair of the Bible. In our college work we want your sympathy—we want *you*. Could not our professors help us and we help them and so be mutually helpful to each other? Let every man do his best. "For our lives are measured by the deeds we do and the thoughts we think."

J. L. KESLER.

A TRUE PALADIN OF ROMANCE.

Of all deeds the most daring, of all exploits the most illustrious, of all careers the most romantic, recorded upon the pages of history, none, in our estimation, surpasses that of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. The deeds attributed to this hero are too illustrious, the achievements far too extravagant and too improbable even to be recorded upon the pages of any romance. Yet if we are to rely upon history—and upon what else can we rely?—we must accept them as facts. He plucked the flower of peril because it breathed the perfume of success, he brought on hardships for the pleasure of subduing them and courted danger for its own sake. Leonidas with his three hundred are held up to us as brilliant luminaries in the world's great firmament of heroes simply because they held at bay for a short time the mighty hosts of Xerxes, yet they only stood in a narrow pass and fought and died because they were compelled by the laws of their country. "The Great" is suffixed to the name of Alexander to hold him up as a hero to generations yet unborn simply because he commanded the invincible phalanx, "the pride and glory of Macedon," to hurl the "mighty flood-tide of ruin" pregnant with the fire and electricity of enlightenment, intelligence and superior military skill against the rude structures and defenceless mud hovels of the east, supported only by the weak hands of ignorance and of unpolished barbarity. Napoleon was held as the "child of destiny," at whose footfall, the historians de-

clare, "monarchs quaked, thrones and kingdoms crumbled and nations feared for their very existence," simply because he marched victorious over the valleys, hills and mountains of Austria, Italy and Prussia; and, too, it must be remembered that under his banner were levied the "flower of France," the very embodiment of scientific warfare. Yet Cortez fought the battles of Mexico forced by no law save that of his own determinate will, urged by no incentive save that of ambition and the prosperity and welfare of his own country, and with what seemed the scum rather than the flower of his nation he met the furious Aztec warrior, whose principle deity was the god of war and to whose heaven the battle-field was the shortest and most glorious route, outnumbering the little band of Cortez some twenty thousand men to one.

Before the battle was e'er begun, "The greater the obstacles, the greater the exertions and the more illustrious the victory," shouted he to his little band as they rode down into the valley and shadow of death, grappled with demons, struggled in the throes of destruction and brandished their swords on the slippery verge of eternity.

For the sake, not merely of verifying the statements above, but the rather to show that they, however extravagant, fail to do this knight-errant of romance (for such, it seems to us, he may be most fittingly termed) justice, let us for a moment (for brief it must be in this sketch) notice his history and recount only a few of the

many deeds of heroism and romantic adventures accomplished during his brilliant career.

Henando Cortez in his early youth was seemingly indifferent to nearly every acquirement or avocation save that of the military profession, or rather the life of adventure to which this profession inevitably led, in the age in which he lived. In 1504, at the early age of nineteen, he determined to break the monotony of his heretofore idle and indolent life by seeking his fortunes in the New World where gold as well as glory was to be won and where the very dangers that he knew he would be compelled to encounter had a mysterious and romantic charm in them inexpressibly fascinating to his youthful fancy. He enrolled himself under the banner of one Quintero, a commander of a vessel bound for the Indian islands. On his arrival at Hispaniola lands and Indian slaves were furnished him for agricultural pursuits. But as he said "he came to get gold, not to till the soil as a peasant," he was restless at this quiet life, the monotony of which he frequently broke by engaging in military expeditions against the Indians, until the year 1511, when he enlisted under the banner of Velasquez for the conquest of Cuba. In this expedition he won so much distinction for his bold, daring and fearless deeds that when Velasquez, who was then Governor of Cuba, conceived the plan of new discoveries, Cortez was the man selected to execute his plans. As was afterwards shown he was the right man for the place. However idle, indolent or frivolous his past life had been, from this hour his deportment seems to have undergone a complete change. He threw off the shackles of idleness and buckled on the armor of

activity. His thoughts, instead of evaporating in empty levities or idle flashes of merriment, were wholly concentrated on the great object of his heart's devotion. He not only spent his own estate and what he could get from his friends in fitting out his little fleet, but showed the power of his elastic spirit in cheering, animating and persuading his friends to take part in this hazardous enterprise with him. It is only sickening to add that after he had spent his time and fortune in preparing the fleet, long before the equipments were ready and supplies were furnished for the expedition, Velasquez, from whom Cortez derived his authority, became jealous and determined to thwart his schemes by appointing another to the command. But Cortez showed the same prompt decision on this occasion that characterized his whole after-life and gave the direction to his destiny. Though scantily provided with men, arms and provisions he determined, greatly to the amazement of all, to sail the very night that he received intelligence of the Governor's intentions. So at the lone hour of midnight he, with his little crew, went quietly on board, unfurled their sails to the breeze and were soon wafting their way over waters and toward a land and a people unknown to them. When all were manned and an inspection held it was seen that there were eleven vessels carrying one hundred and ten mariners, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, besides two hundred Indians of the island and sixteen horses. Here is a picture, taking all things into consideration, far surpassing in adventure and romance any legend devised by Norman or Italian bard of chivalry. A little band of five hundred and fifty soldiers, selected from any quarter

and of any rank where one could be hired or persuaded for money or love, sailing to encounter a people whose countless hosts of warriors could outnumber them ten, or perhaps twenty, thousand men to one (and some say more), and whose wild and savage forests, snow-capped peaks and entangled valleys were as unknown to them as the regions of the lower world. Yet this little band was the instrument selected by Providence to scatter terror among the Aztec monarchs, cover their fields with the dead and dying, crimson their rivers with blood and lay their empire in the dust. This was the band that was to pluck the brightest gem of the New World and add it a bright and shining ornament to the royal crown of Spain.

On landing, Cortez everywhere recognized the vestiges of a higher civilization than what he had before witnessed in the Indian islands. He beheld large houses and spacious temples with towers rising several stories high constructed of stone and lime. In vain did he send messengers through the country to make known his friendly intentions. They were like messengers of death upon errands of destruction. The country was soon astir and the countless hosts of savage warriors poured forth upon the little band like a mighty avalanche upon an oak in a lonely desert. The first great battle, which gave the Spaniards a foretaste of what they might expect, was fought March 25th, 1519, with the hostile Tabascans. On the broad plains of Centla were beheld the dusky lines of the enemy stretching as far as the eye could reach, and as the little band of Spaniards, seemingly a mere object of contempt opposing such a numerous band, came slowly on, floundering through the

thick morass, the Tabascans set up their hideous battle cries and discharged volleys of arrows, stones and other missiles that fell like hail upon the shield and helmet of the assailants. At every charge of the Spanish artillery numbers of the enemy were swept down, but only to give room for the return of superior forces, and when stunned or driven back by a vigorous charge soon turned again and rolling back like the waves of a tempestuous ocean seemed ready to overwhelm the little band by weight of numbers. After about two hours of carnage, struggling in the throes of death, Cortez had the gratification to see forty thousand men baffled, defeated, and completely routed in open field by his followers. This is only one of many battles in which the numbers were ever more unequal. The nations of Anahuac beheld the pale-faced white man within their borders laying desolate their homes, deluging their land in a sea of blood, bearing in their right hand the destructive thunderbolt and in their left the awful seal of eternity's hush. The blood of the nation was aroused and the countless hordes of fearless warriors rushed upon the bloody field to be mowed down like grain in the harvest field. In the place of one killed seemingly a score rushed in to fill the vacancy, and they declared that they were willing to sacrifice twenty-five thousand lives for the sake of killing one white man. The scene was appalling. The brave hearts of the little band gave away, except that of their commander and a very few of his most devoted followers. They demanded to be led back to their native land as death was staring them in the face and must be the inevitable result should they remain in a hostile country, surrounded on every

side by the most bitter and fearless of enemies. But it was as much unlike Cortez to shrink from danger or to relinquish his plans only in part executed as it would have been for the most daring bard of ancient chivalry to cower before a hated enemy. However unreal or romantic it may seem, with the same daring boldness and stern heroism he accomplished his other plans he ordered the fleet—save one small vessel that had conveyed his men to these distant and unknown regions—to be immediately dismantled and sunk. Thus with one bold stroke cutting off all communication, all means, all hope of escape; by this act said to his soldiers, “Death or victory, to relinquish I *will not*, to escape you *cannot*.” Despair seemed to strengthen every nerve and the desire to sell their lives dear rather than any hope of victory brought new life and they went merrily to their tasks of slaughter. All eyes are turned toward the capital and they determine to reach it or mingle their blood freely with the innumerable hosts they knew they would be compelled to slaughter before their goal was reached. The movement to the capital is begun. They scale the lofty barriers whose snow-capped peaks invade the thunder’s home and descending into the valleys rush over towns, nations and principalities as if they were the playthings of an hour. They tear down the idol gods of Anahuac, demolish their sacred temples, burn their towns, slaughter their warriors and sleep secure within their palaces.

Now why continue this account of slaughter or draw upon the reader’s imag-

ination by telling of how Cortez with his four hundred were amicably received within the gates of the capital and comfortably quartered! Of how Montezuma, the Emperor, was seized and thrown in chains in his own capital! Of how the nations around became furious and rushed to their Emperor’s rescue with the determination to crush the little handful of pale-faced white men! Of how they are mowed down day and night in countless hordes, until the soldiers of Cortez grow sick and faint with murder, and of how they butcher their way out through human gore and for a few days leave the field of carnage! Of how they climbed Mt. Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand eight hundred and fifty-two feet high, and descend four hundred feet into the throes of a volcano belching forth fire and sulphur that they may obtain material with which to replenish their exhausted store of powder! Of how they in a few days return to the capital to begin again their work of death and never relinquish their plans until they have humbled every nation of Anahuac and laid them, a rich trophy, at the feet of proud Spain! Such facts as these and numbers of others of like character connected with and controlled by the hand of Cortez make his life seem far more like a dream of fancy—an extravagant paladin of romance—than a true and real character given to us in history, while—as has been said—his achievements seem far too extravagant and too improbable even to be credited upon the pages of any fiction however unreal.

J. O. ATKINSON.

A CITY OF CRIMINALS.

On the right bank of the Arkansas below the confluence of the Poteau is situated the flourishing city of Fort Smith. Less than a dozen years ago it was but a small, insignificant trading post, the chief attraction being the Indian commerce and the battered barracks. She is now the second largest town in the State and is more popularly known as the "Border City," claiming a population of eighteen thousand.

Before the Mexican war the United States had a fort on the river bank where the dividing line between Arkansas and the Indian Territory crosses the Arkansas river. Many a red man has been shot down by the pale-face behind the rock walls adjoining the Choctaw nation.

General Zachary Taylor had charge of this post for quite a while. It was here that President Jefferson Davis stole his bride. The old house in which the General lived is still standing and some of his furniture is owned by citizens of the place. We are not informed how Mr. Davis managed to get his girl, but guess she was like all other women—willing to marry. It is said that several years after the elopement, during the Mexican war, General Taylor congratulated young Davis—his unrecognized son-in-law—on his bravery, and remarked that his daughter was a better judge of a man than he was. Mr. Davis would not know the place to-day.

Fort Smith has a propitious future. It has an abundance of coal, cotton and cattle. Natural gas has recently been discovered in great power. Her commerce is exten-

sive and transportation accessible. Educational advantages are superior to many similar cities in the South. Its climate is temperate, which is more than can be said of many of its citizens. This leads me to speak of its courts, where crime holds carnival. There are but two other tribunals in the Union that cost more than the Federal Court at Fort Smith and none that last longer. It is run about seven months in each year. Several hundred men are employed by the United States Court in bringing the criminals to justice and keeping them in custody. There are seldom less than one hundred and fifty prisoners in jail at any one time.

Judge Parker is the dread of all brought before the court because he is known as the "Just Judge." It would astonish any one to see the number he has sentenced to death. Only a few days ago he doomed six guilty men to the gallows, and the court is still in session. Jurymen engage board by the month and are counted fortunate if they do not have to pay for six months' regular board and lodging.

Mr. Geo. B. Maldon is an old hangman, and doubtless has drawn the fatal trigger oftener during the past thirteen years than any one man in the world, having broken the necks of sixty-seven of the most desperate criminal class. As many as six unfortunates have been launched into eternity by him at one spring of the trap.

Fort Smith now has two very fine court-houses—one for the United States and the other for the State of Arkansas. It is

better prepared than ever for conducting its human slaughter pen.

It is needless to state that there are more lawyers in Fort Smith than in the city of Philadelphia, because lawlessness and lawyers seem to go hand in hand. Sometimes distinguished advocates at the bar are led to this place of capital punishment. Recently the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," Senator Voorhees, made an able defence for an Indian murderer who was acquitted. So not all who are guilty of crime are justly condemned at this bar of justice, and perhaps some innocent ones meet an untimely end.

The cause of so many terrible deeds is due to the fact that the Indian Territory is under the jurisdiction of the United States Court at Fort Smith. Nine-tenths of all the crime committed under the authority of this tribunal occurs in the Indian Territory. "The Nation," as it is more commonly called by the people adjacent, is a perfect den of desperadoes and a harbor for highwaymen. The red man relishes the red blood of his enemy as much as ever, and the white wretch is wont to seek a hiding place where pious people do not dwell. Much of the depredation in the States bordering this Territory is due to these rascals who live by theft. They are not all bad *men*, for there are women equally as wicked. Only a few days ago one, Belle Starr, disguised herself in men's clothes and went to a town where she robbed two stores and made a man give up his watch. The next day she was found dead in the road with several buck-

shot in her head. Murder is as common as country churches in this Nation. So if Clayton was assassinated in Arkansas the greater portion of her crimes is done by parties living across the line.

Let no one think that this City of Criminals is any worse than any other city in the South, for such is not the case. Its citizens come largely from the older States and are progressive and law-abiding people. It would not be deprived of the United States Court if it were left to a vote of its best inhabitants, since it adds largely to the circulation of money in its midst. It is calculated that some days the court costs the Government \$7,000 per day, which is no small sum to be distributed among the officers. Thus while the city causes so many vile villains to suffer it is a blessing to her people.

There may be many objections to opening the Oklahoma country and the Indian Territory, but it is generally conceded by those capable of judging that by so doing this country will cease to be such a refuge for the lawless rascals who flee thither to escape the officers of the States. When the Territories are all admitted into the Union then we hope to have better society in the West. Let it be said to the credit of this country, and especially of this city, that so many peace-breakers and destroyers of human happiness are captured and arraigned and punished. Truly this is a great Republic of ours which is doing so much to preserve peace and punish her prisoners and protect her people.

LAVACA, ARK.

E. C. ROBERTSON.

HAVE YOU READ IT?

Have you read that wondrous novel
 Famed in palace and in hovel
 Which doth sweep o'er themes religious
 With a genius quite prodigious?
 Aye, it is a precious story
 All o'erspread with gleams of glory,
 Advertised by priest and preacher,
 Criticised by tract and teacher,
 Full of philosophic diction
 And the logic of conviction.
 All our fathers were mistaken
 And their reason sure was shaken
 When they gave interpretation
 To the truths of revelation;
 For this modern female genius
 With a manner quite ingenuous
 Hath o'erthrown their doctrines charming
 With a freedom that's alarming.
 She with vision shrewder, faster
 And with wisdom deeper vaster
 Than the boasted strength of sages
 Hath eclipsed the lore of ages,
 And uncovered treasures hidden
 Till by her grand genius bidden
 To unfold their matchless beauty

As a guide for faith and duty.
 Foolish have been all the preachers,
 And half blinded all the teachers,
 For they seem to have forgotten
 That their systems, old and rotten,
 Could not stand the test of reason
 Which in its good time and season
 Would appear to crush forever
 All their dogmas and to sever
 Truth from error. But creation
 Doubtless will preserve its station
 In the various range of matter
 Notwithstanding all the clatter
 Which has swelled the transient glory
 Of this wondrous modern story;
 And religion still will brighten
 Human life, and cheer and lighten
 Burdened souls, unharmed, unshaken
 By this female scribe mistaken.
 You've not read it? Then I'll tell you
 That no mishap dire befell you.
 For no mortal will be poorer
 Nor his chance of failure surer
 By not reading *Robert Elsmere*.

SCRIPTOR.

EDITORIAL.

DO LITERARY LABORS PAY?

This is a question that has often been asked, and, perhaps, it is asked oftener and more seriously to-day than ever before in the history of literature. Men feel the need of choosing wisely their life work. The clank and rattle of monster presses running day and night and hurling upon the market every year thousands of volumes fresh from the pens of authors and the avidity with which they are devoured by the reading public are proofs that there is an immense amount of literary work done. Add to the number of those whose works find publishers the great throng whose rejected manuscript never sees light, in print at least, and we have a vast multitude of toilers in the field of literature, embracing every age and sex, who are employed upon every phase of literary labor from the daily paper to the most profound philosophical work.

Would they be thus engaged without a reasonable hope of reward for their toil? Some few might spend their time thus, but the vast majority would not. Some may write as a pastime, but the great multitude of those who have won fame and money by authorship have had an eye to the financial part of the business. The intrinsic value of a production frequently does much to make its author famous. If literature does not pay there is an immense multitude of people who are every day wearing away their lives in a vain hope.

To go no further back than the present

century, let us examine the facts. By the failure of the Ballantynes Sir Walter Scott found himself overwhelmed with debt and went to work with his pen to pay it off. He wrote with great rapidity. *Woodstock* was written in three months, the second and third volumes of *Waverley* in three weeks and *Guy Mannering* in six weeks. For *Woodstock* he received nearly \$40,000, or over \$13,000 a month for his work upon it. His nine volumes of the *Life of Napoleon* brought him more than \$87,000—nearly \$10,000 per volume. Scott was a hard worker and if he did not die rich it was not because his literary labors did not pay. Bulwer labored more leisurely, giving only three hours a day to reading and writing. He received \$7,000 each for some of his novels. Macaulay earned much money with his pen, and he and Bulwer won titled distinction and places in Parliament through their literary labors. Dickens and Goldsmith made money; and Victor Hugo, of France, received \$80,000 for *Les Misérables*. Ruskin's royalty on *Modern Painters* was about \$30,000. Amélie Rives-Chanler recently sold one of her novels for \$30,000. From the STUDENT for March we clip: "Little Lord Fauntleroy has been put upon the stage and is one of the most famous plays of the season in New York. Its production in this country and in England nets Mrs. Burnett about \$1,500 a week, and her income last year was \$50,000." Does it pay?

The *Century* and *Scribner* magazines,

we are told, pay \$150 to authors who are unknown to the managers for stories of about six or seven thousand words, and writers of no reputation get from \$10 to \$15 per thousand words for their short stories, while Julian Hawthorne receives from \$10 to \$1,000 for his tales. These facts would indicate that literary work is not all drudgery and no pay.

Some of the cases cited above are exceptional, but what of the facts in the last paragraph? How long will it take a writer who can lay any claim to the art to throw off a story of six or seven thousand words? A great many authors fail, but do not men in other professions fail too? Educated and trained as they are for their special work, what per cent. of the teachers, of the doctors, of the lawyers, of the preachers fail? Few men make special preparation for a literary career. They too often fail at something else and then take to literary work for a living. So did Scott and Dickens and others whom we might name. Few men make special preparation for this work. Is it any wonder that they fail? No profession can be entered upon with less capital.

We do not claim that authors grow rich. To accumulate wealth it is no less important to *save* money than to *earn* it. It makes no difference what his genius or his talents may be, if a man spends his time and his money in dissipation, as did Poe, can he expect to accumulate property? He is bound to fail, it makes no difference what his calling may be. With a steel pen, a bottle of ink and a few sheets of paper one may begin his work. If he has talent for the work and rightly directs it; if he devotes himself to his labors and conducts his affairs with the acumen of the

successful business man, we see no reason why literary work may not be made a success.

C. G. W.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

In a recent issue of the *STUDENT* one of our missionaries in China discusses public sentiment there relative to the treatment that China has received at the hands of our Government. The *North American Review* for April has a well written article from the able pen of Yan Phou Lee on the same subject. Coming as it does from one who understands the Chinese Question well and discusses it from the Chinese stand-point, this article will be read with interest by American readers. He mentions the several reasons used by those who oppose Chinese immigration, and endeavors to answer them in detail. In reply to the charge "that the Chinese race seems to have no desire for progress," he says: "In the last fifteen years the Chinese Government has educated upwards of two hundred students in Europe and America, has built arsenals and navy-yards, established schools and colleges on Western models, disciplined an army that whipped the Russians, created a navy that would put the American navy to shame, put up thousands of miles of telegraph wires, and it is now busily opening up mines, building railroads and availing itself of American capital and experience to put up telephones and establish a national bank."

This is news indeed. A power that has thrashed Russia and can boast a navy so stupendous as to shame "Uncle Sam's" war-ships may well be reckoned in the front rank of nations and have her subjects respected wherever they go, whether they choose to pitch their laundry estab-

lishments in the midst of Broadway or on the top of the Rocky Mountains. There is something hopeful in this progress. It heralds the dawn of a new era for China. The old China, with its effete civilization, its blind customs and traditions, its utter contempt for Western ideas and improvements, is fast passing away and in its place we behold this new order of things, telegraph wires, schools, colleges, arsenals, navies and all the "pomp and circumstance" of a progressive nation. No longer does the Chinaman think the same thoughts, use the same words and do the same things that his great-grandfather thought and said and did. He is beginning to think for himself. Freed from the shackles that have bound him, body, mind and soul, for so many centuries he will ere long march forth into fields of original thought and investigation and take his place in the onward march of this enlightened age. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished for and all evidences of its approach will be hailed with gladness by all right thinking Americans.

But the question of Chinese immigration involves something more than this. Our country has always been considered "the land of the free," "an asylum for the oppressed," and a kind of public domain where people from all nations on the globe might find a warm welcome. This is a very fine sentiment, but as an element in our social and political structure its practical workings are hurtful. Our ports should be open to such immigrants, and only such, as come with a willingness to become good citizens. The avowed anarchist who comes with a torch in one hand and a dagger in the other, ready to burn, stab and plunder, should be sent to

a more congenial clime. America has no room for him.

Our law-makers have seen fit to place certain restrictions on Chinese immigration. That they had the right to do this cannot be questioned. But if a narrow and unreasoning prejudice against the poor Chinaman on the part of those who would banish his cheap labor is the cause of these laws he has just reason to complain. Justice demands that he should enjoy the same rights accorded to other immigrants. The country that welcomes the highly cultured German infidel should receive the ignorant heathen Chinese. The one will do as much harm to our religious and social institutions as the other. The Chinaman may lower the wages of the California laborer; the German may sow seeds of anarchy and social disorder and thus imperil the highest interests of our Republic. Let us have restrictions on immigration, but let not these be confined to Chinese immigration. J. B. C.

WITCHCRAFT.

The word witchcraft is about synonymous with sorcery, magic, enchantment, divination and conjuration. Those who practised it boasted of a power in consequence of their deep science and by means of certain rites to evoke the spirits of the dead from their gloomy abodes and compel them to disclose information upon subjects beyond the reach of human power. They pretended also that by means of certain herbs and incantations they were able to expel demons and cure diseases by repeating certain phrases. It would be difficult to give any definite conception of the misery which has flowed from this bitter

fount of untold horrors and blood. But suppose we turn for a moment to the grave-yards of Europe filled with the remains of human beings whose ignominious deaths were the result of this awful delusion. During the dark ages of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the word witchcraft was upon everybody's tongue in France, Italy, Germany, England and Scotland. For many years their tribunals were crowded with so many trials for witchery that other crimes were seldom or never spoken of. Their dungeons were gorged, their prisons were crowded, their slaughter-pens were full. The shrieks of women, the screams of children were hideous and wild. In France about the year 1520 fires for the execution of witches blazed in every town. It was a fearful crime to mourn over the awful fate of the victims—even for their friends and nearest relatives. To weep for one was to insure the stake. But the most deplorable thing about it was that a large majority of the victims were entirely innocent. They were so detestable (possessing, as was supposed, some supernatural advantage) that persons who wished to wreak revenge upon an enemy had only to accuse him of practicing divination and he was forthwith arrested and brought before the tribunal to receive his doom.

It was said that in order to become a witch it was necessary for one to sell his soul to the devil, and by this means "they hoped to merit heaven by making earth a hell." In France and England they were supposed to ride uniformly on broomsticks, but in Italy and Spain the devil himself, in the shape of a goat, used to transport them on his back, which lengthened or shortened according to the number he

wished to accommodate. An excellent pack-horse, I imagine! Anything more ridiculous it is impossible to conceive; disgraceful alike to those who made such pretensions and to those who were disposed to credit the shameful iniquity. That the wickedness of a few could invent such a device is not less wonderful than the humiliating thought that millions of mankind should believe and practice it. Folly, madness, wickedness, blasphemy! But near the middle of the fifteenth century reason began to dawn in Europe. Steadily but surely the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition has gradually vanished before the pure light of science and divine revelation. But to say that every phase of the abominable practice has been abandoned would be in advance of the truth. The practice of nailing horse-shoes, for instance, upon the threshold or roasting them in the ashes has not yet been abandoned altogether. And peradventure if any overwise philosopher should attempt to remove them the chances are that he would receive for his services more broken bones than thanks. But again, just why people *churn* horseshoes is a nut hard to crack. It is guess-work, of course, but one might imagine without extravagance that it is to do one of two things, viz.: to churn the witches out of the milk or *vice versa*. So deeply rooted are some evils, and especially of this type, that the lapse of ages cannot remove them. The poisonous tree that once overshadowed the land may be cut down by the sturdy efforts of sages and philosophers—the sun may shine clearly upon spots where venomous things once nestled in security and shade—but still the entangled roots are stretched beneath the surface and may be found by

those who dig. Another King like James I. might make them vegetate again; and more mischievous still, another Pope like Innocent VIII. might raise the decaying roots to strength and verdure. Still it is consoling to think that the delirium, in some degree, has passed away; that the raging madness has given place to a milder folly; and we may now count by units the votaries of a superstition which, in former ages, numbered its victims by thousands and its votaries by millions. S. D. S.

EDUCATING A DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

Laura Bridgman was born in New Hampshire in 1829. She had a severe attack of scarlet fever just before she was two years old, from the effects of which she lost two of her most important senses, seeing and hearing. The senses of taste and smell were likewise so badly impaired by this attack that they were of very little service during her after life. At the age of seven she was taken to Boston in the care of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and for twelve years she received instruction from three competent lady teachers. Of course only one at a time, but when one taught Laura she had little or no time for anything else.

The first lesson was given in the following manner: A number of labels were prepared in raised letters with such words as chair, knife, fork, spoon, key, bed, table, etc., and some of the labels were pasted on corresponding articles. First they gave her the word "chair" on a slip of paper and then moved her fingers over it, as the blind do in reading, then let her have the chair and feel the label upon it and then made to her the sign which she

was accustomed to use for signifying likeness, viz., by placing side by side the forefinger of each hand.

She was very eager from the beginning to learn and possessed a natural inquisitiveness equaled by that of no other person about whom we have ever read or heard. She was also very intelligent and by the aid of all these good qualities in about three days she was labeling nearly all the furniture in the room without ever making a mistake. After learning her that certain letters stood for words and words for material objects they learned her the manual alphabet. The manner of teaching her afterwards was as follows: Let her examine an object, then teach her its name by spelling it with the fingers. And her teacher says, "As she mastered the word her anxiety changed to delight." She thus acquired the names of a large number of nouns, and was next taught verbs. The first were such as shut, open, shut door, open door, accompanying the spelling of the word by the act.

After she had been under instruction for two years and had thoroughly mastered the manual alphabet of the blind and could spell everything in her reach she was taught the use of adjectives, beginning with such as hard, soft, etc. After learning to express quality of objects she was next taught their relations or the uses of prepositions thus: A knife was laid on the table and then spelled "knife *on* table." Next some article was laid on a box and the sentence spelled, then in the box. She soon learned many active verbs and prepositions.

After learning nouns, adjectives, verbs, conjunctions and prepositions she was taught to write, and when the idea dawned

upon her that she could communicate her thoughts to persons with whom she was not in contact her joy was boundless. So great was her perseverance that she soon wrote a legible hand.

In her eagerness to advance her knowledge and communicate her ideas to others the process by which she was compelled to acquire new words was entirely too slow to give satisfaction, and she often coined her own words. Many amusing anecdotes are given. She had learned the definition of *alone* and reasoning by analogy she supposed if being by one's self was *al-one* that being with another or others would be *al-two*, *al-three*, etc. She would often in the early part of her course attribute the qualities of the brute creation to the human and *vice versa*.

She was taught Geography by beginning to bound the school-room, then the town and the State. She persevered till she studied all the countries of the world and became a profound scholar in this branch. Her more advanced studies were Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy and History.

This deaf and blind girl was fastidious about her dress and much desired to appear well. So delicate was her sense of touch that she could recognize her acquaintances in a moment by a touch of the hand or sleeve.

The truths which seemed to surprise her most were concerning death, immortality and God.

She was converted, joined the Baptist Church and was baptized: She wrote some of the most touching letters of sympathy to her friends upon their loss of some loved one.

In writing of her baptism she says:

"I acknowledge the hand of my God was laid upon my trembling soul, also how merciful and loving He was within me." In another place she writes: "In Heaven music is sweeter than honey and finer than a diamond." "By the finger of God my eyes and ears shall be opened. The string of my tongue shall be loosed."

We think a careful study of the life of this one of God's creatures will increase the value of a human being in our estimation. A soul thus shut up in spiritual and mental darkness, deprived of all its "secretaries" save one, the sense of touch, yet groping its way through perpetual night, led on by the slender thread of hope till at last it reaches the goal of success, proves to the world that it is indeed but little lower than an angel.

T. S. S.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

What has become of the customary *Alumni* banquet Tuesday night of commencement after the *Alumni* oration? Last year this was not given for some reason. We were informed at the time that the committee could not secure the necessary funds, but we did not hear how much effort they put forth. No college can ever achieve the highest attainments without the hearty co-operation of its *Alumni*. We submit that there is no better way of effecting this than, in addition to the many literary feasts of commencement week, to spread one for the inner man and there, over the festal board, exchange reminiscences of the past and talk over the glorious future which most assuredly awaits our College.

The proceedings of the last meeting of the Alumni Association from some one's neglect were not published in the *STUDENT*, and we do not know whether a committee was appointed or not. Inquiry on the Hill has failed to elicit the information, but the general impression seems to be that there was not. The President of the Association, Rev. W. L. Wright, of Reidsville, is a man of push and energy, and we trust, if he has not already done so, that he will at once take the necessary steps in regard to this matter. Our columns are open to him or any other *Alumnus* to offer any plan or suggestion whereby the association may be made more effective towards assisting the College.

We would like to suggest that instead of simply requesting members to send a

small amount and then inviting all, regardless of whether they have sent that amount or not to the banquet, the committee in charge should sell tickets to same. This is the plan pursued at Northern Colleges and is certainly business-like and one to which no one can object. The committee, usually citizens of the Hill, cannot be expected to take charge of this *gratis* when there is so great risk to their purse as there has been in the past. Another thing, the toasts ought to be chosen some weeks beforehand and the speakers selected and given due notice so that they may have no excuse for being unprepared. Should this or a similar plan be adopted we are sure that the banquet will become what it ought to be, the most enjoyable feature of commencement to old students. H. A. F.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

THIS number of the *STUDENT* is issued with some slight external and internal changes. The old cut of the College campus and buildings, which has appeared on the front cover ever since the establishment of the *STUDENT*, has been laid aside.

The Lea Laboratory, by far the prettiest building on the campus, has recently been erected; new walks have been laid off; many trees, much shrubbery and a great variety of flowers have been set out and now adorn the campus; the campus is being enclosed by a rock wall, which is surmounted at the corners and on each side of the entrances to the campus by huge iron vases in which grow beautiful, perfume-distilling flowers. None of these improvements are shown in the old cut. It is no longer representative. We fling it away and substitute a neatly printed page.

The departments "Current Topics" and "Educational" are discontinued. In lieu of the former the "Editor's Portfolio" is introduced. This will retain some of the features of "Current Topics," but it is intended, in this department, to give the editor more latitude. It is to be the connecting link between the editorials proper and the departments. Instead of the "Educational" department "College News" is given. While the characteristics will be somewhat similar to those of the abolished department we hope, under this new name, to introduce matter that will be of more interest to the general reader. "Athletic Notes" is a new de-

partment, introduced because of the growing interest in physical culture and athletic sports in the South, and especially among North Carolina Colleges. We hope to stimulate this interest. We must keep pace with the College whose exponent we are, and every change that is made is made with a supreme desire to improve the magazine and make it more worthy of the patronage of the students of the College and the friends of Christian culture throughout the State.

THE sixth annual session of the Teachers' Assembly will be held in the Assembly Building at Morehead, N. C., June 18th to July 2d, and Senator Z. B. Vance is expected to deliver the opening address. Members of the Assembly can secure board at the Atlantic Hotel at \$1.00 per day. The arrangements for the session are about complete, and a most inviting programme has been arranged. Most of the work will be done by North Carolina teachers, and is intended to be such as will be helpful to the teachers of the State. All who can do so should attend the Assembly and keep fully abreast of the times. The teachers need recreation and Morehead is the place to enjoy a "flow of soul" for a few days. At this writing the Secretary announces that he has issued double the number of Certificates of Membership that has ever been issued before so long in advance of the opening of the session.

After the Assembly closes a select party of ninety teachers will sail for Europe, leaving New York July 4th, and will be gone for six weeks, during which time they will visit a great many places of interest in Scotland, England and on the Continent. The trip promises to be one of unusual pleasure and we hope that all who go may enjoy it to their fullest capacity.

As we write (April 19th) probably 20,000 persons are waiting on the confines of the newly formed territory of Oklahoma for its opening to settlers. By proclamation issued March 27th this will take place at noon on April 22d, and any who enter the territory before that time forfeit forever their right to occupy any of the lands; hence the would-be settlers are gathering on the borders to await the appointed time when there will be a general rush and scramble to obtain homesteads.

This newly formed territory is in the heart of the Indian Territory and contains 1,887,800 acres of land which the Government purchased several years ago from the Seminole Indians at fifteen cents per acre. It is beautiful, well watered, well adapted to agriculture and is divided into 10,000 homesteads. Thousands of "Boomers" are already concealed in the bushes and at the appointed time will seize upon the lands with a determination to hold them. By June 50,000 persons will be seeking homes there and there is danger of conflict and bloodshed among the settlers. Never before in the history of our country have we seen a newly formed territory settled to overflowing in a single day. Two Land Offices have been established and Land Office lawyers will have a good time for

the next few years, until claims are established and titles settled. This is the beginning of the end of the Indian Territory. The Red Man's fate is sealed. He has played his play. The tragic end is about to come. The curtain soon will fall and this race will be remembered only as a tradition.

JOHN BRIGHT, the great Englishman, is dead in his 78th year. He has been a prominent figure in English history for more than forty years, but will hardly be remembered as a great statesman. He was a man of the people, a great citizen and a great orator, whose character was a moral force that moulded public opinion and liberalized it. "The great service of his life was this liberalizing influence, this constant fostering of a freer, more enlightened, more generous disposition of the national mind." He joined the Anti-Corn-Law-League, and with Cobden, strove to improve the condition of the masses. Being reared a Quaker he was opposed to all war. He denounced the Crimean War and opposed the Gladstone Ministry in entering upon the Egyptian War. During the Civil War in America his sympathies were with the North. He opposed Gladstone and Parnell in their efforts to relieve the Irish.

He had a good, sonorous voice, was dignified in bearing and persuasive in manner. Mr. Gladstone says of him: "His name is indelibly written in the annals of time and on the hearts of the great and over-spreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see, and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interests of mankind."

COLLEGE NEWS.

S. D. SWAIM, EDITOR.

—The first College Astronomical Observatory in America was erected at the University of North Carolina in 1836.—*So they say.*

—Col. Jacquess, of Philadelphia, has proposed to give \$1,000,000 to found an Indian College at Washington, provided twice that sum in addition can be raised.

—Harvard has graduated three Presidents, two Vice-Presidents, eighteen Cabinet officers, three Speakers of the House of Representatives and four Supreme Court Judges.

—Prof. (dictating Greek Prose Composition): "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore (waking up): "It's under my chair, sir. I wasn't using it."—*Exchange.*

—Senator Blair, author of the Blair Educational Bill, has written a letter to the Superintendent of Education in Georgia in which he says that the Blair Bill will be passed in the next Congress.

—Germany has twenty-one universities, which employ 2,130 professors. Of these Berlin has the largest number, 262, and Rastock the smallest, 39. Austria-Hungary has 835 teachers, and Switzerland has 452.

—The fair Freshman at Bryan Mawr is hazed by being made to walk up an inclined board with a pile of books on her

shoulders. When she reaches the top she is given a lamp, with the injunction to keep it well trimmed and not be a "foolish virgin."—*Exchange.*

—Harvard students have the choice of 189 courses of study. The Michigan University has 242 courses. The faculty of the University of Pennsylvania has recently passed a prohibitory smoking law, forbidding students from smoking under penalty of expulsion.

—We learn that a professor in Berlin University has succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of saw-dust. We are friends of temperance in college and out of college, but what chance has it when an impecunious student can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk on a fence-rail?—*Exchange.*

—The Reason Why.—Hastings Hall, '91: "Do you know why Harvard's getting to be such a great institution of learning?"

Jack Go-Easy, '89: "No; why?"

H. H.: "'Cause every Freshman brings in some knowledge and no Senior ever takes any out; it's bound to grow.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—A new department in college government at Brown is the establishment of reciprocal relations between faculty and students by means of a college sen-

ate, composed of four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman. It is understood that the senate and faculty will have equal power upon all questions of college government.—*Exchange*.

—The oldest member in the graduating class of one of our western colleges is a man who has weathered the storms of sixty-five winters. He has a son who is also a member of the same class and is twenty-four years of age. Among the students at Princeton is one seventy-three years old, who is studying for the ministry. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

—The trustees of Cornell University have appropriated \$88,000 from the permanent funds of the University for the erection of a chemical laboratory, this being the fourth large building in process of construction on the campus, one of them, the library, costing \$225,000. They also appropriated \$40,000 to complete the new engineering building. During the last twenty years this college has conferred 1,473 degrees, and the whole number of graduates is 1,352.

—"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—*Cowper*. Of the almost incredibly large number of students who receive diplomas this year, from the different schools of the world, we wonder how many belong to the former class and how many to the latter? "More precious is wisdom than rubies. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

—There is hardly a thing in college life which is so indicative of the grade and progress of an institution as are the college journals. It is as true in college life as in the outer world that the most prosperous colleges support the best college journals. To one who is at all acquainted with the college press a college paper will bear the distinctive stamp of its institution and surroundings and will as surely represent the condition of college customs and prosperity of the institution as though the reader himself were upon the spot. In language slightly different from one of our local contemporaries we believe that a college paper is the pulse by which the college world determines the condition of that institution.—*Syracuse University News*.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

T. S. SPRINKLE, EDITOR.

WHITTIER is said to have been John Bright's favorite poet.

THE SCENE of Miss McClelland's new novel, "Burkett's Lock," is laid in her native State, Virginia.

"DOMESTIC economy consists in doing without things." It was first practised by Adam and Eve. M. V. H.

HARPERS have published a valuable work by J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., entitled "Constitutional Government in Spain."

MAX O'RELL'S book, "Jonathan and his Continent," seems to be quite popular since it has already gone into its fourth edition.

WHISKY is recommended as a remedy for weak lungs. It certainly has a tendency to make the breath strong.—*Boston Courier*.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER has accepted the position of editor of Harper's Bazar, made vacant by the death of Miss Mary L. Booth.

THE MAN who knows it all finds out after awhile that even the biggest cyclopaedia needs a supplement occasionally.—*Somerville Journal*.

THERE are two classes of people in this world—those who make fools of themselves and those who don't need to.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A NEW edition of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's translations of Amel's Journal is announced for early publication by the Macmillans at a reduced price.

MRS. MARY H. CATHERWOOD, author of the romance of "Dallard," is at work on a historical romance of Chevalier La Salle and his lieutenant, Tontoï, taking them from Canada into Illinois and down the Illinois River.

A STORY of Andersonville prison, told by a Confederate soldier, is the germ of a novel by Herbert W. Collingwood, entitled "Andersonville Violets." It has an interest of two kinds; the interest which attaches to that tragic stockade and its desperate inmates and that which comes from the truth with which the author has painted the prison scenes.—*The Book Buyer*.

A WORTHY addition to the "Men of the Bible" series is "Daniel, his Life and Times," by H. Deane. The rich results of modern scholarship and investigations are utilized and a graphic life of this great and good hero of the lions' den is produced. The life and events of the period together with the glory and downfall of Babylon render it a most interesting and instructive work.

"THE COST OF A LIE," by Mrs. H. Lovette Cameron, is a very interesting

novel. Miss Stella King, an English heiress, resides in Switzerland. Her cousin is sent from England by his father to marry her if she will have him and thus unite their family fortunes. They first meet at a masquerade where Stella appears as a peasant girl to wait upon the guests. Without knowing who she is her cousin sees her in this attire and falls desperately in love with her at first sight, and in his youthful recklessness attempts to kiss her. The next day when they meet in their true characters she becomes so indignant that she declares she will never marry him. Many complications grow out of this declaration, which, however, is afterwards much modified.

"OUIDA," faithful to herself, persistently perseveres in the predetermined tenor of her way and turns neither to the right nor left for fear that she may find something good in human society. Her latest novel, "Guilderoy," treats largely of marital infidelity. Guilderoy has for a long time been infatuated with a married woman who is a duchess. He gives up his intrigue with her to marry a pretty innocent young girl. Soon tiring of his wife he returns to the duchess. Then follows a description of the duchess' thralldom over him and his growing indifference to her, and also the heart-rending trials of his most unhappy wife. This novel like Mrs. Chanler's latest cannot be specially recommended for Sunday reading and heart culture.

"THE PROFESSOR'S SISTER," by Julian Hawthorne, is a wild romance of interest to the novel reader of scientific tendencies. A professor, his sister, and his beautiful young step-mother, together with three American students of metaphysics, are

the characters in this romance told by one of the students. All the men have scientific theories concerning nature, matter, spiritualism, electricity, occult science, etc. That rare (?) malevolent affection, jealousy, springs up between the two women, which leads to the death of the professor's sister, but the professor proves that his studies have not been in vain, for after two years he raises his sister from the dead by a process to which he has devoted his life. This story seems to us like some of Rider Haggard's works—romance gone to seed.

THE SCENES of Edgar Faucett's "Demoralizing Marriage" alternate between New York and Newport. The descriptions of society life in high circles are first-class. A lovely young lady who is the happy possessor of three millions, but who, from some mysterious cause, is not in the enchanted circle of fashionable life, and a handsome young man, prepossessing in his manners, who is within the circle but without the money, are the pair who make what soon afterwards becomes "a demoralizing marriage" of the first magnitude. The husband heartlessly breaks his holy vows and begins to spend her fortune in a most extravagant manner. She revolts and sues for a divorce, which he most graciously grants by dying in a foreign land. The story concludes with another marriage experience.

"A HEALTHY BODY," by Charles H. Stowell, M. D., is a thoroughly grounded treatise on the evils of intoxicants and narcotics, considered from a physiological stand-point. The doctor is unremitting in his warfare on the evils of alcohol and tobacco, bringing new proofs and considerations as he passes

from the consideration of one part to another, and offers no reason against the use of these evils which are not capable of scientific proof. The author correctly thinks that good health is one of the safe needs against crime as well as suffering, that ignorance of the laws of hygiene, the corollary of physiology, results in hereditary impairment of physical and mental health, and that the study of the human body, together with the knowledge of the effects of alcohol and other narcotics upon it, will be a most effective means of making coming generations wiser, more temperate and moral.

WE GIVE below some of the ideas of the *Book-mart's* man upon Mr. Howe and his novel, "A Man Story": Mr. Howe has gone down into a deep and sombre cavern of human experience in this last book of his. His perception of truth is appalling, because the truth he unflinchingly sees is not of a sort calculated to foster our self-esteem or stimulate our earthly vanity. The turn and complexion of his mind is singularly original, and the strong things he writes are rendered

more memorable by his manner of presenting them. Here is a tale of passion, misery and failure, in which the heights of pathos and tragedy are reached. "A Man Story" is the story of all men and all women who have arrived at maturity. It is the story of the double life that we all lead, both to others and to ourselves. We all deceive ourselves and one another. In other words, we apprehend the infinite and find only the finite, and the unspeakable disproportion between the two, together with their apparent uniformity, cause the tragedy of all life. Love is infinite, but man is a creature of days, moods and circumstances, and his love wanes, changes, dies and revives again for another object. It is not to be called entertaining; it is as absorbing and commanding as would be to the readers the spectacle of his own heart and inmost feelings held up before him and before the world. No novelist was ever more in earnest than Mr. Howe is; he writes with a pen dipped in human blood, and he is always self-contained, masculine and dignified.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

H. A. FOUSHEE, EDITOR.

—Athletics are on a boom among the colleges of the country.

—Northern colleges are now putting their crews in training for the races which will come off in June.

—Columbia has decided not to put a base-ball team in the field this year because of lateness of season and uncertainty of securing grounds for training.

—Davis School held her annual athletic games last month and we learn that they were a complete success. This is an innovation in the right direction and other schools in the State, and colleges too, would do well to follow her example.

—Since 1878 Yale has lost but one game of foot-ball and that by one point. In points Yale has, since points began to be counted, 3,001 to her opponent's 1,487; in goals, 530 to 19, and touch-downs, 219 to 9.—*Va. University Magazine*.

—Columbia claims to have the best tug-of-war team in the country, having defeated every team it has encountered except Yale, whose team it claims to have pulled over by an inch, but which was decided against them by the umpire.

—In the game of base-ball between New York and Princeton April 10 Princeton beat New York 8 to 5. Princeton students of course were delighted and a record of the game, with the names of the nine, will be hung in Nassau Hall.

—It was thought by some that the trustees of the Collège would take action to prohibit our students from playing match-games of foot-ball, but we are informed that President Taylor gives it as his opinion that no such action will be taken.

—The base-ball team of Harvard is in trouble. The faculty has suspended their crack pitcher, Harry Bates, for inattention to his studies. They are indignant and claim that the faculty ought to have made an exception in his case on account of his excellence as a player.

—The rowing fever has also extended South. We notice that the University of Virginia is training a crew with the expectation of taking part in some of the races. This university is taking the lead in athletics in the South just as it has done in the past in scholarship. Last fall it had a foot-ball team in the field which won two out of the three games played. In addition to its boat crew it also has a nine and has arranged a series of games with Johns Hopkins, Washington and Lee, V. M. I., Richmond College and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. We trust her praiseworthy example will ere long be followed by all our Southern colleges.

—Last fall we advanced the opinion that athletics did not lower the scholarship of college students and appended statistics from Cornell bearing out the statement.

The committee appointed by the Harvard faculty to examine into the matter has reported that their statistics "demonstrate beyond a doubt that participation in athletics does not lower the standing of those engaged (except Freshmen)." That the scholarship of the college has not suffered from the growth of athletics is further demonstrated by the steady rise in the average standing of the graduating classes during the past eleven years; while new sports have been added and the number of participants has largely increased, the average standing has risen from 62½ per cent to 73 per cent. The men who take no interest in athletics make a showing *worse* than that of the Freshmen."

—Richmond College is to have a new day in its calendar. By joint action of its trustees and faculty there is to be in the future a "Field Day for Sports." The time selected for the present session is Friday, the 5th day of April. All recitations will be suspended, and the boys put upon their mettle in all sorts of athletic contests. We learn that quite a number of our citizens have offered prizes for the successful contestants in running, jumping, house athletics, tennis, base and foot-ball, etc. The department of Physical Culture in the college is doing much for the young men. The present session has been marked by unusual good health, consequent upon more general exercise. It is proposed to incorporate "Arbor Day" with the Field Day for Sports. The exercises will be varied and interesting.—*Religious Herald*, April 3d.

We are sure that the Field Day for Sports was a success. We hope that our faculty will give us a field-day next year, and that our trustees in June will *not* for-

get that a Professor of Physical Culture is greatly needed here.

—Base-ball has been sadly neglected in this State for the last few years. The importation of professionals and the consequent replacement of home talent had much to do with this. We are glad to see that it is looking up again. Oak Ridge, Davis School and also the University pay considerable attention to this game. We do not know about the other schools. Formerly we had a good team but it has gradually dwindled away because of lack of support from our students. Owing to the fact that foot-ball continued to be played till April our team has not had a fair chance this year. It contains some promising material and with practice it could be made a good team. Next year we trust that an organization will be effected early in the spring and the necessary steps taken to put a first-class team in the field. Why not organize an inter-collegiate base-ball association in this State next year? Northern and Western States have such associations, and why not we?

We have no streams on which to row and so are shut up to base and foot ball. What do you think of this brethren of the *Davidson Monthly*, *Trinity Archive* and *University Magazine*?

—The following from the *Williams Weekly* is so good that we copy it entire: "For a long time the advisability of the existence of any athletic sports at all was doubted. For years the American college was carried on with no attention paid to the physical needs of the students. This was at the time when the men who went to college were only those of marked mental activity; the man of less acquiring mind, but of equally fine intellectual

qualities, did not venture to the doors of our colleges. The student then did not feel the need of physical recreation, nor did he desire it. Now it is very different; a much larger proportion of the young men, in a given community, go to college, and so the class of men in our institutions of learning has changed. The American college to-day may not turn out as many *scholars* as she did in years past, but she gives to the world a higher proportion of its young men thoroughly equipped for the battle of life and more thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the world. . She may turn out fewer men of a cold, scholarly nature, fitted for nothing else in the world than to transmit what they have acquired to others, and wholly unadapted to the every-day life of the world; but it is nevertheless true that more men leave college to-day than ever before, with confidence in themselves and in their own powers,

and with a firm determination to employ them to their own and to others' best advantage. With this new class of men then came athletics, and in a very short time their influence for the good of the institutions began to be felt; it was broadening and beneficial, and they soon won an undisputed right in all our colleges. We need college athletics more to-day than ever before. The question is not whether these contests shall be or not be, but how to deprive them of their unfavorable features. If more people were ready to acknowledge the need of intercollegiate athletics, as so many have already, and turned their attention to the problem of making them even more beneficial by freeing them of their objectionable qualities, they would bring the question nearer to solution than by deploring the existence of what has already been recognized as a most beneficial feature of American student life."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

—The *Tennessee University Student* is in its first volume, and is the exponent of the University of Tennessee, of which institution Dr. Charles W. Dabney, Jr., at one time State Chemist for North Carolina, is President. The *Student* is a neat journal and we wish it much success.

—The *North Carolina Teacher* has been greatly improved by the addition of a Classical Department, edited by Professors Geo. T. Winston and E. Alexander, of Chapel Hill. The teachers of the State should give it their hearty support. Price, \$1.00 per year. E. G. Harrell, Editor, Raleigh, N. C.

—The *Thompson Student* and the *Oak Leaf* are creditable school journals. The *Student* is especially neat and its contents well arranged. We suppose no small part of this is due to the good taste of the lady members of the editorial staff. The *Oak Leaf* could be much improved by reducing the size, and increasing the number of its pages.

—The *Daily Call* is a new evening paper published at Raleigh, N. C., by Mr. D. H. Browder. It made its first appearance on the 15th of April and is a bright, newsy, wide-awake paper. If it continues to be as good as it has been since its first appearance it will receive the hearty support of an appreciative public.

—The last number of the *North Carolina University Magazine* contains a portrait of Judge Robert P. Dick, and a sketch of his life by President K. P. Battle. The editors hope that hereafter each number of the *Magazine* may contain an engraving of some eminent North Carolinian, with a biographical sketch. Mrs. C. P. Spencer's "Old Times in Chapel Hill, No. XIII," is written in her accustomed pleasant style and treats of Professors Fetter and Hubbard, who were "unchained" in '68 by Gov. Holden and council. There are other contributions of interest.

—The *Texas University* is a credit to the Lone Star State. It is a neat, high-toned monthly that is filled with interesting matter. The editorials are good and the departments prepared with care. The editorial on "College Politics" tells a tale that is too common to most of our colleges. Fortunately intrigue for society honors is not so rampant at Wake Forest now as formerly. The character of the college student is forming and impressing itself upon those about him. He will be remembered in life as he was known at college. If he stoops to carry a measure, or to advance the interests of a friend in college, he would probably do the same thing in the world. Character is better than reputation.

—The *Kentucky University Tablet* is rather a poor magazine to come from a university. There are high school magazines in North Carolina that are far superior to it. The best we can say for it is that its advertising department seems to be well sustained. The copy before us contains three short contributions and two of these are very poorly written. The editor evidently did not use his file upon them; if he did it was done with

a nerveless hand. There are seven names upon the editorial staff, but we look in vain to see what so many editors do. One man could certainly perform, at his leisure, all the editorial work done upon the magazine. Wake up, brethren of the quill, and make your *Tablet* worthy of the institution whose progress you professedly record, and whose talent you certainly advertise. You must not mind work.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

H. A. FOUSHEE, EDITOR.

EXAMINATIONS!

AFTER THEM—Ah, there's the rub.

THE BASE-BALL fever has broken out.

PROF. MICHAEL is going to Europe this summer with the teachers' party.

MR. D. O. McCULLERS, of Clayton, paid the Hill a flying visit last month.

IF YOU have not paid your subscription, see or send it to the business managers at once.

REV. JAMES S. PUREFOY in his will left the college \$1,000. The endowment grows slowly but surely.

PROF. L. R. MILLS delivered an interesting and entertaining lecture in the College Chapel Thursday night, April 4th, on "The Battle of the Crater."

MR. T. W. DOBBIN, of the firm W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co., informs the business manager that their advertisement in the *STUDENT* is the best paying advertisement they have.

MISS IRENE CARTWRIGHT, of Wakefield was on the Hill Friday night, April 5th. Wonder if our young professors attended faculty meeting that night?

THE SCOTCHMAN'S DEFINITION OF PHYSICS.—When he wha listens desna ken what he wha speaks means, and when he wha speaks desna ken what he means hisself, then that is Physics.—*Ex.*

MR. W. J. FERRELL, of Wakefield, was on the Hill April 5-6. He has not lost his love for debate, but went into his old society and showed the opposite side that neither his former skill nor fire had forsaken him.

REV. BAYLUS CADE, of Louisburg, lectured before the Yates Theological Society Sunday, April 7th. Subject, "The Preacher—what he is *versus* what he ought to be." Mr. Cade is a deep thinker, a logical speaker, and it is always a pleasure to hear him.

MR. HENRY SIMMONS, of the present Senior class, has been elected to the Chair of Greek and German in Carson College, Tenn. Henry is one of the most conscientious students ever here and we predict for him a more brilliant career even than his distinguished father attained.

"A FRESHMAN knows everything. He has explored the universe and has proved all things. A Sophomore has the wisdom of an owl, but, like that sedate bird, keeps still about it. A Junior knows a little, but begins to be a little doubtful about it. A Senior knows he knows nothing."

PRESIDENT HARRISON has shown his wisdom in retaining our present efficient postmaster, Mr. R. L. Brewer. "Dick" is a clever, genial and accommodating man and we but voice the opinion of the students when we say that we are glad that he will keep the post-office the next four years.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

(Refrain.)

Tom-cat nightly howling like one
By a fiend possessed,
I will rise and get my shot-gun
Tommy, I will give you rest.

Serenader hoarsely howling
"When again the robins nest,"
Dost thou hear yon bull-dog growling,
Get thee hence and let us rest.

Squalling infant, I should thank you
To be no more a ceaseless pest.
How I wish your mother 'd spank you
When your yells disturb our rest.

(The poet will soon rest beyond the Styx.)

—OMEGA.

THE SENIOR class has elected Mr. C. T. Bailey, Jr., Historian, Mr. F. L. Merritt, Orator, and Mr. T. M. Hufham, Prophet. Besides the above, an address will be delivered by the President of the class, Mr. W. C. Dowd. These exercises will be held Monday night of commencement week, remember, in place of the Declamation contest.

THE FOLLOWING atrocious conundrum was asked one Med. by another :

"Why are Pasteur and his patients mutually desirous of meeting?"

Because both wish to see the parasites (Paris sights).

The first Med. fainted.

—Va. Univ. Mag.

AN APPEAL FOR REST.

Callow dude with baggy breeches,
Sporting in a spotted vest,
With a gaudy necktie, which is
Ugly, cease, and give us rest.

Base-ball captain, stern as Gorgon,
Urging us to do our best,
Prithee, stop thy vocal organs
From their moving. Give us rest.

Grind who always know your lessons,
Never caring how you're dressed,
I must get a Smith and Wesson
Pistol, if I'd give you rest.

Calm professor, seldom smiling,
With your never ending test,
And your lectures time beguiling,
Rest! Rest! Rest! Oh, give us rest.

(The poet is a-rest-ed).

—EX.

THE TIME of year is now near at hand when the library is raided and many books taken out to be carried home by boys. Of course they intend to bring them back next fall, but some do not return them and consequently their books never see the inside of the library again. If you doubt this statement ask the librarian how many catalogued books are missing. We think that this "hooking" of books is from thoughtlessness. We have known boys to boldly hook books who would lose their right hand rather than steal. Yet what is hooking books? Have you thought of it? We trust that this custom will be honored in the breach and not in the observance this year. We have now an excellent library. It is for our use and we should be proud of it and do all in our power to preserve it.

ALUMNI NOTES.

T. S. SPRINKLE, EDITOR.

—'82. J. W. Fleetwood is principal of Jackson Male Academy in Northampton county, N. C., and is also County Superintendent of Public Instruction.

—'78. W. E. Daniel is a successful lawyer in Weldon, N. C.

—'80. W. G. Ferebee is a prosperous farmer and merchant at Belcross, N. C., and E. B. Ferebee, a former student, is a prominent physician in the same locality.

—'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon has accepted a call to the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church, New York.

—J. P. Price, who spent three and a half years at Wake Forest, left last January and now has charge of Bloomingdale High School, in Robeson county. Though far away he has not forgotten *some* of his friends at Wake Forest and longs again to enjoy its pleasant groves and beautiful "*Roses*."

—'54. Rev. Dr. Pritchard has been commissioned as one of the North Carolina representatives to the centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States, to be held in New York on the 30th inst.—*Wilmington Star*.

—'83. Rev. E. S. Alderman has removed from Paris, Ky., to Woodlake, Ky., where he succeeds Rev. W. J. Williams in the pastorate. The church in Paris very reluctantly gave up Bro. Alderman to go to this flourishing Bap-

tist centre, where there is a wide field of labor and much to be done. Woodlake is one of the most pleasant and hopeful fields of labor in Kentucky.—*Biblical Recorder*.

—'74. A. C. Dixon, D. D., holds that a minister ought to preach at least one sermon every day of his life, and he is doing it. For several weeks services have been held in the Immanuel Church every night, and for the past week every afternoon likewise, the pastor preaching at night. A large choir leads the singing. Many are being converted. The services are being advertised in all the leading papers daily, and beautifully printed cards are tacked up in the street-cars that run near the church, simply announcing, "Gospel meetings every night at Immanuel Baptist Church; A. C. Dixon preaching." The stranger at the door is informed that the choicest seat in the house is his, if vacant. One is made to feel that he is conferring a favor by taking the best seat.—*National Baptist*.

—'81. Rev. L. N. Chappell has safely landed in China, to which place he has gone as a missionary.

—'84. Mr. Charles L. Smith lectures in Johns Hopkins University three times weekly on Continental History and twice weekly on Outlines of European History.

—'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall will go with the party of teachers to Europe in July.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Boothe is assisting Rev. J. M. White in his school at Apex, N. C.

—'87. Prof. J. B. Carlyle's talents as a speaker are in demand. On May the 17th he will deliver the address at the closing exercises of Olive's Chapel Academy, Rev. W. S. Olive ('87), Principal; May the 23d he goes to Silver, in Stanly county, to speak at the closing exercises of the flourishing school conducted there by Prof. H. S. Pickett ('87); and on June 20th he will deliver the literary address at the commencement exercises of the Pamlico Male and Female Institute, Bayboro, N. C.

—'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, of Salisbury, Mo., in forwarding his subscription to the STUDENT, says: "The visits of the

STUDENT are very pleasant. But it is natural for me to have a weakness for it. I was there when it was born, and ever since I have watched with eagerness and pleasure its growth in strength and usefulness apace with that of the dear old College." If a sufficient number of the *alumni* would rally to the support of the STUDENT, as does Prof. Briggs, we would make it even better than it is.

—Mr. F. J. Timberlake, who is now in business at Rosinburg, N. C., did not remain at college to graduate, but he is one of the STUDENT's best friends. He reads it and pays for it cheerfully. This is more than we can say for the great body of the *alumni*. We thank Mr. Timberlake for his kind words about the STUDENT and wish him success in the business world.

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W. G. SIMMONS, LL. D.

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VOL. VIII.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JUNE, 1889.

[No. 9.]

PROF. W. G. SIMMONS, LL. D.

When a life has been spent in gathering knowledge, and the head has become a store-house of materials and a factory operating the most improved machinery, just prepared to turn out its best products—to die then must seem to the heathen, and all the more so if he be a philosopher, a monstrous absurdity, a logical inconsequence which mocking Nature perpetrates at the expense of poor humanity.

Indeed, why mind and soul should grow and never truly ripen and then fall and decay like the apple, but ever keep on ripening and flourishing with increasing vigor as long as traces of its existence among us remain; why they should be always becoming and yet never truly become: this is a problem which only one Book solves satisfactorily.

The school, the college, the university, each has its scope within which development proceeds, and the pupil is handed over from each lower to the higher as the

former has imparted to mind the degree of ripeness demanded by the work of the latter. Blessed thought! There is for us a state beyond, for which we are now and here getting ready. Acquiring, learning, being educated mean something when regarded in the light of the Book. It is not Death that awaits us, but another Birth—birth into a higher world for which life's school-days are preparing us.

Such thoughts are naturally suggested by the death of that eminent man, profound scholar and ripe Christian, whose name stands at the head of this paper.

Dr. Simmons was born in Montgomery county, N. C., March 4, 1830. At an early age he showed a fondness for reading and a decided appreciation of literary models. His father, Mr. Locky Simmons, who himself put a high estimate upon learning, was disposed to give his son all the advantages in this line which the country afforded. He gave good proof of this

by sending him to schools better than his neighborhood afforded and presided over by eminent teachers. Each of the three academies which he attended, situated respectively at Jackson's Springs, Moore county; Ellerbe's Springs, Richmond county, and Carthage, Moore county, was under the management of cultured and scholarly Presbyterian divines. At the last mentioned institution he was thoroughly prepared for college. Indeed, in the classics and in mathematics he had very little fresh ground to travel over during the first year of his course at Wake Forest College, although he entered the Sophomore class half advanced. The date of his matriculation was August, 1849.

So thorough must have been his course and so extended his reading in Latin and Greek, so familiar had he become with the vocabulary of these incomparable languages, that, to the last, notwithstanding his line of teaching seldom lay in that direction, he could read them with ease, and as a master guide his children throughout their course in the study of the same. His early and exhaustive drilling in Ancient Geography, History and Mythology, a point generally more highly esteemed forty years ago than now, enhanced his interest in classical studies, as it removed the veil from many an otherwise obscure or hidden allusion. He always regretted that nowadays so little stress was laid upon a knowledge which imparted so exquisite a charm to the writings and especially to the poetry of the ancients by enabling the reader to understand the suggestions and hints of classic reference.

While a student, and afterwards tutor, at Wake Forest, largely on account of his good preparation at the academies, he

found and made opportunity for extensive reading. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that he read as many of the standard English works in the Libraries of the Societies as could well be taken in by a student whose record is that he wilfully neglected no duty, great or small.

His habit was not to read so much as would entitle him to be called a "well-read" man, but to "read, mark, and inwardly digest." This he did by pausing at intervals and mentally recalling the points, whether in event or argument, which had been so far presented. And at the close of the reading he could give an orderly account of the contents of the section and even of the book.

This habit, formed early in life, remained with him to the end, and helped him to that accuracy for which he was noted in reciting in outline and often in detail what he had gained by observation or books. It also gave him the advantage over the less accurate opponent in a controversy in which there was an appeal to authority, as many had occasion to know. This accuracy extended into all regions which he had explored, and embraced the minutest points in spelling, punctuation, accentuation, and the use of synonyms. And in his chosen fields of research he was, in matters of fact, whether pertaining to the history or to the nature of the theories connected therewith, an authority to be referred to almost without question.

He took, while at college, an active part in Society work. In debate Dr. T. H. Pritchard and Dr. Simmons usually championed opposite sides; and the tradition is that it was "Greek meeting Greek." Dr. P. had then in luxuriant fullness that fascinating rhetoric with which, much chast-

ened, however, he has since that time so charmed audiences and held them spell-bound. Dr. S. was noted on the other hand for the number and appositeness of the facts which he could command and skilfully array and in neat and trim sentences incisively wield. The former argued as he thought, in figures, or by comparison; the latter had perhaps a higher appreciation of the syllogistic method and of the cogency of logic. At any rate, the boys of that day thought them well matched, and doubtless there was many a drawn battle between them.

Among his class-mates were Judge Benjamin Lee, of Tennessee, Dr. John Mitchell, and Major James H. Foote, once a professor in Wake Forest College. For these he maintained throughout life a warm affection. The place of valedictorian in the class of '52, when he graduated, fell by lot to him, Dr. Mitchell and he being equally matched in grade.

In September, '52, he became Tutor in the College and held that position for but one scholastic year, for during the year he had fully decided to adopt the law as his profession.

In the following year he married Miss Mary E. Foote, of Warren county, N. C.—a helpmeet indeed, one whose devotion to their common interests and to him through all the vicissitudes of a married life of thirty-six years was so marked as to have elicited favorable comment from all who witnessed it. Intrusion into the sacred precincts of home is not usually warrantable. But it may not be unbecoming to say that as a guardian angel she watched his going out and his coming in, anticipated his wants and needs, both personal

and official, lived to smooth his pathway and strove for him

"To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flowers,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart."

In bodily weakness a never-failing aid, in sickness first and last a tender companion and untiring nurse, his death alone put an end to her solicitous ministrations.

While at college he had read a few law books, and now that he had fully decided to engage in the practice of law he determined to put himself under the training of experts in that profession and went for that purpose to the State University at Chapel Hill. He received his license to practice law in January, 1855.

Soon after this he was urged by the authorities of Wake Forest College to accept the Chair of Natural Science—chemistry being then the leading feature in that department. In the fall of '55 he consented to accept it temporarily, expecting to return to the law eventually. But soon thereafter there were indications of that weakness of the eyes which constituted throughout life the great drawback upon his ability to do literary work without the aid of a reader. Thinking properly that this infirmity would materially interfere with the practice of his chosen profession and duly considering all the circumstances of the case, he came to the conclusion to make teaching his life-work and entered upon that long career which with no interruption, except that enforced by the condition of the country during the war, ended only when, one year before his death, he was completely disabled by disease.

His record for close attention to college duties and punctual attendance upon the

same for the third part of a century is perhaps unparalleled. The aggregate of absences would hardly amount to a month. He made his time, private business, personal habits and social and domestic arrangements all yield to the demands of duty. And he served with equal fidelity when put upon a meagre salary and when enjoying one more nearly adequate. Nor did he either spare himself or consult his individual taste for special kinds of work, or do grudgingly anything which the interest of the College and the exigencies of the moment demanded, however far removed it may be from the circle of his own proper work.

The writer does not think he is venturing much in saying that no man has ever been connected with Wake Forest College who came so near to the point of filling cleverly so many distinct chairs. And the records of the College show that from first to last the pressure of emergencies in its history brought him to the rescue at almost every point in the curriculum. Such men are simply indispensable to an institution of learning, either in the days of its infancy or of its non-endowment. They are direct gifts from God, better perhaps at some stages of college history than would be then gold and silver. And in that light is William Gaston Simmons to be regarded. As an instructor he was noted for the careful preparation and perfect mastery of the subject of each lesson or lecture. He seldom used the text-book in the recitation-room. His comments and lectures were delivered in language chaste and pertinent and in sentences well-balanced, neat and luminous.

Careless and hurried preparation on the student's part found no favor with him,

while the lazy evasion of necessarily hard work was at a decided discount. He counted upon diligence and application, and showed that he expected them, not, however, in a manner inconsistent with the utmost kindness, gentleness and forbearance—traits which he possessed in high degree.

Believing as he did in the *nil sine labore* doctrine, never having himself caught a view of the famous "royal road" to learning, and endowed with an invincible sense of justice which tolerated neither shams and humbugs on the one hand nor the politic and expedient in questions of right on the other, he discarded all short and easy methods of treating subjects of study and preferred text-books which presented scientifically and discussed amply the topics legitimately embraced within the limits of the branch taught.

And yet teaching *undergraduates*, in whose care grounding in first principles has, in many departments of study, not yet ceased to be an essential feature, he wisely shaped his course with reference to that fact. It doubtless would have pleased him more to have occupied a position admitting of work of a higher grade. But hard experience had taught him the folly of presuming upon the intelligent preparation of the ordinary college matriculate for very *advanced* work; and the brevity of the college course, coupled with the multiplicity of subjects embraced in the curriculum, forbade the hope of being able to do *exhaustive* work. Withal he rightly judged that the true sphere of the college lay in opening up the way to the successful prosecution of studies in their details and their fullness afterwards, if possible, at the University.

During the period of his connection with the College he was obliged to use and follow the text-book more largely than he desired, on account of the few facilities at hand for experimenting and lecturing. This imposed on him a form of work involving greater labor and attended with a success more painfully secured than had he had at command the requisite apparatus for exemplifying and training by practice. Few men, however, have achieved a higher measure of success under circumstances so straitened. His is the honor of having stood, John the Baptist-like, between the old and the new, "preparing the way for" the better things "at hand" by hard, solid, true work.

In May, 1862, the exercises of the College were suspended and so continued until August, 1865.

Then Professors Simmons and Foote were requested to enter upon the task of reorganizing, the prospect being that two men would be sufficient for the work to be done, and that not more than two would find support from the income to be derived from tuition fees. The endowment fund had been reduced so materially by the result of the war that but little aid could be derived from that source. In January, 1866, Professor Foote withdrawing, the writer joined Professor Simmons in the work. During that year, the patronage increasing beyond expectation, at first Professor W. B. Royall and afterwards Professor L. R. Mills were invited to become assistants in the classics and in Mathematics respectively. These gentlemen were shortly afterwards formally elected by the Board assistant professors in the College.

It is in point here to say that that was

indeed a time of trial—a crisis in the history of the institution. Its endowment fund of \$100,000 had been reduced to a few thousands; a poverty rested upon our people dark and chilling, beyond the power of the present generation to realize; general education had been suspended or hindered for five years; academies had ceased to exist, and the means of reviving them were not to be had; while on the other hand our young men all over the land were anxious for an education which they had no means of securing. They discovered the signs of the times and read the supreme need of education in the new era that had burst upon us at Appomattox. Their appeals for help, uttered in tones deep and pathetic, moved all whose "ears were not deaf." They themselves made sacrifices, parents and personal friends pledged on their behalf sometimes their all and their good name besides, and teachers had to meet both half way.

The task imposed upon the teachers at Wake Forest can hardly be called that of reorganizing. There was not even the skeleton of the original being left. The old curriculum had lost its power of standing, the spirit which animated it vanishing, in "the natural course of things," into the misty realms of the distant past. "Old things had passed away."

The elective system was adopted as a logical necessity. Seldom were two young men found prepared equally well for any one study, much less for entrance upon a common course of study. Every one fearing that the present would prove to have been his last year at college wished to put the little time he certainly had at his command to best account. In order to suit the varying conditions and needs

of students such elasticity had to be given to the course as promised to do the most for the *individual* and return him as quickly as possible to one of the various walks of active life to help the country tide over present and imminent calamities.

To this work Prof. Simmons addressed himself with a wisdom, zeal and unselfishness not to be surpassed. His power of work, endurance, pains-taking and financiering (for he collected and disbursed) were tested to the utmost. Memory often since in the days of comparative prosperity reverts to that anxious eye as it now views the wreck, and then, nothing daunted, kindles with hope as peering into the thick darkness it seems to catch one straggling ray of light.

It is needless to trace further the course of events in the life of Professor Simmons so far as they stand related to his connection with the College after the war as a professor. Suffice it to say that after twenty odd years of hard toil in several departments we find him at last occupying a well-defined field of labor, the school of Physics and Applied Mathematics. This occurred in 1887. Shortly afterwards he had attacks of that disease which soon rendered active labor in any direction impossible. And then the old prophet, weary and foot-sore from his long journeyings in the wilderness, was summoned up to Mount Nebo and died just in sight of the Promised Land.

From 1877 to 1888 he was Treasurer of the College. This office he managed on strictly business principles and wholly in the interest of his employer. His books were kept upon the most improved plan and always revealed the financial status of the College. His reports were rendered

with a promptness and fullness which left nothing to be desired or suspected. No transaction occurred about which the public had not ample opportunity to be satisfactorily informed. This, together with his reputation for integrity and straightforwardness, laid the foundation in the public mind for the feeling that funds contributed to the College would be secure against mismanagement and other than providential loss. How much that may have had to do with the success of agents operating on behalf of increased endowment may be readily seen.

He appreciated highly the appointment as member of the State Board of Health tendered him in 1881 by Governor Jarvis. The Board had consisted hitherto exclusively of medical men—the only exception being that of a civil engineer. He valued the honor the more as he was a “layman.” In this position he gained the official confidence of his colleagues on account of his marked acquaintance with science and was known among them as “our chemist.” Governor Fowle among his first acts re-commissioned him. But he was then nearing his end.

Professor Simmons was a most entertaining man in conversation. Possessed of a large fund of facts and incidents at ready command—facts serious and gay, tragic and comic—interest seldom drooped when he participated. The occasion was generally enlivened by humorous narrative and striking reminiscences or brightened by flashes of wit. He possessed the rare art of relating the incident in point and of imparting to it piquancy and life. Quiet and reserved when in a large company those who were not privileged to know him as a member of a circle of four or

five at most will find it difficult to think of him as other than a man of dry books and intent upon business. But he was thoroughly genial, warm-hearted, social and capable of unbending and relaxing. It is perhaps proper to add that he possessed in high degree the complementary trait so often lacking in good talkers—that of listening well and appreciatively.

In quite early life he was the subject of decided religious impressions. His emotions, contrary, perhaps, to the belief of those who did not know him intimately, were easily reached. The tender in sentiment and the pathetic in incident moved him invariably, but seldom to the point of marked demonstration. It is doubtful, however, whether he ever acted under the impulse of feeling, however strong, until he had won over judgment to its side. His religious impressions were as a consequence re-inforced by earnest conviction; so that when at the age of fourteen he was converted he stood on solid rock. He had advanced beyond the region of serious “doubts and fears,” might know ebb and flow, but never total loss of hope. Few men have maintained a more constant and steady faith throughout than he, and not many ever stood so uniformly and unwaveringly at what they deemed the post of duty. Perhaps the only stricture to be made upon his Christian life is that he did not say many a thing in public which he was eminently fitted to say, and that he shrank from doing some things which perhaps he feared might expose him to the charge of forwardness and officiousness. The truth is he loathed both cant and obtrusive prominence, and instinctively shunned the very appearance of them. Any service, however, which it seemed

clearly his to render, or to which he was appointed by his brethren, he did, and did well. His kindness to orphan, widow and the destitute, spontaneous, genuine and abundant—even this was carefully guarded from the appearance of obtrusion and from becoming a topic of general remark. Many a young man in his efforts to obtain an education was helped by him effectively, but very quietly.

During his student-life he was at times disturbed upon the subject of duty on his part to preach the Gospel. The impression, though for a while deep, passed away; but it left behind a profound interest in theology. He read and studied carefully the prominent treatises on systematic theology and on the evidences of Christianity. To this were due those very decided and consistent views of Christian doctrine which he entertained and was so able in defending. So thoroughly indoctrinated was he and so carefully had he studied the proofs of doctrine that few professed theologians could match him in controversy. His Bible class was resorted to with eagerness by our young ministers and other students of the Scriptures. It is needless to say that he stood squarely on the “orthodox” platform.

His full conviction of the truth of the Bible, his deep experience of grace and clear recognition of the work of the Spirit of God upon his heart kept him steady and well balanced when the scientific world—his professional habitat—was astir with discoveries which gave rise to hastily constructed theories apparently in conflict with the teachings of the Bible. He believed in God the Creator, Upholder, Governor and Redeemer, without mental reservation or secret equivocation,

and taking his stand on the Bible said:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

With a broad and profound acquaintance with the facts appealed to in support of certain plausible theories of an anti-scriptural aspect, which he thought unproved, he calmly awaited the day when either sober second thought would read the facts differently or when additional facts would establish or else annihilate the theories. But so long as they were unproved, either from insufficiency of facts adduced in their favor or from false reasoning about those discovered, he saw no occasion to enter upon a defence of the Bible. Besides, he believed that the Bible when properly interpreted would be found so true to nature in matter and mind that it was very improbable that any facts would ever be brought to light which when rationally viewed and correctly judged would or could be made to contradict its teachings.

But it was in the home circle that the virtues of our friend shone out most brightly. There kindness, gentleness, tenderness in tone, speech, action ruled. Within the limits of good order, mutual respect, gentle bearing and good manners each member of the household was free to speak and to do, and from example rather than precept learned to be helpful, courteous and obliging. He seemed to exact nothing, seldom issued a command, and

yet the slightest expression of a wish found ready and hearty response.

His death, which occurred on March 3d of this year, was not unexpected. For more than twelve months he had labored under an affection of the head which put it out of his power to engage in regular work and rendered necessary a constant attendant. During this period of sore trial his patience and submission were remarkable. No word of murmur or fault-finding fell from his lips. Full acceptance of his situation and its too evident issue was pictured in his countenance. Meantime his interest in passing events, religious, social or domestic, was unabated, however feebly expressed. Talk about the College was especially pleasing to him. He loved it with the whole heart, and details of work, progress and improvement going on within or for it never ceased to move and interest him. His death, strange to say, was immediately caused not by the disease which perhaps in a very short time would have brought his life to a close, but by a violent attack of pneumonia, which found him too much enfeebled by his long sickness to offer successful resistance.

By this event the College has lost one of its oldest, truest, most tried friends, the Baptist churches of North Carolina a useful and distinguished layman, and the State a most valuable and eminent citizen.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

WILLIAM ROYALL.

ON FINISHING AN EDUCATION.

Many of us have too abbreviated a notion of education. We imbibe the traditional college feeling of the student who, on entering college, wrote a V over his door. He had the valedictory as the goal, the *finis*, of his college career. Beyond that was the glorious free expanse where he would not have to study, but would leave his books behind him and enter actively upon the arena of life. His whole conception of education is limited to the brief years when he crams into himself what is required for a diploma. That obtained, he will fling away the props that have helped him to his high position and stand in the magnificent strength of acquired manhood.

Now, there is just a touch of truth in this romantic sentiment, but a great deal more of poetry tinted with the rainbow hues of the boyish imagination. The object of the present article is to suggest a longer, and so a larger, ideal of education than rises spontaneously into the average student's head. If we circumscribe ourselves by narrow notions of life we are not apt to project ourselves outside of our little circle. If, on the other hand, we overreach the mark slightly in the way of preparation and struggle into a fuller stature we may not come quite up to our standard, but we shall go many a furlong beyond what we should have done but for that endeavor. I venture to appeal a few remarks.

1. An education should never be finished. It is a process, not a result. One

should be ever learning. John Richard Green left a good motto for us young men. It is this, "I die learning." We need a finished education, but not an education that is finished. Amid the *eclat* of commencement day, puffed up by the applause of the people, which is the same every year, and flattered by pretty smiles and beautiful flowers, the debutant imagines that the goal is won. He has nothing now to do but to reap what he has sown. Foolish dream! The alleged failure of distinguished students, which fact certain fellows of the lazy sort gloat over as an excuse for their indolence and stupidity, may be accounted for in this way. They think they are at the end of the struggle instead of the beginning. They stop and look back, whereas their eyes should look right on.

2. Many students should go further with their immediate studies. The lawyer to the law school, the preacher to the seminary, and others still should equip themselves with advanced study in the university. Many a young man makes the mistake of his life just here. He put his estimate upon himself. Is he capable of anything further? Is he already finished off? Is he done? The world usually takes a man at his own estimate, especially if it be an under-estimate. But it is a serious thing for a man with the capability and the possibility of more complete culture to shut down upon himself just at this juncture. The circle that bounds one's education is not the curriculum of the schools, but the horizon of life.

We need at the South, and are coming to, broader views on this subject. As a people we are working out a good destiny for the future—that is, in the promise of what is to come. The time will come when our theological seminaries, universities and professional schools will not languish for lack of sympathy and support. But our young men will appreciate the opportunities held out ready to their hands, but which so many refuse to seize.

3. All of us should keep up, more or less, the course of study begun at college. So many, after the school-days are over, settle back into indifference to literary culture that soon leads to comparative ignorance. We take this as a matter of course. We are busy, and say that it takes leisure for the pursuit of culture. Did you ever hear of W. E. Gladstone? Some would be rash enough to say that he has been a

man of leisure. The cares of a great nation have weighed upon his shoulders. And yet he has found time, by utilizing the odd moments, buying up the opportunities, to become an accomplished Homeric critic, to take deep interest in theological discussion, to write largely for the reviews, to write books, and what not.

We all have the same amount of time, all there is. Life should not be wholly given to the struggle for bread and the enjoyment of it. There are other interests of intellectual, moral and spiritual moment at least worthy to divide the time with the wherewithal to be clothed. No, we shall never as a people come to that position of culture and Christianity which we should, until we as individuals look upon life as a larger thing than a gamble for a prize at college.

A. T. ROBERTSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April, 1889.

AT YELLOWSTONE PARK—A FRAGMENT.

The four lean, wiry horses of the Park stage perceptibly quickened their lagging pace. The seven miles which lay between Gardner and the hotel at Hot Springs had been sufficient to draw the sweat from their leathery sides in rivulets which, with the biting alkaline dust, had combined to encase them in coverings through which no insect could penetrate. And the dust, that biting, stifling, blinding dust! How it parched the throats and burnt the eyes of those six weary passengers! To close the sash would be to suffocate—to keep them open was torture.

None of the occupants, save one, seemed

more than graven images. She sat erect and alert, scrutinizing with steady eyes every dust-covered rock and shrub as though she thought to find one not loaded with the powdery veil which seemed to envelop all creation. In reality she saw nothing; all was blank to her. Her brain was crowded with memories, and thoughts came trooping up for recognition. Why *would* her vagrant memory turn unceasingly to *him*? Why should dusty rocks and whitened herbage constantly bring back *his* words to her? With an involuntary gesture of disgust she let her eyes rest upon the face of the sleeping occupant of the

opposite corner of the stage and then resumed her steady gaze into space. The quickened speed of the vehicle brought her thoughts from their wandering, and as the other passengers roused themselves from their apathy she sank back into her corner with a curious moisture in her eyes. The hot, wearisome ride was nearing its close and as the horses sprang forward into a trot the big verandahed hotel showed itself through the blinding clouds of dust. The merciless sun beat down upon its many-shaped roof and long covered porches as though angry with the warped shingles for interposing their protection to the tired inmates. The rays of the sun were reflected in glimmering sheets of caloric which danced and wavered in the light with exasperating regularity. The usual crowd of idlers and guests was disposed about the entrance and over the verandahs. Here a knot of young men in flannel undress were discussing their morning's trip to McCartney's Cave and the coming expedition to Gibbon Falls. Not far off two grave Senators were settling the tariff question, with a due consideration to free whisky and Havana cigars. About the corner of the building was grouped a charming though somewhat languid crowd of young ladies, whose evident disregard of sound English and appreciation of Adams' Tolu proclaimed them natives of the Hub and worshippers at the shrine of Howells. As the stage rumbled around the semi-circular drive which led to the hotel entrance they all mingled in one straggling, lazy, expectant crowd and moved toward the dusty steps to stare at the new arrivals. As the bearded Jehu, in true Western style, applied the brakes and threw his leaders back on their haunches with the same

motion a tall, sunburnt soldier, in the regular uniform of the United States Cavalry, came striding out of the office, the enormous rowels in his spurs jingling musically after him. He paused in the doorway and scanned the group before him as if searching for some one. Just then the group parted to make way for the new-comers and he saw a young man descend the steps of the stage and hand his satchel to a porter. As the stranger's pale, stern countenance was turned full toward the crowd the soldier's eyes flashed with joyous recognition for an instant, but this as suddenly gave place to a look of pained determination. The stranger had turned and was assisting a young lady in gray to alight, and as they turned to ascend the steps the soldier involuntarily glanced toward her. A half-smothered "My God!" escaped from his set lips and for a moment he stood paralyzed, then drawing himself up he turned sharply and with a quick, military step strode away down the long, shady verandah, his spurs clicking savagely at every step. He passed down the wide steps and turned into a narrow path which, further on, converged into a wide dusty road. Unheeding the clouds which his hasty steps raised he walked on as though the sight of those two persons had stupefied him. For four weary, listless years he had longed to see that face whose every feature was burnt deep in his very soul. He had never even dared to hope of seeing it *here*, and this sudden realization of his wild desire was raising mad tumult in his heart. The four dreary years he had spent in trampling his past life down into the dust of oblivion had been spent in vain. A thousand times, in his bitterness of spirit, he had cursed her memory, but it would

not down. A thousand times he had sworn never to reveal himself to a human soul, and yet he yearned to feel once more the clasp of that strong hand and look again into that calm, proud face of his old time friend and comrade which had never shown aught to him but trust and honor. He had trained his heart to forget every attribute of that old life and hope and love, and, until now, he did not know the thinness of the veil which had hidden them from his sight. One single look had sufficed to tear away the covering and lay bare their presence once more to his consciousness. And not only did it show the sweetness of that old time, but it also recalled the shame and utter dishonor in which he had buried his name forever, and in which he had passed from glorious life into a weary, hopeless existence. To forget and be forgotten had been his unceasing prayer night after night and day after day; on duty or off duty; out in the hills fighting Indians, or dragging out the miserable days in the fort. It did not take many months to convince him that he was forgotten by that other world beyond the mountains; but only by constant and stern exercise of his will had he been able to say, "I have forgotten." And he believed that memory had indeed been strangled by his never-ceasing struggle until that face appeared to him and rescued it from a painless death to endow it forever after with an immortality of suffering.

So intense had been his emotions, and so completely was he wrapped in thought, he had not noticed whither his steps were carrying him until he found himself standing on the edge of a gulch, steep and rocky on one side, but stretching away up the hillside on the other with an aspect of

refreshing coolness imparted to it by the dark background of fir trees. He lifted his eyes for a moment and gazed listlessly at the wooded hills and then let them turn searchingly toward the western horizon where a single star gleamed above the dark background as if conscious of its own lingering radiance. Tenderly, almost passionately, he let his eyes rest upon it and then he bowed his head in the attitude of prayer. Far down the rocky aisle of the gulch came the quavering howl of a coyote. Around and above, among the tree-tops, lay the gathering shadows of night. Not a sound came from his half-parted lips. To speak would be a sacrilege. He had watched for that star after many a day of hardly performed duty, and had calmed his burning thoughts in repose after many days of still more torturing inaction with gazing into its luminous depths. He had watched it from his camp-fire on the prairie and had seen it sink out of sight from the rocky crest of the mountains. It insensibly had come to be recognized by him as the symbol of his former life and his old-time love. Sometimes when clouds hid it from his sight he would whisper to his sleeping memory that, as the clouds must soon be blown away and leave the star shining radiantly as before, so must the black cloud of dishonor which now obscured his life be torn away by the hand of time and reveal the shining truth behind. Was it hope stirring feebly in his breast or was it only the soft, sweet influence of the peaceful scene which filled his soul with rest? He cared not, thought not of its source; he only knew how sweet such quiet and such rest was to his tortured being. He knew it could not last, he knew that this wave of peace might leave him

stranded again on the rocks of despair, but ah! how blessed was even a moment's respite from that gnawing, goading memory.

The clear, mellow notes of a bugle-call rang out upon the evening air and roused him sharply from his reverie. Hastily turning he retraced his steps along the dusty trail until he saw looming up in the shadows the low stockade which surrounded several plain wooden buildings of ordinary dimensions and one long, narrow one which ran the whole length of the enclosure. He turned and entered an open gate, walked straight through the enclosure and toward one of the buildings where, over the door, hung a board with the word "Commandant" painted on it in large letters. As he walked quickly up the steps a tall, gray-mustached man, in the uniform of a captain, looked up from a table at which he had been writing. "Ah! is that you, Grey?" and as the new-comer gravely saluted and remained standing, he continued: "I have been expecting you for some time. Did you have any difficulty in finding Colonel Byrd?"

"He is no longer at the hotel. He left at noon saying he had been summoned to Washington by the Department on important business. The clerk gave me the information and also this letter for you." He handed him a letter, and, at the captain's request, seated himself. After a few minutes of silence the officer looked up from the letter. "Did you see the stage come in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It drove up just as I was leaving."

"Did you see any of the passengers?"

"Yes, sir. I saw a lady and gentleman, but left too soon to notice any others."

"The reason why I ask is because Colonel Byrd tells me he expected his old chum, Major Nelson, and party this afternoon. I suppose the young lady must be his daughter. He asks me to show the old gentleman all the courtesies I can, and, if I find time, accompany him over the Park. Of course nothing would give me more pleasure, but look at all these reports to be sent in, and they're not half finished either. It won't do, though, to slight the Colonel's request, so I suppose I must hunt up the old fossil to-morrow and make myself agreeable. See here, Grey, why can't you take this bore off my hands? You look worn, and a little rest will do you good. Besides, there's the girl. I don't believe you are much of a lady-killer, but you surely would not object to a week's furlough with nothing to do but point out geysers and listen to a young lady's exclamations. Come to think of it, I believe you *are* sick, and if you don't take this furlough I'll put you in the hospital. I can't afford to lose my best man just because you *will* keep going. What do you say, will you go or not?"

Every drop of blood had left his face and his pale lips were drawn rigidly over his set teeth. His left hand grasped the scabbard of his sabre as though he would crush it. His heart was beating tumultuously, his very brain seemed on fire at the thought of hearing *her* voice and touching *her* hand once more. Could he do it, dare he do it and still preserve his lost identity? And if he did, what then? Could he bear this life-long imprisonment any better for having seen her face once more?

"Are you faint, Grey? Here take some water. This cursed heat will pull you

yet if you don't take more care of yourself. I am sure this holiday is just what you need, and if you don't promise to relieve me, why I'll just detail you as escort to His Highness the Major. Will you volunteer or shall I issue the order?" "You are very kind, Captain, but you leave me no alternative but to volunteer. Courtesy to the young lady would allow nothing else. I submit, and shall report to His Highness to-morrow, gorgeously attired in my newest uniform. *Che sara, sara.*"

"Seriously, Grey, I would be greatly obliged if you would do so, but I won't press it. You are pale and need rest, and if you don't feel well enough to knock around the Park I'll get you a furlough, and you can rest after your own sweet will."

"I won't deny that I am a little 'off' as to health, Captain, but I don't want any furlough. Service in the Park, even as a useless escort, is preferable, even if it were not relieving you of an onerous task. At what time shall I report at the hotel?"

"I don't suppose the old gent will start out to-morrow so we will go up together about ten o'clock. Remember you are released from duty and don't worry yourself."

Grey had arisen while the Captain was speaking and, as he finished, saluted and passed quietly out. As the sound of his footsteps grew fainter, and finally ceased, Captain Harris remarked to himself, perplexedly: "Just as like as not I have insulted him instead of doing him a kindness. I never know when he is pleased or not. He takes everything calmly, rain or shine, but if he doesn't have some tough battles with himself at times there is noth-

ing in faces. Reed or Bates would have jumped at the proposition, but he seems to look upon it as he would picket duty or guard mounting, to be done because I order it. He really needs the rest, though, and I am glad I forced it on him."

Grey passed on down the long line of wooden barracks, entered his own bare apartment and flung himself wearily down upon the narrow, iron-framed cot which formed the larger part of his furniture. A wooden stool and camp-chest comprised the rest. Only once did he move and then it was to tear apart the closely buttoned military jacket from his throat. When the sharp notes of the morning reveille floated out upon the still, fresh air there was one man whom they did not waken. They only recalled him to a knowledge of things around him. He lay as he had fallen first upon his bed. Through the whole night his brain had been busy with memories of the past and bitter forecasts of the future.

To-day he was to face her for whom his heart had hungered; could it bear such joy in silence? To-day he was to meet that friend for whose hand-clasp his own hand had been extended in many a torturing dream; could he restrain it now from reaching forth to the reality?

A sharp rap on the door recalled his wandering thoughts, and as he opened it the Captain's orderly presented himself. "Grey, Captain Harris wishes to see you immediately."

"Tell him I will report in two minutes, sir," answered Grey, as he quickly buttoned his military jacket and brushed his rumpled hair into place. In exactly two minutes he was in the Captain's office. As he approached with the accustomed salute Captain Harris said: "I am glad you are

ready so soon. I just received this dispatch from Colonel Nelson with the request that I send it to Gardner as soon as possible. The operator at the hotel is ill and the line is useless. He got a message from Washington last night which came by special messenger requiring his immediate presence there, and he wishes this answer to be sent immediately. All the men but you are at present on duty, and though I know you are almost ill I must ask you to carry it. You will find your horse ready at the door. You can report to me at the hotel when you return. Of course this relieves you from the tiresome duty of showing the old gent through the Park, but it will not affect your furlough, which will begin when you return. Here is the dispatch."

Grey took it in silence, saluted, and, as the Captain turned again to his desk, he sprang quickly into the saddle and was off. As he left the barrack-yard and struck the wide, dusty road outside he put his horse into the long, swinging gallop which is peculiar to the cavalry service.

So she was to leave to-day without ever knowing how near she had been to him. Without knowing what dormant power of suffering she had awakened, what sleeping dogs of memory she had roused. He knew he would never again quiet that goading, gnawing pain which now was thrilling him in its ecstasy and crying aloud for justice. Until now he had spurned the idea of receiving the empty and cold acquittal of the world; it would deliver him from the tortures of the damned and give him the right to—— to what? He was dead to the world; what good would a vindication do the dead? And then came that other more

torturing thought: was he dead to *her*? It was always present. It never left him now. Did *she* think him guilty? Somehow his inward questioning could get no farther than that. It was the maelstrom of his hopes and fears. When that question forced itself upon him all thoughts, all imaginings went down in a whirl of despair.

While he had been busy with his thoughts his horse had galloped steadily on until now the straggling, irregular collection of cabins which constituted the station, called by courtesy Gardner City, lay just in front of him. Every house, tree and blade of grass bore its covering of white alkali dust, which lay like a pall over the parched earth.

Grey galloped silently up the single deserted street to the telegraph office and called the operator to the door. He handed him the dispatch with the Captain's order that it be sent at once, and turning his horse's head homeward sent him along at the same long gallop in which he had come the whole distance from the fort. The animal was beginning to flag from the long, hot ride, but the rider was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice it. After proceeding several miles the beast slackened his pace and, finding his rider unconscious of the change, finally subsided into a walk. Grey, seeing at last that his animal was suffering from fatigue, allowed him to walk; and thinking that water might be acceptable he left the road and turned out to where a little stream was almost hidden up under the edge of a small rocky canon. After slaking his horse's thirst he turned back toward the road in a brisk gallop. But he never reached it. His horse's foot found one of the prairie-

dog holes so thick around him and fell on his head with a broken leg. Grey fell full length upon the ground, his head met a sharp-pointed rock, and he rolled over

with a sickening gash on his temple. The poor beast kicked and struggled hard to free himself, but his rider never moved. His furlough had come. E. B. LEWIS.

MARYSVILLE, MONTANA.

IN CAMP.

"Right forward, fours right, march!" came the command and off we went erect at a pine tree and stepping with that almost painfully mathematical precision which is characteristic of the "greenny" in ranks. Every boy in that knightly band was making tremendous efforts to appear calm, cool and collected as do the heroes of dime novel fame. And why? Had we been told, as were the followers of Bonaparte when they stood under the shadows of the Egyptian pyramids, that centuries were looking down upon us? Not that, nor yet fifths of centuries, for where, I ask, where in history, in story or in song will you find an individual of the female persuasion a fifth of a century old who is not in the dual number? But those of a more tender age were there in profusion and each boy felt (unparalleled folly!) that a particular beauty was pouring a regular fusillade of loving glances upon him, causing the blood to mount to his would-be battle-scarred brow. In a few minutes we had boarded a special train having on board five or six companies of troops, and on we sped, striking terror to the simple folk along the route, for they believed in their souls that the "Yanks" had come again, and why an occasional "long tom" was not leveled at us by some veteran of the sixties is something the

philosophical historian will have to explain. At sunset we arrived at camp. The quarters of the State Guard were in Sea-side Park, a beautiful grove on the Wrightsville Sound about nine miles from Wilmington. There we found about twelve hundred men, boys in the very flush and vigor of youth, many of whom had, like Putnam of Revolutionary fame, left the plow at the call of the State and with a heroism which stands without a parallel in the annals of war nobly resolved to abandon all at their country's call, and the rank grass that waved in the field of cotton tells the sequel. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria ites facere.* (This is put to sound big.—AUTHOR). At peep of day the reveille sounded and all was astir. After we had made such an attack on the loaves and fishes that not one basket of fragments could have been gathered we were marshaled on the strand by our valiant commander and for two hours made "foot-prints on the sands of time." At eventide we went and did likewise. Afterwards a rush was made for the train going over to the beach. Many of us had not seen the ocean and consequently were all aglow with excitement. And now for the benefit of those who dwell at a distance from the coast and have never gazed upon the heaving bosom of the sea I will give

a description. "An ocean is a very large body of water." (See geography). Next we tempted the waves. Now Peter, you remember, was so indiscreet as to walk upon the waters, but we would do no such thing. We would ride, for who would walk when to ride is possible? And now, my dear reader, just go in the surf and you will be enabled to accomplish such wonders as would fill with envy the breast of a professional acrobat. Of course this was tempestuous joy(?) and our fidelity was enhanced no little by the fact that we were in constant expectation of making an excursion into those regions which were anciently explored by Jonah, the son of Amittai.

The scenery of North Carolina has so often been the theme of the gifted writer that it would be presumption for a boy to try to paint its glories. Our mountains are the admiration of the world; our sea-shore is not without charm. Nature speaks to man in a voice of gentleness and at the same time one of power. Nowhere is this more true than when we ponder over its vastness and its symmetry. Nature and art were combined here to present a scene of grandeur.

It was flood-tide. The waters of the sound, bounded by the white sand banks which now shone like boulders of fire,

were shimmering and gleaming with a thousand hues; the polished helmets of the soldiers on dress parade glittered in the slanting sunlight like bars of burnished gold; the murmur of the ocean's breath fanning the gorgeous foliage was now lost in the deeper and richer notes of the regimental band, while in all and above all could be heard the solemn song of the eternal sea filling the soul with reverence for Him who created the deep and inspiring an abiding faith in Him at whose command the waves obeyed and were silent.

Many were the pranks played by this company. Some of them worthy of the consideration of our fathers in gray.

On Wednesday of the second week there was a battle between the 3d and 4th regiments. The hostile hosts confronted each other, the word was given and with a yell that would have made the hair of any nervous person stand erect like the "quills of the fretted porcupine" they rushed madly to the charge. Balaklava was eclipsed. The fame of the six hundred was overshadowed by these Americans. Ah, bravely did we fight, we boys in blue and brass. *Numberless* were the wounded, *countless* were the slain. It was a gory day — But halt! We are at home again all covered with dust and glory.

"SODGER."

SEMINARY LIFE IN LOUISVILLE.

A little digression by way of introduction. Ever since my decision in May, 1886, to preach Seminary life in Louisville had been the subject of many fond anticipations, and I looked forward to that time with much joy and pleasure. In the latter part of September last I boarded the cars at Stovalls, N. C., and started for Louisville. A few hours' ride brought me to Richmond, Va. Here I changed cars for the city of my destination. Having no friend for a companion I thought I would pass the night as best I could and spend the day in viewing the beautiful scenery. Our cars had been in motion only a little while when my attention was attracted by a gentleman to my left very much absorbed in what I thought, from best I could see, a Hebrew book. This caused me at once to spot him as a Theologue. To my delight I soon learned that I was correct, and a little later I was much drawn out towards him by a little incident. In packing my trunk I failed to leave out my overcoat, thinking I would not need it and forgetting I had to pass through both the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains. Before long I perceived quite a change in the weather and began to think of my coat, and by the time we had reached Staunton, Va., I was shivering with cold. Here the Theologue learned of my misfortune and kindly loaned me one of his coats. You see he was well supplied, for he "had been there," as the slang phrase would have it. I will be sure to pack my overcoat when I take an-

other such trip. Daylight next morning found us speeding along the banks of New River in the Alleghany Mountains of West Virginia. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the scenery from here on, especially the beauty of the Blue Grass section of Kentucky. To see it is to enjoy it. I reached Louisville Saturday night, making my trip in a little less than two days.

By the time we had reached Louisville there were several Seminary boys on board. A small Georgian of 240 pounds weight and I agreed to cast our lots together till time came to draw for rooms. Baby (for that is the name we soon gave my friend) and I had a room assigned us temporarily on the third floor. Believe me, I found large men very useful ere we had transferred our trunks to said floor. There we were with no lamp and nine o'clock at night. Our best resort was, we thought, to purchase an old-fashioned tallow candle for the present. So we soon procured one and made a dish out of a piece of paper about six inches square. It worked charmingly. I was very careful in my toilet that night and next morning, as it was very difficult to remove the signs of my journey, but I found that if an occasional dab of smut had been left here and there I would not been left alone.

Louisville is very unfortunate with its smoke from soft coal. It is said that if one stands on an elevated spot a few miles out of the city he can see only an immense cloud of smoke rising up over the city,

hiding it from view. It is a common thing to see soot or soft coal cinders on a person's face on the street. It reminds me of the fashion, I am told, some ladies so much admire—wearing small black pieces of cloth on their faces for beauty. Here all of that work is needless. Only step on the street and you will soon have quite a number of little beauties on your face.

Next morning was Sunday. We attended Dr. T. T. Eaton's church. I went in the afternoon with Bro. League, of South Carolina, to Germantown Mission, in which I afterwards became one of the laborers. Sunday morning I met brethren Kesler, Lynch and Wilson, and consequently felt more at home.

It is customary here to draw for rooms. This interesting feature took place Monday evening. I always was unlucky in drawing, with one exception, and that was during my college life when there was one partridge, and the rest robins, at a little barbecue and I drew the partridge. In this case I had my usual misfortune, for my name was among the very last drawn, and the rooms had been picked over dozens of times. On the next day I exchanged my room for what I thought the best in the Seminary.

My feelings on entering the Seminary were quite different from what I felt on entering college. Then I fully expected to be hazed, as I had heard my friends relate the reception they usually gave "New Ish," but here I expected nothing like that, of course. I remember now, though, how I felt when I heard one of the old boys tell of having forty pages of Josephus assigned for a lesson in New Testament and how he smiled at the effect it had on us "Fresh," and the next day when

I had purchased the books I would need at once, I was chagrined to learn that they were more than I could carry home. I soon learned, though, to prize them, and found them very instructive and interesting companions. A day or two brought my room-mate, Bro. W. J. Ward, and then a few more days found me busy in the daily routine of Seminary work.

Life in the Seminary reminds me of my college days, and yet differs, in some respects, very widely from them. The same hard study is required, but it bears more directly upon my life's work. New fields for mental investigation open up to the view, and the fact that investigating them stores the mind with rich material for immediate use adds a new impetus to greater effort. Turning the mind from fields of knowledge in which it has been gleaning vital thoughts here and there from childhood, and especially during academic and collegiate courses, and casting it into others is, indeed, refreshing. It is like a visit from familiar scenes to lofty peaks and beautiful mountain scenery. I shall never forget the impressions made upon my mind in taking up the history of that most wonderful of all nations, the Jews, at the time when the Old Testament stops its account of them and following them through the Inter-Biblical Period to the time when the New Testament takes it up. And how rich and inspiring the life and works of Christ, studied systematically! The Old Testament, too, with its sacrifices and laws. How much more beautiful when you see the connection between it and the New, and perceive how it gradually prepares the way for the higher teachings of the New! Even an abstract of systematic theology has a

charm about it, although difficult to master, for it enlightens the mind concerning our Redeemer and God. Of course, we have some dry studies, for nothing so delightful could happen to the student as to be freed from such.

It took me some time to become accustomed to reciting in the afternoons and on Saturdays for a rarity. I miss much the weekly meetings of my dear old Society. Often my mind turns toward it and my heart goes out in thankful gratitude for the indispensable training I received within its sacred walls. I owe it a debt of untold gratitude. We have several societies of different kinds among us. On the first day of each month our Missionary Society meets. All exercises are suspended and both the professors and students attend. This is quite an interesting day with me. The Society has under its control four missions in the city. Different fields are discussed and letters read from missionaries at each meeting. These meetings instill within the boys a missionary spirit and impress them with their duty to arouse their churches on this great subject when they enter their fields of labor. Reading letters from missionaries is especially instructive and enjoyable. Since a visit from Bro. Wilder, who spoke to us on missions, about thirteen of us have formed what we call a Society of Missionary Volunteers. Those are members who expect to go to foreign fields, God permitting. Our hearts are often made to rejoice in this little Society. We hope to add others to our number soon. But there is a Society in the Seminary quite peculiar in its object. It is called the Mutual Consolation and Indignation Society. In this meet the boys with long

faces, sad hearts, crushed ambitions—in short, those whose girls have gone back on them. They console each other when their girls act squarely in “breaking their noses,” and show their mutual indignation when their brother has been shamefully handled. They tell me it is amazingly startling to know the number of our brethren who go or should belong to this organization. Thus goes life!

One of our professors endeavors to obtain the biography of each student and has them neatly bound and presented to the library for future generations to peruse. It is indeed enjoyable to read the biography of another fellow, but how it makes one feel funny and little to see all of the great deeds of his own life summed up in a few lines and published to the world!

While our daily life here must be more or less the same old tale, still we have many experiences and observations to break the monotony, and each day brings with it refreshing periods. A certain professor here is very fond of impressing points by examples and illustrations about sweethearts. I imagine he thinks that a very important subject with the students and that references to that subject will be more likely to cling to the mind. He loves to throw out a hint to the brother he happens to be quizzing at the time that he thinks will do him good when he is on his bridal tour to Palestine or Greece or some of the old Bible countries. His remarks, thrown in by the way, are always spicy and refreshing to the weary brain of the student. This professor not long since announced “that he desired those who were sick at the regular time for examinations to write their names and examination missed on a slip of paper and hand

it to him. The next morning at recitation, with a smile on his face, he remarked that some one had handed him the wrong piece of paper through mistake, and read the contents running thus:

"Don't you wish you had hair like Saul's?
Oh! why not?
Pretty hair for maidens fair,
Pretty teeth for men discreet."

The professor, after passing his opinion about the rythm of the last two lines, remarked that the owner could come forward and get it if he would claim it. Poor little poem, (?) it went begging!

Many little incidents happen to break the monotony of the daily routine of work. One of the most enjoyable periods of the day is when we assemble in the New York Hall. This is our dining-room. Of course our meetings here are enjoyable to the inner man, but it is not in reference to that that I direct my remarks. There is where we can best be found together. For this reason, I presume, our company usually visit us at meal times. We are always glad to welcome our visitors then, but they had better come loaded. We never slight any. Students, you know, have that very injurious habit of eating too fast, or good habit of eating a little, and when they have finished their meal they at once call for the visitor, whether through or not, and he cannot rest till he rises for a speech. Then for five or ten minutes, usually, we are convulsed with laughter. I think the most laughable speech of the season was made by Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Georgia. He insisted upon the point that we should be lively and in a good humor at meals. One reason he urged for it was it would aid in digestion. I think the boys were pleased to hear of this remedy if it would aid in digesting nice, tender Ken-

tucky beef. In this hall all of the notices of entertainments, lectures, candy pullings, etc., are given. Candy pullings (tickets 10 cents) are indeed common. Whenever one rises now, however, and says candy he is rattled down and not allowed to proceed with his discourse. Seminary students generally are charged half rates for tickets to lectures, and some time ago we were greatly amused at the announcement of one of the boys. This was the force of his remarks: "Doubtless some of you are not aware that the National Convention of the Prohibition party will be held in our city on to-morrow and the next day. There will be fine speeches from such men as Governor St. John, General Green Clay Smith, Dr. Brooks, Miss Frances Willard and the Rev. and Dr. Anna Shaw. Admission free and Theologues half price, as usual; that is, they can take a girl with them on their ticket." We are very much shut off from female society (those of us who do not visit much) with the exception of little girls with tickets to candy pullings for sale. These are very familiar to us. Often you can hear the alarm of warning, "Tickets!" from some one who has made the discovery. I have heard of such things as boys being from home about the time the familiar ticket knock sounds on the door.

We have a beautiful building. It is situated on Fifth and Broadway. It is four stories high and very large and roomy. We are blessed with having everything so conveniently arranged. At present, the dormitory, lecture-rooms, reading-room, library and dining hall all are in the same building. There are water-closets and bath-rooms on each floor, and the rooms are heated by steam. Everything tends

to add to our temporal comfort. Spiritual life among us, too, is bright, as all are ministerial students. As would be expected religion is much more enjoyed here than at college. All of the surroundings point in that direction. I am impressed more and more with the fact, if we would enjoy a bright spiritual life we must ever cultivate it. Even here, where we are continually studying about Christ and the Bible, it is necessary to habitually forget the things of earth and commune with God in prayer and meditation. I thought while at college that it would be easier to live devotedly at the Seminary. Well, it is, but there is danger here of growing more or less cold. Here we study the Bible to learn about it and to store away truths to teach others, and the tendency is to fail in a great degree to appropriate to our own souls enough of its truths. But yet I think most of us look upon our Seminary life as the happiest by far of our days spiritually. Our prayer-meetings always interest and edify us.

The Seminary may congratulate itself in many respects in being located in Louisville. The city is growing rapidly and is already one of the commercial centres of the great West. Commercial cities seem always to have fascinated great schools and to have been chiefly the centres of action in early Christianity. Then, too, it is situated so as to attract students equally from the South and North and East and West. It has good water advantages, being situated on the banks of the Ohio river. It is connected with the outside world both by railroad and steamers. The city is very beautiful and has many attractions to the visitor. When we desire to take a short walk for fresh air, we have various scenes

to entertain us. If we wish to see fine turn-outs and horses we go down Third street. If we love to look at fine buildings and beautiful yards we go down Third and Fourth streets in the southern portion of the city. If we wish to look upon fair women, the hurry of business or the Ohio, we go down Fourth street in the northern portion of the city. The different scenes are always governed by the portion of the city you visit. The advantage for meeting and being thrown with young men from different sections of our country are excellent. We have students from England, Canada, Sweden and every portion of the United States. It is pleasant to have the privilege of the society of so many young men all with the same great aim in life—the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom. I often think what a power one hundred and sixty or one hundred and sixty-five men ought to exert for good.

Louisville is well supplied with churches in some portions of the city, but there are yet large areas of it where no Protestant church can be seen. Many of us spend the Sunday afternoons in laboring in these destitute portions and find it beneficial to us besides the good done for the Master.

This institution is the pride of Southern Baptists and well it may be. Its influence is felt in every portion of our Sunny South and we are now only getting a taste of the future. It is from this school that many will go out in future to bless the world. I shall ever rejoice that it has been my privilege to attend the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. My stay here will be an oasis in life upon which the mind will delight to linger. G. T. WATKINS.

S. B. T. SEMINARY, Louisville, Ky., May, 1889.

A DREAM.

Once upon an evening weary
While I sat me sad and dreary
Pondering o'er forgotten lore,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
Like a palm leaf's gentle slapping,
Just above my chamber door.

Just as I my wits was losing
In my vain and idle musing,
Idler than e'er before,
Came this alarming rustling
'Mid the cobwebs madly bustling
Just above my chamber door.

Ah, it made my hair all bristle,
And I stopped the love epistle
Which I penned with anguish sore,
While I heard this endless stirring,
This ungodly, frightful whirring,
Just above my chamber door.

Then I roused me from my dreaming,
While my eyes with fear were gleaming,
Bigger than e'er before,
For I heard this awful rattling,
Like ten thousand June-bugs battling,
Just above my chamber door.

Aye, I looked and looked and listened,
While my cheeks with pallor glistened,
As I gazed from loft to floor,
Till at last I saw a creature,
Strangely wrought in form and feature,
Just above my chamber door.

Said I, "Beast or bird or devil,
Thing of good or thing of evil,
I your pardon do implore;
Have you seen a lovely maiden,
With all beauty richly laden,
My own charming Betsy Moore?"

"Oh, she is a maiden queenly,
And she smiles on me serenely
With a face that I adore;
So oh, tell me, wondrous creature,
I do here and now beseech you,
Do you know my Betsy Moore?"

"Have you in your wanderings met her?
If you have you'll ne'er forget her—
This fair damsel, Betsy Moore—
With a form so frail and tender,
And so very, very slender?"
Quoth the creature, "To be shore."

"You have seen her? Then no mortal
Who hath crossed the mystic portal
Which shuts in this earthly shore
Hath enjoyed a pleasure sweeter
Or obtained a boon completer."
Quoth the creature, "To be shore."

"Tell me, does she talk about me,
Does she trust me, fear or doubt me,
When I'm by her side no more?
Does she smile when others praise me?
Or invent some scheme to 'raise' me?"
Quoth the creature, "To be shore."

"Does she love some other fellow,
With mustache deep brown or yellow,
When I'm by her side no more?
Does she treat him just as neatly,
Smiling on him just as sweetly?"
Quoth the creature, "To be shore."

"Shall I in the bright hereafter,
In some clime of love and laughter,
Win this damsel, Betsy Moore?
Or will all my visions vanish
And fierce fate my pleasures banish?"
Quoth the creature, "To be shore."

"Villain!" said I, "thing of evil,
Villain, if beast or devil,
I conjure thee answer more.
Tell me now, I beg you, truly,
All you know completely, fully,
Of this damsel, Betsy Moore."

But he moved not limb or muscle
To explain the wondrous puzzle
Which distressed my senses sore,
And the more I raved and ranted
Still the more he seemed enchanted
With that hateful "to be shore."

Till at last I seized a bottle,
Eager the foul fiend to throttle,
And to crush him on the floor;
When I found that I'd been dreaming
And the fuss so fearful seeming
Was a bug above my door,
Prisoned in a cobweb there,
Madly buzzing in despair;
Yes, a bug above my door,
Simply this and nothing more.

EDITORIAL.

PARASITISM.

It is not our purpose to speak of parasitism as it exists in the vegetable kingdom, but as it is seen and felt in the animal kingdom. The analogy between the two, however, is very conspicuous.

The peculiar circumstances by which mankind is surrounded seem to be conclusive evidence that nature intended for them to be mutually helpful to one another. It is doubtless true also that it is the interest as well as the duty of every people to promote, as far as possible, the happiness and prosperity of every other people. Nature seems to have designed it thus. And since the American people have, perhaps more closely than any other, adhered to this arrangement of nature, we think we may rightly interpret its unparalleled tide of prosperity as an omen of Divine sanction. The swollen stream of wealth has poured its treasures and blessings into the laps of every community. But while the above propositions are taken for granted it should also be borne in mind that beyond a certain limit or degree of mutual dependence existing between nations there is a possibility of perverting a blessing into a curse; for instance a loss of self-respect, self-confidence and hence a state of degeneracy into what we may choose to call a servile, sickly existence of parasitism.

Especially is this true of the intellectual world. It certainly is a fact that the intellectual growth and the literary status of

a people, if nothing else, is to be measured by the degree of original self-thinking which it does. It is this more than any other cause which has exalted the name of the Caucasian race high above every other name. But more particularly; let us come nearer home and canvass more closely the constituent elements of our own society. The magnificent sweep of the great Mississippi is but the resultant current of a thousand other streams which contribute to its glory. There were no rivers had there been no brooks; there were no brooks had there been no springs. So it is with a nation; it is the sum total of the several States or communities which go to make up the whole. Nations are composed of communities and communities of families and families of individuals. And just as the weal or woe of a nation depends upon the merits or the demerits of each of the several communities composing it so does the welfare and prosperity of a community hinge upon the actual worth of each individual member composing it; hence the direct responsibility and the necessity of each one acting well his part.

The Anglo-Saxon's chief theme is freedom of thought, freedom of action, freedom from all outward restraint. Would that this were as true in reality as in theory; we would then be great or free indeed. But pause, think for a moment and count, if you can, the teeming millions composing by far the greater part of our society who never act with any degree of

confidence and promptness upon opinions and plans of their own. Such people may at times be dimly conscious of their enslavement and feebly struggle to be free, but in nine cases out of ten they suffer their plans and opinions to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of another who very likely himself fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan and veers like a vane to every point of the compass with every wind that blows. Such men haven't backbone enough to make a respectable shoe-string. They are always of their companion's opinion about everything and upon every subject, provided their companion expresses his opinion first. If they have ever thought for themselves and reached a conclusion it is most cheerfully and politely(?) yielded to that of another.

Such a parasite swallows down fact, falsehood, truth, and absurdity indiscriminately. He never objects to anything or any theory which may be advanced by his neighbor. He never has any conviction upon any question of propriety or discussion of sufficient depth and strength to move him to vindicate it. The man who makes a thorough investigation of a matter and reaches an honest conclusion, though it be wrong, is to be commended for a rigid vindication of it far more than the man who may have reached a correct conclusion and allows himself to be driven from it at the first onset of his opponent. Large ships are not baffled by every breeze. There are several kinds of parasites—mental parasites, physical parasites, social parasites, and so on. Do such people deserve pity or contempt?—or both?

S. D. S.

HISTORY AND BOOKS.

The motive that prompts, or the one that ought to prompt, the historian to write is to give to distant parts of the world and future generations a true and impartial account of the events that have transpired and the causes which brought them about; to show where mistakes have been made that brought great calamities and how they may be avoided.

We quite naturally have a filial interest in the affairs of our fathers and are specially desirous of knowing something of the "seeds of Time" from which we have sprung. But, alas, how seldom we obtain a true history of anything! When we know the facts in the case how seldom we see a true account of it in writing. It seems to us that to be a true historian would be a great honor, for most men who feel sufficiently interested to write the history of an event, to which there are two sides, take one side or the other and show that up to the best advantage possible and the other to the worst possible disadvantage, and by exaggerating both ways they produce histories which contain many things that are untrue and that may make a wrong impression upon the minds of future generations. Think for a moment and see if you cannot call to mind a few of this nature.

We think sometimes what a pity we have so meagre account of many mighty nations that have arisen, flourished and fallen. The ferns, the lepidodendrons and numerous other plants, with many animals, have written their true history in volumes of stone, which may be read so long as this planet remains habitable. But

man, alas for him! we know little of but few of his race till quite recently. Perhaps, though, it is better for many of them and us too, that we know so little about them. History is composed largely of wicked deeds and the greater and more wicked a man was, and the more cruel and bloody deeds he committed, the more space he occupies upon its pages, and we are no better, but even worse, for reading many of them.

The Greeks, knowing so little of their fathers, furnished the ground-work for the greatest epics of the world. We have also read of King Arthur and his court, which Tennyson has so admirably woven into his *Idyls of the King*. We have heard of the German legends and the great Nibelungen Song. In fact, all great nations have their early legends, mythology, chronicles, and, finally, history proper.

It is often the case that the less we know of individuals and nations the greater magnitude we contribute to their significance. We sometimes think that if civilization had been on no higher plane one hundred years ago than it was three or four thousand, that George Washington, no doubt, would have drawn as strong a bow as Ulysses or wielded as great a club as Hector, and would have destroyed whole British squadrons with the power of his own might.

Many regret that the great libraries at Constantinople, at Alexandria, and other great centres of knowledge, have been destroyed; but, perhaps, it is best that it should be so. No doubt the most of it was worthless and we are as well off to know nothing about it as if we knew it all. Considering that we are living in the mere dawn of the historical day and the

amount of history we now have, the difficulty it is to retain a mere outline of a small portion of it, what human mind could grasp the story one million years hence? Is it not better for the "broom of oblivion" to sweep the earth occasionally and annihilate from its surface much of the bad literature and make room for better? If we go on making books at the rate we are now going, how long before there will be enough to girt the globe? Some one has made the estimate that there are 150,000 new books written every year. Some of these undergo edition after edition, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of copies of one book are published. Five million years from to-day the *Congressional Records* would occupy a large portion of space in the District of Columbia. We will be considered by those people as living very soon after the expulsion from Paradise.

Taking all these things under consideration we see little need of long elaborate histories, especially if partiality is shown in the writing, and they contain little less than wars and rumors of wars, births and deaths of great men and the crimes they committed.

Some one has suggested that in writing the biography of a man that the Apostles' life of Christ is a very fair model. Good old John had Mary, the mother of Jesus, with him, and no doubt learned all about his infancy, boyhood and early manhood from the lips of his mother, but, under Divine guidance, thought it unnecessary to give it all to the world. Consequently we have only a few pages and desire more.

Would not this be a good plan for writing a great man's history to-day? Had we not rather close the book desirous of

knowing more than to become tired of reading so many little things? How often do we let a book severely alone on account of its size? T. S. S.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

What constitutes a college? Not buildings nor professors alone, though each is essential, but these two and students. Some one has concisely said the prerequisites of a successful school are bricks, books and boys. Another thing that is sometimes not duly considered is that there must be cooperation between students and teachers, or in other words, there must be a strong college spirit for the highest achievements.

This term is often misunderstood. College spirit is but another name for college patriotism, and "College patriotism is the same as any other kind of patriotism. It is a self-respect in men, a sentiment of loyalty, a feeling of affection toward the college, which is absorbed with others under a common government. A college should be sheet-knit at the four corners, containing all manner of men, fitted for their separate work and spheres of action, but honoring the common ship which carries them."

Do we honor our common ship enough? Do we not admire this in others, provided it does not amount to arrogance? One of the most noticeable things about students at our University is their college spirit. We have yet to meet the Chapel Hillian who is not proud of the institution and whose tongue is not at once loosened at the mere mention of it.

The *Virginia University Magazine*, in a recent editorial on this subject, gave some reasons why college spirit was not

stronger at that institution. As our course of study is modeled after that university these will be applicable here, though in a different degree. The chief reason was this: The absence of a class system, which in most colleges binds and attracts student to student. Here there are no distinct classes. Each man selects his studies to suit himself, without regard to class. For our part we believe in class organizations, and would be glad to see our faculty encourage them more. Class pride is no mean factor in producing true college spirit.

The above magazine also points out the remedy which, it says, lies in the newly-awakened interest in athletics. They should receive the hearty support of our students, *pecuniarily* as well as otherwise. When a match-game of base or foot-ball is to be played let no student say, "I don't care who beats," or "I'll bet so and so that we get beat." Say what you please, the reputation of our College is at stake and every student ought to be interested in the result. No team in the world can do its best when it meets with such discouragement from those who ought to give only encouragement. Strange to say, however, we have always noticed that those who croak most of defeat before always have most to say after a victory, and to judge from the continual stream of "I told you so's" no one would ever guess that these same persons never uttered a word of encouragement at the time it was needed.

By all means let us cultivate college spirit and do our part towards making our institution what it soon will be, if it is not already, the best *college* in the South.

H. A. F.

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN NORTH
CAROLINA.

The above is the title of a work from the pen of Mr. Charles Lee Smith, Fellow in History and Politics at the Johns Hopkins University. It is the second monograph in the Contributions to American Educational History, edited by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, Ph. D., and published by the Bureau of Education at Washington.

In his letter to the Secretary of the Interior, recommending the publication of this monograph, Commissioner Dawson says:

"For North Carolina this is the pioneer work. The history of education in that State has hitherto remained unwritten. That the Old North State has failed to receive just recognition at the hands of some historians is due in great measure to the fact that many important phases of her early history have remained undeveloped by her own sons, to whom they were known, and who have allowed the prejudiced statements of early chroniclers, ignorant of the facts, to be accepted without contradiction as authoritative."

Mr. Smith has carefully and thoroughly studied the subject upon which he writes, and displays wonderful skill in collating historical facts. He has traced the history of education in this State from its settlement to the present time, and his work will do much to dispel ignorance and correct errors with regard to this Commonwealth. Material for the work has been drawn from histories, biographies, periodicals, addresses, pamphlets, school catalogues, newspaper files, personal correspondence and interviews, the Colonial

Records and every other available source.

The subjects treated are: Education During the Proprietary Government, Education During the Provincial and State Governments before 1800, the University of North Carolina, Leading Denominational Colleges, Higher Female Education, Secondary Instruction, Educational Efforts of the Friends, History and Status of Education Among the Colored People, the Public Schools, and the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

The greater portion of the book is given to the discussion of higher education, though the public school system is noticed and candidly discussed. Nearly fifty pages are devoted to an admirably written sketch of the University, and there are twelve engravings of the University buildings, halls and lecture-rooms and thirteen of the colleges and schools in the State.

The sketch of the University is the only complete sketch of that institution that has ever been written, and it is well done. The University has done a magnificent work for North Carolina and the South, and as it celebrates its centennial it may look back with pardonable pride upon the work of the first century of its existence. The discussion of the influence of the University on the South ought to make every one who reads it love the Old North State better. In the long list of those who studied at the University previous to 1835, and afterward became prominent, are numbered a President, a Vice-President, many Governors and United States Senators. In proportion to the number of the *alumni* few institutions have furnished more men to the public service.

The denominational colleges, Wake Forest, Davidson and Trinity, are dis-

posed of in less space, but the sketches are well written and show something of the work these institutions are doing for the State and country. Their *alumni* have not gone so largely into politics as those of the University; still many have been called to places of honor and trust. They are growing in usefulness and influence each year.

The various female schools in the State are discussed at more or less length. It is a sad fact that the education of females has never received the attention that is due it. The State has never taken a step looking to the higher education of females; but during the present century many schools have been established by private enterprise and much good has been accomplished. It is very gratifying to note the growing interest in this department of educational work.

One entire chapter is given to a discussion of the work the Friends have done and are still doing in the State. They have spent much money for educational

purposes, and control some of the most useful of our schools.

By comparison with other States Mr. Smith shows that North Carolina has not always been behind in educational matters. Schools sprang up with the first settlements and have existed, with varying degrees of success, ever since. In the fifties they were in a flourishing condition, but the war almost destroyed them. They have struggled with poverty through the years and must flourish again.

As a citizen of the State who loves her institutions, Mr. Smith has earnestly sought the truth and has candidly told it. His candor and fairness throughout the book cannot be surpassed. It ought to be *studied* by every citizen of the State. It is an answer to many charges of ignorance and lack of pride that have been made upon us. This sketch makes us love the State better. Let all read it. A copy may be obtained by writing for it to the United States Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C. C. G. W.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

We may surprise some by saying here at the close of the scholastic year that the Literary Societies at Wake Forest College ought, in our opinion, to re-establish their medal system, with, perhaps, some changes.

We have heard several of our most thoughtful and conservative students give expression to a similar opinion. It was announced in these columns in October that the medals, nine in number, given by the Societies and the friends of the College, had been abolished. This writer has no opinion to express here as to the wisdom or the folly of the movement so far as it relates to the College medals or those given by its friends; but he does have a word to say with regard to the subject so far as it relates to the Literary Societies.

Those Societies, organized and conducted on the principles that they are, constitute one of the most potent engines for good that is connected with this College. We believe that if duties are discharged in them with a faithfulness equal to that *required* for the completion of any one of the ten college "schools" they will do more for a young man in the way of polish (polish in manner, polish in thought and polish in the expression of thought), in the way of inculcating habits of sound and correct thinking and in the general preparation for the actual *duties* of life, and for real *service* to his country, than

either one of the ten "schools." This is not altogether theory. It is an opinion founded upon observation and upon what we believe we actually know about the matter.

The Societies are magnificent engines for their special work, but of what service can the most splendid engine be, even though painted in the most gorgeous colors, if its fly-wheels and pistons are idle? We believe that we have never witnessed a poorer year's work by the Societies than the one that is just drawing to a close, yet some very good work has been done. Opinions may well differ as to whether or not the abolition of the medals has been instrumental in bringing about this result. But you may talk of and decry the sordid motive of working for "a little piece of gold," but the *fact* remains that the hope of a prize and public mention as the successful competitor in a contest serve as stimulants to a large number of students.

Perhaps the abolition of the medals has not affected the Society work, but we believe it has. There is something wrong somewhere and the remedy ought to be provided. We want to see the Societies introduce medals again, or institute a system of prizes. We believe it would result in bringing back some of the old time life and enthusiasm in debate, and those halls would ring again with the music of ora-

tory. There are some who work and there always will be such, but we want to see the student body interested, and deeply interested, in Society work. We want to see again (a thing we have not seen this year) the old time rush of students to the College Library on Saturday of each week. We want to see them bear away arms full of old and dusty records that are rich with the accumulated learning of ages. We want to see the flicker of the midnight lamp as the eager student bends to gather knowledge that will be worth gold to him in after life.

From our knowledge of human nature and from our observation of the work in the Societies, with and without medals, we honestly believe that it is best for the Literary Societies at this College to offer medals as incentives to work. We hope to see them re-established. We believe that it will correct much of the indifference that is growing up among the students.

The *Davidson Monthly* wishes to direct attention to the subject of Intercollegiate Oratorical Contests. We are in favor of everything honorable and expedient that tends to build up our State and the South. Oratorical contests are held in Kentucky and Illinois, we think, and some other Western States, and we presume the result is good. Properly conducted we do not

see how any harm could come from them, but there are some evident advantages. They would result in raising the oratorical talent in each institution joining the Association to the highest perfection, for the students would vie with each other for the honor of representing the college in the contest. They would introduce the students of the different colleges in the State to each other, and this would have a liberalizing influence on college men. Each annual contest might close with a banquet, a reception, or a meeting of some kind, at which the young men could meet each other and the young ladies who should grace the occasion with their presence. Thus each annual meeting of the Association would be looked forward to with pleasant anticipations and looked back upon as an oasis in the school-boy's life. It would advertise the colleges of the State to the people, whose attention would thus be directed to them and the work they are doing.

Let us have the North Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association. Let Chapel Hill, Davidson, Trinity and Wake Forest appoint committees early next session and organize the Association, and perfect arrangements for holding in May, 1890, at Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro or whatever point may be thought best, the first Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest ever held in the State.

COLLEGE NEWS.

S. D. SWAIM, EDITOR.

—*Poeta nascitur non fit* was recently translated by one of the "Innocents" "Poetry is nasty and not fit to read."—*Ex.*

—Only three members of President Harrison's Cabinet are college graduates. James G. Blaine was graduated at Jefferson College, John W. Noble at Yale and Mr. Miller at Hamilton.

—Oberlin College has received \$55,000 in policies of insurance on the life of Charles W. Hull, of Chicago, the policies having been made payable to the college. The estate of Dr. Hull is valued at \$4,000,000.

—Mr. B—— not very long since was called on by the professor to go to the board and write out what he knew about *taurus*. Mr. B—— reluctantly moved off to the board and wrote the following: *Tauro, taurere, tausi, tausum*.

—William and Mary College has graduated three Presidents of the United States; Harvard two; Princeton, Hampden-Sidney, University of North Carolina, Bowdoin, Dickenson, West Point, Kenyon, Williams, Union and Miami one each.—*Exchange.*

—The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, which meets June 18, 1889, is likely to prove the most prosperous session in its history. Every teacher in North Carolina would do well to avail himself of its benefits. The excursion to Europe affords all of its members a rare opportunity.

—Mr. Henry C. Lea proposes to give \$25,000 towards endowing a Chair of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania provided that \$25,000 more be raised to complete the \$50,000 necessary for a perfect carrying out of the project. A large amount has already been subscribed.

—A new institution has lately been chartered in New York. It will be called the New York College for the Training of Teachers, and will give instruction in history, philosophy and science of education, in psychology, in the science and art of teaching and also in manual training.

—At Marshall, Missouri, a new Presbyterian college is soon to be built. The town proposes to give \$142,000 in money and \$20,000 in land. The United States spends more annually for educational purposes than England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia combined. This fact is quite encouraging for the New World.

—Attendance at recitations is optional at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Ann Arbor and Cornell. At Amhurst and Wesleyan ninetenths must be attended. At Yale eighteen cuts are allowed Sophomores and Freshmen, and twenty-four to Seniors and Juniors. At Dartmouth twenty-five cuts are allowed, and at Williams thirty.—*Ex.*

—At Amherst the examination system has been abolished altogether. To take their place a series of written recitations given at intervals through the session has

been decided upon. Good! May her classic shades never grow dimmer for having taken the lead in this crusade against this hoary, though abominable, system of examinations!

—Kentucky University proposes to test the theory of co-education during the next session by throwing open its doors to the fair sex. In several of the colleges where it has been tried it has not worked very satisfactorily. Italy has opened its seventeen universities to women, and Norway, Switzerland, Sweden and Denmark have done likewise.

—It is said that about nine-tenths of the young men in America who enter college faint by the way. For this there are doubtless several reasons, but we suggest as one of the principal reasons the lack of a thorough preparation at the preparatory schools. Thousands of young men are persuaded and hurried off to college long before they are ready for it, and when the mistake is once made it is too late to remedy it.

—During a recent visit of Mr. Robert P. Wilder to Oberlin thirty-two new volunteers as foreign missionaries were enrolled, and \$400 a year in addition to the \$700 already pledged was subscribed for the support of a foreign missionary. Ohio Wesleyan University is called the West Point of Missions. At a meeting lately held there in the interest of the foreign mission work it was said that this institution had sent out more missionaries to foreign soils than any other college in this country.

—One of our exchanges says the average student is a strange mass of inconsistencies. In order that he may go to college he will undergo many privations,

consent to be ranked for many years with the shabby-genteel, and yet while there will shout with delight if, by reason of the coldness of the room or the absence of a professor, he can escape a recitation. He will talk long and eloquently on the gambling hells of our great cities, and yet will himself bet on every college contest or political election. He will speak in terms of strongest condemnation of sneak-thieves and burglars, and yet will cover apples and grapes without the smallest compunction. He will talk about the blessings of law and order, and yet will turn street-cars off the track and raise pandemonium generally. He will boast of the chivalry and fair-mindedness of Americans, and yet will haze a lonely unfortunate.

—The Trustees of Johns Hopkins University have elected Prof. Edward H. Griffin, of Williams College, University Professor of the History of Philosophy and Dean of the College Department. It is expected that Professor Griffin, who has occupied the Chair of Philosophy at Williams since the death of Dr. Mark Hopkins, will accept this call to Baltimore. President Gilman reports that an emergency fund of \$100,000 for the benefit of the University has been contributed by a number of persons, so that during the next three years the University will go forward without contraction. He also announces that Eugene Levering, of Baltimore, has offered \$20,000 for the construction of a much needed building. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Trumbull, of Baltimore, have endowed, with the sum of \$20,000, a memorial lectureship of poetry, and James Russell Lowell will be invited to be the first lecturer on this foundation.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

T. S. SPRINKLE, EDITOR.

THE SIXTH edition of Dobson's *At the Sign of the Lyre* has appeared in London.

BISHOP POTTER's centennial address has been published in pamphlet form at one cent each.

THE FIRST book published in New York is supposed to be a pamphlet giving the story of the controversy between New York and Connecticut.

"HAVE you Browning?" she asked at a village store. "No," replied the clerk, "we have blacking and whiting, but no browning."—*Books and Notions*.

"CAN you tell me where I can find Rizenzi's address?" asked a young lady of a clerk in a Brooklyn store. "Have you looked in the directory?" he replied.

QUEEN ESTHER is to play a conspicuous part in Rider Haggard's next story. He will soon make a journey through Asia Minor and Persia, visiting Persepolis, Shiraz and Bagdad in quest of local coloring for the story.

DON JOSÉ ZONILLA is to be crowned Poet Laureate of Spain on the eve approaching his sixtieth birthday. The expenses of the occasion are to be about \$25,000, all of which will be borne by a duchess who is a great admirer of his works.

ACCORDING to an English authority a successful evangelical missionary among the Jews must possess Abraham's faith, Job's patience, Moses's meekness, Sam-

son's strength, Solomon's wisdom, St. Peter's courage, St. John's love, and Rothschild's money.—*Jewish Messenger*.

FIFTY YEARS ago the Bible was published in 150 different tongues. The British and Foreign Society reports that last year the sacred Scriptures were translated into six fresh languages. This society now publishes in 300 tongues and distributed 4,206,000 volumes during the year.

THE PRESENT year is the two-hundredth since the birth of Samuel Richardson, one of the first great novelists. Some one proposes to properly observe the occasion by a publication of a popular edition of his works, and by placing a brass tablet in St. Bride's Church, London, recording his burial there.—*C*.

"MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE," by D. Convers, contains much information concerning these unsatisfactory subjects. The ease with which marriages are performed and annulled is depriving marriage of much of the sacredness which it deserves. Mr. Convers has looked into these laws in many different countries and finds a "curious web of inconsistencies and inequalities." The author treats the subject profoundly and endeavors to set these matters upon a more equitable and truly moral basis.

THE following from the Hartford *Religious Herald* exactly coincides with our view of the subject: "The present is a

good time for a revival of the reading of history on the part of our young people. Many of them are unacquainted with the historic facts connected with the framing of the Constitution and the development of our present system of government. A good deal more history reading and some less novel reading is the need of the young generation, and without it they will grow up to be ignorant citizens."

Two volumes have recently been added to the International Statesmen Series—the "Life of Viscount Palmerston," by Loyd C. Sanders, and the "Life of Sir Robert Peel," by F. C. Montague. These two great English statesmen were contemporaries and leaders of the two opposing political parties of England. These books are therefore each the complement of the other, and by a careful study of the two one may obtain a good knowledge of English political life during the first part of this century. The most of Lord Palmerston's renown rests upon his achievements as a diplomat abroad, while Sir Robert Peel's rests upon what he did at home.

SIR HENRY MAINE'S *International Law* is a most valuable work for those who wish to look into the affairs of nations. The intent of the book is "to lay down such rules and suggest such measures as might tend to diminish the evils of war among the nations." This is most assuredly on the right track. It seems that mankind have reached a sufficiently high plane of civilization to look down upon petty disputes with more common sense and less blood-thirsty revenge than those of former times. We believe that every generation of the thinking, leading and ruling men throughout the world are becoming less inclined to shed the blood of

their fellow-men, and that not many generations hence all national disputes will be amicably settled.

MARTHA LIVINGSTON MOODY has lately written a novel entitled "Alan Thorne." Robert Thorne, Alan's father, loses his dearly beloved wife while Alan is yet very small. Robert then gives up all faith in God and immortality and determines to rear Alan, his little son, in total ignorance of the Bible and Christian faith. Accordingly he employs a governess who is a confirmed infidel and permits Alan, who is a regular book-worm, to read no book unless it be first read by his governess, in order to be sure that he learns nothing of what he wishes to keep from him. Alan is kept from church, school and Sunday-school. No children are permitted to visit him. All visitors, servants and teachers are strictly forbidden to mention religion to him. When he grows up he is possessed with a strange longing which he does not understand. By chance he visits his mother's room and finds her Bible with a loving religious message to himself. His strange longings are satisfied. He becomes a Christian and converts both his governess and his father. This book is given as an antidote for "Robert Elsmere."

"THE LIFE and Times of John Bright," by William Robertson, appears in a new edition which contains a full account of this great man's life, with copious extracts from his speeches. John Bright was judged by many to be one of the greatest orators of this age, and the most remarkable statesman in the annals of modern England. His public life was devoted to the amelioration of the laboring classes and making better the condition of the poor.

He sought to make those classes happy rather than for his own aggrandizement and glory, and his name will ever be connected with the great national reforms and blessings of his day. The following is an extract from one of his speeches on our late war, delivered at Birmingham, England, in 1862. While the storm of war was raging in this fair land of ours and many thought that the Union would forever be ruptured these lines will show the wisdom of this great statesman and his faith in the Union: "I cannot, for my part, believe that such a fate will ever befall that fair land. Stricken though it now

is with the ravages of war I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night. I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North, in unbroken line, to the glowing South; and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people and one language and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

—The *College Rambler* is one of our most prompt exchanges.

—The *Roanoke Collegian* comes regularly and generally contains some good reading.

—The *State Chronicle* is, so far as our knowledge extends, the best secular weekly published in North Carolina.

—After an absence of several months the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* has again found its way into our sanctum.

—The two Societies of Furman University, S. C., agreed to combine their literary efforts, and now they publish the *Furman University Journal*, an eight-page monthly that has very much the appearance of a county weekly. It contains some very good matter, but we protest against its

shape. We prefer smaller pages bound with a neat cover.

—In the May number of the *Trinity Archive* there was an *unsigned* article on the recent game of foot-ball between Wake Forest and Trinity which contained several aspersions on the conduct of our team and the umpire and referee. If it was written while the team was smarting under their overwhelming defeat the bold, fearless, *nameless* writer is ere this doubtless ashamed of his brilliant production. But if it was written in cold earnest, and is the calm opinion of the team it seeks to shield from the opprobrium of defeat, it shows such a questionable, contemptible spirit that it is beneath the notice of a respectable magazine. The result of that game is irrevocably fixed. All the beau-

tiful allusions of the *Archive* to Trinity's "grit," "muscular men," "veteran players," "valiant rusher," etc., etc., will not affect it one whit. We are perfectly willing for the lookers-on to decide which team were gentlemen and which were not. The decisions of the umpire and referee need no defence in the eyes of the fair-minded persons who witnessed the game. So we treat the specific charges contained in the article with the silence it so richly deserves.

—We regret very much to learn that Mr. T. B. Kingsbury has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the Wilmington, N. C., *Morning Star*. He has been connected with the *Star* for twelve years, and has made it easily the best daily published in North Carolina. We preferred his editorials to any and all others to which we had access in the large and select collection of papers, from all

parts of the country, to be found in the College reading-room. His utterances on economic questions are sound and forcibly expressed. A collection of these would make a good book to drill the young men and youth of our State in. The *Star* has long been our ideal of a State daily. It has very much endeared itself to many of us by its discussions, in the Sunday editions, of literary characters and subjects. We understand that Maj. P. F. Duffy has accepted the place made vacant by Mr. Kingsbury's resignation. He is a journalist of much experience, having served on the editorial staff of the *Greensboro Patriot*. We wish him much success in this new position and hope the *Star* may continue to be as good a daily as it was the day he took hold of its editorial work. Later: Mr. Kingsbury has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Wilmington *Messenger*.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

H. A. FOUSHEE, EDITOR.

GLORY! Hallelujah!!

EXAMINATIONS are over.

COMMENCEMENT is here.

MISS MAGGIE HOUSTON, a charming young lady of Monroe, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Richard Brewer.

MISS MARY NEAL, who has been visiting friends and relatives in Caswell county, has returned home.

ACCORDING to resolution passed by both Societies there will henceforth be only one

Business Manager of the STUDENT. He will be elected alternately from each Society.

IT GIVES us pleasure to announce that Prof. J. B. Carlyle has purchased a lot in this city. The question naturally arises whether he will not soon have some one to share his lot.

THERE was a festival held in the Gymnasium Tuesday, May 21st, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association. The occasion was most refreshing. There was nothing dry about it.

PROF. LEN CRENSHAW, who presides with great dignity over the Chair of Bell-ringing, like the patriotic citizen that he is, has recently added considerably to the list of the census-taker. It's *twins*.

THE Faculty have announced the following list of speakers for Thursday morning of commencement: M. L. Carr, W. C. Dowd, J. L. Fleming, T. M. Hufham, L. Royall, T. S. Sprinkle, M. L. Rickman, R. E. L. Yates and H. A. Foushee.

WE LEARN that Messrs. Holding and Dixon have accepted places upon the Raleigh club and will play with them in all games of the season. Our Raleigh friends have learned by experience that it is much better to play with these two gentlemen than against them.

MISS SALLIE WINGATE is on the Hill once more. We note with pleasure the benignant smile which rises under the mustache of a certain Junior, flows north and empties into his eye-brows. N. B.—Any one informing us of who this Junior is will be liberally rewarded.

PROF. B. F. SLEDD lectured before the Yates Society last month on "Norwegian Mythology." Prof. Sledd is conversant with all the literature upon this subject, possesses an easy, graceful style, at times sparkling with wit, and gave his hearers on this occasion a rare literary treat.

THE SOCIETIES have elected the following officers for next Anniversary: *Eu*—Orator, J. B. Spillman; 1st Debater, T. W. Bickett; 2d Debater, E. W. Sikes; Secretary, G. W. Ward. *Phi*—Orator, J. E. White; 1st Debater, J. O. Atkinson; 2d Debater, R. L. Burns; President, T. L. Blalock.

MR. AND MRS. GILES, of Boston, Massachusetts, stopped over on their way from Florida to visit Dr. Taylor, to whom they are related, and spent several days on the Hill last month. They were much pleased with the appearance of the college and voted the Hill one of the most beautiful villages they had seen in the South.

DR. TAYLOR has been absent from the Hill for some time on a Northern tour. He was in attendance on the American Educational Society, and later made a visit to Harvard with a view to becoming acquainted with all the improvements in education. Dr. Taylor is a wide-awake President, and it is safe to say that nothing which savors of growth and progress will escape his vigilant eye.

WE ARE glad to announce that Prof. and Mrs. P. W. Johnson have returned from Warsaw and henceforth will make the Hill their permanent home. Prof. Johnson has been a successful teacher for twenty-seven years and can well afford to rest from his labors. Mrs. Johnson is an enthusiastic devotee of art and doubtless wishes to give her full time to her favorite study, for which she has especial talents.

PROF. W. L. POTEAT is to deliver a lecture before the N. C. Teachers' Assembly, which meets at Morehead. All who have enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this gentleman will understand that the teachers are to be congratulated upon their selection of him as one of their speakers. Prof. Poteat has the rare gift of combining the qualities of a thorough scholar with those of an able and interesting public speaker.

REV. R. T. VANN delivered the address at the closing exercises of Oakdale School,

Siler City, N. C. We did not hear the address, but from what we know of Mr. Vann's ability we feel safe in saying that his audience found the occasion truly enjoyable. He has gone to Colorado, where he will be engaged for some time in a series of meetings at Colorado Springs. In behalf of his many friends in this place we wish him a prosperous journey and a safe return.

SENIORITY, notwithstanding examinations and writing speeches, is not an unmitigated evil. Occasionally there is a gleam of sunshine. Saturday evening, June 1st, Mrs. P. W. Johnson invited the Senior Class to come up and relieve her strawberry vines, which were full to overflowing. We responded *en masse*. The vines were loaded with some as nice berries as we ever saw. Though each man did his full duty the berries were so immense that, seemingly, no impression was made on the bed. Many thanks to you, Mrs. Johnson, for a very pleasant evening indeed.

THE Wake Forest base-ball nine played a match-game with Raleigh May 3d. It was a complete walk-over for Wake Forest. The score stood, according to innings:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Wake Forest.....	4	4	3	9	7	6	2	0	2—37
Raleigh.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Wake Forest's players were: Mitchell, F., C. F.; Devin, 2d B.; Dixon, R., C.; White, J., 1st B.; Dowd, 3d B.; Mills, S. S.; Powell, A., L. F.; Battle, R. F.; Holding, T., P. The batting of Messrs. Dixon, Holding and White was especially commendable; one hit of Mr. White's secured three bases. Our pitcher, Mr. Holding, did his duty nobly, and was

hardly struck by the other club during the progress of the game, while his efforts were ably supplemented by our catch. Altogether the playing of the club was excellent and greatly surprised their friends, who were scarcely expecting such brilliant work after so little practice.

THE reading-room is now in excellent condition and does credit to the institution. During the year many papers have been added. Among the number we notice the *Daily Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.; the following weeklies: *N. Y. Mail and Express*, *American Economist*, *The Critic*, *Sunday-School Times*, *The Illustrated London News*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Über Land und Meer*; and these monthlies: *Modern Language Notes*, *The Musical Record*, *The Collegian*, *Andover Review*, *Wide-Awake*. Four hundred and sixty-seven books have been put in the Library, which now numbers 10,000 volumes. Messrs. Middleton and Ward have made prompt, efficient and accommodating officers, and have given entire satisfaction.

MR. B. W. SPILLMAN, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., furnishes us with the following notes: The officers elected for next year are: President, J. L. Kesler; Vice-President, G. W. Ward; Recording Secretary, J. S. McDaniel; Treasurer, F. M. Royal; Corresponding Secretary, W. R. Cullum.—We have had a prosperous year. We number about one hundred and sixty, eight of whom are members of the Student Volunteer Movement for foreign missions.—There are now thirty-four men in North Carolina colleges who are going to the foreign field.—There are more than three thousand students in the colleges of the United States who are preparing for the foreign field. The number is increas-

ing rapidly.—A short time ago we had a very pleasant visit from Mr. George Worth, of the University, and Mr. J. W. Lee, of Trinity. They remained with us two days. We were greatly benefited by their coming. They are volunteer missionaries.—The Y. M. C. A. here will be repre-

sented this summer at the college of colleges, led by D. L. Moody, at Northfield, Massachusetts. The students here will make an effort for a Southfield, to be held at Judson College in 1890. We want one for Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and East Tennessee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

—'62. Dr. Lansing Burrows is a remarkable man. The successful pastor of Greene Street Church, Augusta, the splendid Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention, the laborious editor of the *American Baptist Year Book*, an eloquent platform speaker, a fine preacher, he combines many things in one mind to a remarkable degree. His speech before the Convention on giving was perhaps the best of the Convention, while his sermon Friday night was eloquent.—*Baptist Reflector*.

—'68. Mr. H. M. Cates has a good school near Morrisville, N. C. He was the only old student to come back to the College immediately upon its re-opening after the war.

—'80. Nothing affords the STUDENT more pleasure than to announce the progress and happiness of the *alumni* of the College. It is now our pleasant duty to announce the marriage, in the First Baptist Church at Raleigh, on the 16th ultimo, of J. Newton Holding, Esq., to the accomplished Miss Maggie M. Askew, of Raleigh, N. C. Rev. Dr. Carter, pastor of

the church, performed the ceremony, and the happy couple left at once on the northern bound train for a trip of three weeks, during which time they will visit New York, Niagara Falls, Saratoga Springs and other places of interest. The STUDENT tenders its heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the happiness of this newly married couple.

—'82. E. E. Hilliard, Esq., of the *Scotland Neck Democrat*, was recently elected Mayor of Scotland Neck, and is Secretary and Treasurer of the Cotton Factory soon to be built there. He delivered the address at the closing exercises of Buie's Creek Academy on the 16th ult., and is booked for a similar performance before the Shakespearean Society at the commencement exercises of the Littleton Military Academy on the 6th instant.

—'84. Mr. R. S. Green, who for some years after graduating taught school at Aulville, Mo., has returned to North Carolina and married. He is now farming on his native hills in Davie county.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Harrell, of Mt. Olive, who has been at the S. B. T. Seminary during the past year, has accepted a call to the church at Mt. Airy, N. C. We hope to shake his hand at our commencement.

—'85. Rev. A. T. Robertson, of Louisville, Ky., will deliver the annual sermon at the Judson College commencement, June 6th.

—'87. J. M. Brinson, Esq., of New Bern, N. C., delivered the address at the closing exercises of Nahunta Academy on the 22d ult. Referring to his address the Goldsboro *Daily Argus* says: "Of course the event of Wednesday's exercises on which the tip-toe expectation of all was centred was the 'Annual Address,' by Mr. James M. Brinson, of New Bern. From the moment this young gentleman stepped upon the rostrum to speak to the assemblage he riveted the attention of all, and it tired not in its interest till the close. His audience discovered in him at once that nameless charm of manner that always characterizes the public speaker who is a born orator. Every thought was that of the philosopher; every sentence that of the polished rhetorician; every expression that of the gifted orator; every gesture 'the poetry of motion.' He possesses the power of thought and the gift of language that years alone might be expected to yield to the diligent student of comprehensive reading and untiring research, and yet he is but twenty-two years of age; a graduate of Wake Forest College, whose characteristic application joined with his rare natural abilities, controlled and regulated as they are by the persuasive tenor of religion that has beautified all his days, are calculated to win for him in due time

that recognition and promotion that North Carolina should be proud to yield to her gifted sons who are worthy of it."

—'87. We are indebted to the marshals for an invitation to be present at the commencement exercises of Bowling's Academy on the 22d and 23d ult. Mr. E. H. Bowling is principal. Rev. J. H. Puckett, of Hillsboro, preached the sermon and Rev. C. C. Newton, of Durham, delivered the address.

—'88. Rev. F. T. Wooten, of Harrell's Store, N. C., attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Memphis, Tenn.

—'88. Mr. D. T. Winston closed his school at Caskville, Va., and started for Texas via the Southern Baptist Convention at Memphis, Tenn. After the Convention he proceeded to Morgan, Texas, where he will spend some time visiting his brother, Mr. Ernest Winston, who was at one time a student at this College. He is doing well in Texas.

—'88. We clip the following from the *Biblical Recorder*: "Examinations are on us in all their rigor. Oh for some sheltering retreat where they will be satisfied with us without an *examination*! I know this last sentiment will find a response at Wake Forest in a few weeks.—*M. L. Kesler, Louisville, Ky., May 2, 1889.*" Kesler knows what it is. "He has been there." We extend our hand to every Wake Forest man at Louisville. Success, boys. Come to commencement, every one of you.

—Mr. C. T. Grandy who was for two years a student at this College, and who afterwards graduated at the University, is on the editorial staff of the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh.

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VOL. VIII.]

WAKE FOREST, N. C., JULY, 1889.

[No. 10.]

ELDER JAMES S. PUREFOY.

To perpetuate the memory of a noble and useful life is a sacred and pleasing duty. To insure its performance, as an encouragement and stimulus to others, provision has been made by Divine wisdom in the sympathies of our nature and by the teachings of the Holy Spirit. The abiding record is on high: but none the less is the memory of the just a blessing to those in this world who are brought under its tender and inspiring influence.

These general considerations, together with a warm personal regard for the subject of this tribute, have moved the writer to the preparation of this brief notice. He could wish that in a fuller memorial ampler justice might be done to so many-sided and useful a man by the pen of some one of his contemporaries who knew him in the meridian of his powers and activities.

JAMES SIMPSON PUREFOY was born on the plantation now owned by Mr. Foster Fort, near Forestville, N. C., on February

19, 1813. He was the youngest son of Elder John Purefoy, who selected the site of Wake Forest College, and whose praise has lingered in the churches for more than fifty years.

Of his boyhood little is known, save that he began early to display the energy and tenacity and courage which characterized his manhood. There is a tradition that the neighbors who lived back from the road always knew which of the Purefoy brothers it was who was passing to or from the mill. James would put his horse to its best paces and hurry along with merriment and song, while the others were content to jog along more slowly and quietly. How often the boy reveals, in all essential characteristics, what the man is to be! We turn the impetuous flow of our rivers into new channels and over wheels that they may irrigate our fields and perform our labor. Blessed be the man who by patient endeavor can transform the hu-

man energy which annoys or goes to waste in youth into the force which God uses to regenerate the world !

About the age of seventeen, after several years of somewhat wild and reckless living, he was brought under deep conviction at a protracted meeting held at or near Mount Vernon Church, in Wake county. In speaking of his religious experience, in his later years, he would tell of his distress and anguish while feeling himself to be under the condemnation of God's law. When, at last, he was able to accept Christ as his Saviour, he was a new man. Transformed by the abounding grace of God, he consecrated himself, thenceforth, to the highest ends of living.

At the early age of eighteen Mr. Purefoy was united in marriage with Miss Mary Fort. For more than forty years she continued to be his faithful helpmeet in all his varied work. The poor of the community and many an indigent student for the ministry have risen up and blessed her. After conducting a farm for two or three years on Horse Creek Mr. Purefoy removed to Holly Springs, where he spent three years in mercantile business. In 1838 he removed to Forestville. Here he resided until January, 1852, when he removed to Wake Forest College. From here he passed to the heavenly home on March 30, 1889.

Elder Purefoy was to the end of his life a man of affairs. Gifted by nature with a clear and far-seeing mind, and trained from early youth in habits of thrift and industry, he accumulated a comfortable estate. He possessed some qualities which, had he received academic and professional training, would have made him a great lawyer. He had the rare gift of being

able to keep his own counsel. A statement made to him in confidence was never betrayed. His power to forecast events was sometimes almost prophetic. As merchant, farmer, and, to some extent, as manufacturer, he achieved success. Yet it could never be truly said of him that he loved money for its own sake. He illustrated, as few men have done, the compatibility of business and devotion. Though "not slothful in business," he was also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

His gifts as a wise and cautious manager were consecrated to the service of God, and were in constant request on the part of his brethren. There can be no doubt that he accomplished more in the management of public trusts than in the building of his own fortunes. For many years he was the Treasurer of the Baptist State Convention and of Wake Forest College, thus rendering valuable service for which he received no pecuniary compensation.

As an illustration of his foresight, it may be mentioned that when the Board of Trustees, in November, 1862, proposed to sell all the securities of the College and to invest the proceeds in Confederate bonds, he earnestly and persistently opposed the measure. At last, however, finding himself in the minority, he suggested as a compromise that only \$28,000 of the \$46,000 then held by the College should be invested in this way. This was finally agreed to. That anything was saved from the wreck of the war was due to his conservatism and tenacity of purpose on this occasion.

He was the leading spirit in the system of colportage which was inaugurated among the Baptists of North Carolina

several years before the war. In the boards of the Convention, in the Students' Aid Association, in the Board of Trustees of the College, in Church Councils and committees his influence was very largely felt, because the brethren had learned to rely on him as a prudent counselor.

Undue absorption in secular pursuits is certainly not in accord with the highest ideal of the Christian ministry. Forty years ago, however, but few Baptist ministers in the State were able to live on the pittance received from their churches, and Elder Purefoy differed from most of his contemporaries in the ministry, not in engaging in secular business, but in doing so with more success than they. The fact is, he really believed that it was his duty, as a Christian man, to make money in all honorable ways as a means of usefulness. And this plea was with him no sentimental pretext. It may be doubted whether many men have ever given more largely or continuously, in proportion to their means, than he did for fifty years. Few appeals ever came unheeded. The poor, all mission enterprises, church buildings, ministerial education, the theological seminary, and, above all, the College, found in him a liberal giver. When he was but a youth he was called from the field where he was ploughing to the road-side by an agent of the College. He then made a gift which was the first of very many to an institution which became more and more dear to him as long as he lived. Queen Mary of England said: "When I die you will find 'Calais' written on my heart." He might have said the same of Wake Forest College. Elder Purefoy must have given six or eight thousand dollars to the institution in his life-time, and when he died it was

found that he had carried out his long-cherished plan of making the College one of his heirs along with his own children. There is little doubt in the mind of the writer that, by his executive ability, by his labors as agent, and by his individual gifts, he has done more for the perpetuity and prosperity of the College than any other man.

While he was simple and unostentatious in his tastes and habits, and economical in all personal expenditures, Elder Purefoy made his home a centre of refined and lavish hospitality. This was in keeping with his whole nature. He was not only generous in heart, but he loved the companionship of his brethren. His welcome was unstinted and his cordiality unaffected.

Although, in making a correct estimate of the man, great prominence should be given to his rare prudence and energy as a man of business, the work in which he himself most delighted was the service of the churches as pastor and preacher.

He was ordained at Wake Union Church on May 1, 1842. His certificate bears the names of Elders Wait, Dowd and Brooks. At least twelve churches were served by him, some of them for many consecutive years. As a pastor, he was prompt, sympathetic and helpful. As a preacher, he was earnest, pungent and practical. His sermons were largely expository, and he drew his illustrations mainly from the Bible. He was especially felicitous, at least in his old age, in presenting the tenderer side of the gospel and in dwelling on the love of God. He was a constant reader and close student of the Scriptures, and was, on this account, more thoroughly equipped for his work than some who had received far better training in the schools.

He deeply deplored his lack of early training, and even after he was sixty years of age he seriously thought of spending a year in the Seminary at Greenville, S. C. There is something beautifully unselfish in his gifts and labors to provide for his younger brethren opportunities which had been denied to himself. The world affords few more inspiring spectacles than the sacrifices of scores of our ministers who have been willing to give largely for the education of young ministers, behind whose better equipment their own glory must suffer eclipse.

Elder Purefoy had little patience with "New Theologies," and was at all times ready to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints. In the days when controversies were more fashionable than they now are he engaged in public debates with brethren of other communions, and is said to have displayed no little acumen and skill in dialectics. He was always ready to preach when called on, and spoke freely in deliberative and social meetings. From our Conventions and Associations he will be sadly missed. To the close of his life he was much interested in building up waste places at home and abroad. Of his own accord he inaugurated mission work at Stony Hill, in Wake county, two or three years ago. Under his ministrations a church was organized, and through his efforts a house was erected which will remain as one of his monuments. To the last it was a matter of regret with him that he could not meet with his little flock at Stony Hill.

Much of Elder Purefoy's best work was as an agent. This is at all times a trying and disagreeable occupation, but between 1830 and 1850 it was even less understood

and appreciated than of late years. It may readily be supposed that nothing but a strong compulsion of duty would have had him again and again to go before the brethren in this capacity. One does not eagerly accept a task in the performance of which he is sure to encounter rebuffs and discouragements.

In June, 1848, the College tottered on the brink of ruin. Over it hung mercilessly a debt of \$20,000. The Presidents, both of the Board and of the College, resigned. The Board adjourned its annual meeting without even a suggestion for relief. It seemed that the College must die! The next morning Elder Purefoy, of his own accord, started out on an agency to save the institution, first subscribing a thousand dollars himself. Within a year the debt was provided for.

It was while he was seeking to complete the payment of this debt that he kept the only diary which has been found among his papers. Though brief it abounds with such expressions as this: "Have done nothing here for the endowment. I put my trust still in God. If it is His work, it will prosper for His glory."

In 1875, when disaster again seemed imminent, he spent several months in New York and New England, and secured \$10,000 as the nucleus for a new endowment. And he left friends behind him there wherever he went—friends who never ceased to make inquiries about the patient, untiring old man, and who sincerely mourned when they heard of his death.

On his return he became greatly interested in the Wingate Memorial Building. He not only secured most of the money with which it was built, but gave his personal attention to its erection.

He then canvassed the churches of the Flat River, Tar River and Central Associations and secured in notes almost enough for the endowment of a chair in the College. Many of these have been paid. Others, doubtless, will be.

In 1883 he again went North and secured about \$800 for endowment.

May the day never come when his name shall be forgotten by the friends of the College which he so loyally served.

The subject of this memorial was not a perfect man. He was himself deeply conscious of imperfections and failures. Those to whom he spoke freely during the last year of his life can bear testimony to the very slight estimate which he put upon his work in the world and his own spiritual attainments. But in all that he

said of himself, of his work, of his hope, he magnified the grace of God.

Since his death the following entry, signed with his full name, which does not occur elsewhere among his papers, has been found in a large book in which for some years he kept his business accounts:

"Feb. 19, 1884. By God's mercy and goodness, through Christ Jesus (in whom I trust for salvation), I have been preserved and blessed.

"I am this day seventy-one years old—threescore and eleven years; yet, thank God, I have fairly sound body and mind, with a good hope of eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ my Lord.

"Praise be unto his name forever. May his mercy still continue. For his mercy endureth forever." C. E. TAYLOR.

TRIUMPHANT REPUBLICANISM.

Kingdoms have been born, empires have flourished, monarchies have existed, principalities have been established, but none have withstood the tests of Time. The pomp of their power and the pride of their civilization have been but the instruments of their destruction. The magnificence with which imperial courts have dazzled a too credulous people, and caused whole nations to yield in humble submission to oppression and galling yokes, has expired amid the groans and agonies of downfallen monarchism. The avidity with which their outstretched arms have encircled whole tribes and nations has turned the tide and trend of human destiny.

Go to the barren spot where Babylon, with its aerial gardens and its golden palaces, once stood, the proud mistress of the historic Orient. Not a vestige remains to mark the spot where the pompous city stood. Her imperial kings and her servile slaves, alike, sleep beneath the wrack and ruin of ages. Go to Syracuse, to Palmyra and to Baalbec, in ages long past the centres of greatness, of commerce and of trade. The flood-tide of Time has swept mercilessly over them, and all is sterile in the track.

The colossal pyramids—grand monuments of human power—and the vast ruins of majestic cities that dot the banks of the

Nile, speak plainly of old Egyptian greatness. And the gigantic columns and crumbling temples that encumber the plains in many parts of the Old World are the last sad relics of ancient grandeur and material splendor.

Nor have the glory and the grandeur of Greece and Rome escaped the clutches of the conqueror.

"Greece, lovely Greece, the land of scholars and the nurse of arms." Her Athens and her Sparta, with their Solon and their Lycurgus, their immortal philosophers, heroes and statesmen, sleep in ruins. Barbaric hordes have demolished her temples, have burnt her cities and broken her statues. Glorious Greece, her grandeur exists but in memory!

Rome, too, has succumbed to the unstayed flood. "Rome that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." Her marble halls and stately palaces the glory of the world! Her Cæsar, the conqueror of the world! Alas! Time has seen her glory and grandeur depart.

The pomp and power of the ancient Orient perished with her despotic empires. The glory and the grandeur of Greece and Rome found an untimely grave with their proemial liberty.

But

• "One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart, and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeathed—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand,
Full of the magic of exploded science,
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic."

When, fired with the spirit of liberty* and revolution, the colonists of America rent the chain that bound them to an infernal tyranny, the "bird of free skies," Liberty's watchful eagle, sought its resting-place on our shores.

Far removed from the vandal hordes that buried the civilization of Greece and Rome beneath a living tide of barbarism, and nurtured in the love of free institutions, and all that pertains to civil and religious liberty, our heritage is a glorious one.

The consummate geniuses of our national polity carved out of a barren complexity a constitution which has been the admiration of the greatest statesmen and the glory of the world.

In the success of our modern Republic we have given to the world a peerless example. Other people have caught inspiration from it, and dared to strike the blow for liberty's cause, and, as a consequence, crowns have trembled and thrones have fallen, while the splendid "orb of emancipation" has risen to light the world to liberty and to progress.

Monarchism, imperialism and despotism have held sway from time immemorial, but what a history have they!

Tyranny has ever marked the course of mankind with desolation and despair, and with blood and fire furrowed the life of Christianity and civilization. But their destiny is fixed—for what can befall them but

"That last dread mood,
Of sated lust, and dull decrepitude.
No law, no art, no faith, no hope, no God.
When round the freezing founts of life in peevish
ring,
Crouched on the bare-worn sod,
Babbling about the unreturning spring,
And whining for dead creeds, which cannot save,
The toothless nations shiver to their graves."

Standing upon the pinnacle of years, we look down the dim vista of past ages, and see the glory of other times. We see the overshadowing despotisms, their subjects cowering beneath the scourging sceptre of dissolute imperialism—the spirit of freedom writhing beneath the stern mandates of infamous tyrants, and material civilization enslaving the heart and “darkening the sunlight of liberty and learning.” And, wafted on the wings of an eternal spirit, borne through the dark and misty course of clouded ages, the doleful tale of how Greece and Rome fell when corruption and vice threw open the doors of destruction and invited their enemies to seal their fates in eternal ruin.

History speaks to us from the dim and shadowy past. Posterity beckons to us from the hopeful future.

With a republic whose superstructure is reared upon the foundation-stone of liberty, that one grand and eternal principle about which all the others cluster in the undimmed majesty of a permanent government, we are destined to a grand and happy future. And when, by the combined forces of increasing knowledge and love of liberty, the shackles which for thousands of years have blasted the life of nations and fettered the spirit of man have been severed—when in successful rebellion

the struggling masses have torn from the crowns of kings the jewels that glitter there—when the last sad relics of infernal tyranny have been buried in the cold grave of eternal oblivion, and the portals of blasting superstition have been forced, then will the warring elements of the grand human race yield to the enlightening influence of liberty and learning—then will “sister republics in fair processions chant the praises of liberty and the gods,” and the tender chords of human love and human sympathy bind the world in union and in peace.

In this grand and glorious onward march America leads the van. Defying all the dreaded vampires of social and civil order, beneath whose threatening curses empires quake and monarchies tremble, she rides majestically on the wave of Fate and breasts all the storms of turmoil and dissension.

And when, in after years, vast millions of liberty-loving people, from the remotest isles of human habitation to the courtly palaces of Europe and Asia, have felt the current of human freedom that emanates from the shores of the American continent, then will the goal of history have been reached, and mankind kneel at the shrine of American freedom and American independence.

M. L. CARR.

BESSIE.

There lives among the mountains of Western Virginia an aged woman who will tell you, as she witnessed it, the little story which I am about to disclose. Many years ago she told it to me, and with an interest which one who did not see the transactions can never hope to reproduce. I would be glad to give here now her exact words. I was quite young, but old enough for the impressions I received then to last distinctly in memory till this day.

I was spending the summer at my grandmother's, and on that morning was roaming about over the woods, drinking in the freshness of the mountain air. In passing the church grave-yard my attention was attracted by a sound, as of some one weeping. I soon discovered a rather aged woman kneeling at a grave and shedding tears. My childish curiosity led me to ask what was grieving her. She took my hand and led me to a seat on the steps of the church, where, amid weeping and sobbing, she told me this little story. In a very simple style she told it, and I shall try to give it here in the same simple way.

Some ten years before this time there came to this neighborhood this woman (whose name I shall withhold), with her husband and only son, Edgar, a mere child of six or seven years. An humble family they were, and poor, but honest. The only hope of the parents was to raise their boy so that he might fulfill the hopes they had centered in him.

Just a mile away there lived a wealthy planter and his wife, proud, aristocratic, who had an only child, Bessie, whose age was about that of Edgar's. I don't know when the children first met, or how it came about that they formed such an attachment as they did in those tender years.

I have nothing to say of either, except that they were both lovely, bright, kind-hearted, amiable, gentle.

For several years nothing existed between these children save a close and friendly attachment. Indeed, they were too young for any thought beyond this. But as the years passed their childish simplicity changed, and with it, through imperceptible gradations, this attachment came to be a love, mutual, strong, pure. They loved only for love's sake. Such a love as comes to us all, but only once. The simple, pure, unaffected, undesigning, artless love of two children! There is nothing more heavenly, and nothing farther from our experiences after we have grown older.

Nothing of this state of affairs was even suspicioned by Bessie's parents until the children were fifteen, so unaffected was all their converse and deportment.

But from this time, as Bessie was passing rapidly into womanhood, her decided preference for Edgar could not fail to raise suspicions in the minds of her parents as to the relations which existed between them.

The truth burst on them suddenly, and straightway they determined to put an end

to it. Besides, they had already planned that their daughter should marry the son of a wealthy neighbor.

They began, moderately at first, to make invidious comments on Edgar's poverty in her presence, then on his birth and raising. But Bessie went straight to him with it all, and the result was that she only loved him the more.

Finally, driven to their last extremity, her parents forbade her being seen with him at all. Bessie was too good to disobey an express command. They did meet occasionally, however, by mere accident, and these meetings always ended in making their love the stronger.

The parents determined that her hand should be plighted to the wealthy neighbor's son, who was paying her assiduous attentions all the time. But Bessie would never consent. Her parents told her she should marry him, willing or no, and in their rage and haste they even went so far as to plight her hand and fix the day for her marriage—a time when she was too young to marry, and a marriage altogether repugnant to her feelings. She was forced to consent to all these arrangements by impositions on her good nature. Only a few months were allowed to intervene.

These few months were months of sadness and sorrow to our two lovers. For fear that a meeting between Bessie and her lover would thwart their designs she was guarded constantly. She was never allowed to leave her home without a vigilant watch being kept over her all the time. Several times she attempted to get a note to Edgar, but they were always intercepted. He himself tried to see her, but she was guarded too closely.

The poor girl gave up in despair. As

the time of her nuptials drew near she absented herself from all company. She scarcely spoke a word, and then only in a sad and melancholy strain. In a word, she was heart-broken! All that she cared to live for was taken from her by her heartless parents.

Only a few more weeks and she was to be married. She kept her room, refusing to see her most intimate friends. Once her mother led her affianced to her room, but she would not utter a word in his presence.

Despite all this the fellow still claimed her as his own, hoping that after their marriage she would learn to love him. Besides, her love was a secondary matter. The pecuniary advantages of the union were enough to keep either side from relenting.

Bessie nursed her grief. She grew faint and weak. The rosy hue of her cheek began to take a pale, white color. No one knew it but herself, it all came on so gradually; but she felt, and kept it to herself, that her life was passing away.

Only one more week before the marriage ceremonies. Bessie never spoke. She never left her room, where she whiled away the last of life that remained to her. Here she contented herself with thoughts of what had passed. She thought of her first associations with Edgar—how they rambled about and sported and played only as children can play; how the first impressions of love came upon her; how her heart was rejoiced when he first told her of his love; how pleasant the days were spent in his company, until this shadow came to blight all her happiness.

Ah, evil shade! Thou hast blighted many a life and destroyed many a hope;

but never before was a soul so pure as this crushed by thy unmerciful hand.

The days passed with her like so many years. She became so weak that at times she could not hold herself in a chair. She felt that she was going to die, and prayed that she might.

Only one more day. To-morrow morning she was to be a bride. But that to-morrow never came. That night she wrote a little note to Edgar and gave it to a servant-woman, engaging from her a solemn promise that it should be delivered.

No one knows of the suffering endured by this faithful girl on that night. No one knows what thoughts crossed her mind. All that is known is that the morning's sun rose to light up the pale face of a poor girl whose pure soul had been wafted to realms above.

The doctor who was called in told that she died of a broken heart.

That morning a servant came to Edgar with a note, announcing to him that Bessie was dead. He opened the note and read as follows:

MY DEAR EDGAR:—I shall make this one last effort to get a note to you. I have written to you time and again, but know that the letters have all been intercepted. I have tried to see you, and know that you have made efforts to see me. My life is passing rap-

idly away. I have never ceased to love you, and have never doubted you. The only pleasure of life has been deprived me, and I have prayed to die. My pleasure for the past few months has been in thinking of you and the days spent with you. I feel that I must die soon. My poor heart is broken. To-morrow I am to become the bride of one I cannot love. You know it is all forced on me. It can't last long, though; I must die soon.

I want you to remember that I have always loved you. Don't blame me for the unhappiness that has been forced on both of us. I wanted to say this and many other things to you, but I am too weak now.

I can only hope that we may enjoy hereafter the happiness which has been deprived us on earth. Good-bye. Your own unfortunate and dying

BESSIE.

After reading this note the poor boy went to his room, where he remained several days a raving maniac. Nothing would quiet him. Nothing would comfort him. He tore himself; at times he would become quiet enough to talk to his mother about Bessie, and at such times he revealed to her this story, which she told me. He did not last long. One week afterward he, too, passed away to meet his loved one.

After telling this story the old woman pointed to the grave over which she had been weeping, and said: "You can now understand why I was weeping over that grave. It is the grave of my poor boy Edgar."

S. H.

ROME—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The history of Rome divides itself into five periods—Republican Rome, Imperial Rome, Mediæval Rome (when the city was governed by patrician families, who combined against the people), Papal Rome and Modern Rome: and these several eras are indicated by works still existing in the

city. Of the first period there are not many evidences, though I was shown parts of the wall erected by Numa Pompilius, very early in the history of the Republic. This wall was constructed of immense stones piled upon each other, without any mortar to cement them together.

The remains of Imperial Rome are abundant—the Forum, the Coliseum, the Aqueduct of Claudius, the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, the arches of Titus, Severus, Drusus and Constantine, the fine column of Trajan: the many obelisks, statues from Egypt which adorn the public squares, as well as the many specimens of Greek statuary which decorate porches, fountains and museums, all attest the glory of the city under its mighty emperors.

Several handsome palaces and a few public works mark the reign of the aristocratic families, while for hundreds of years the prodigious power of the Church has impressed itself upon almost everything in “the immortal seven-hilled city.”

Modern Rome began only some twenty years ago, when Victor Emanuel entered Rome in triumph, and proclaimed civil and religious liberty.

The Rome of the Cæsars was far larger than the city of to-day—then there were nearly two millions of souls within its walls; now it counts only about four hundred thousand. The Baths of Caracalla, which were doubtless within the limits of old Rome, are now more than a mile from the city. Much of the present city is built on the top of the old city—the floor of the Forum, of the Coliseum, and the Forum, in which Trajan’s column stands, is at least fifteen feet below the surface, and when large houses are to be constructed excavations to the depth of sixteen and eighteen feet have to be made in order to secure a good foundation. I do not think there is a single wooden house in the city. The building material was sometimes stone, but generally brick and mortar, and as this famous city has been repeatedly captured and destroyed *debris* of the demolished

houses has raised the general level of much of the city many feet above what it was originally.

The streets of the olden city are very narrow and crooked, and I may add, dirty, while in the new part they are wide and clean, and the houses are built in modern style and quite handsome. In no city of Europe did I see half so much building going on as in Rome, and there is no city in the world so well supplied with water, or whose system of sewerage is so good, not even that of Paris, thanks to the wisdom and enterprise of the Romans who lived two thousand years ago. The fountains of Rome are a peculiar feature of the place—they are more abundant and more handsomely adorned than those of any other city on the globe, and there is therefore less excuse for the filth and stench which abound in many parts of the city.

Take it altogether Rome is far from being a handsome city—Florence excels it in this regard—but for many reasons it possesses a supreme attraction to the tourist. I left home with the determination to go to Rome, and, though I was repeatedly warned that it was dangerous to go there in this season of the year, when I left London I struck out straight for Rome, and my experience would lead me to believe that June is one of the best months of the year in which to visit Italy. The weather was not oppressively warm, even in Naples, and as I write now in Paris, July 9th, my feet are uncomfortably cool.

But to return to the curious sights of Rome. Monday mornning early we visited the Vatican. This is an immense pile of ungainly looking buildings, said by some to contain 11,000 rooms. When

it is remembered that many of these rooms are quite large (the Sistine Chapel, for instance, is 134 by 44 feet) it will be seen that the building must be immense indeed. The Pope lives in the Vatican: I did not see his reverence; but I was vastly obliged to him for the privilege of looking at the numberless treasures of art which centuries of careful search and millions of money have gathered into these beautiful galleries. We first examined the paintings, of which it seemed to me there were miles. I am no art critic, and do not feel myself competent to appreciate, much less to describe, the feature of special excellence in a masterpiece of painting or statuary; but there are two or three things I will say about the most remarkable productions in the Vatican. It is generally conceded, I believe, that the Transfiguration, by Raphael, is the very finest picture in the whole gallery. Christ is represented as suspended in the air: on either side of Him, but a little lower, are Moses and Elias; on the ground are Peter, James, and John, looking bewildered, and yet apparently filled with adoration, and still lower down near the foot of the mountain appear the other disciples with some Jews, and a boy possessed with demons. Now this last feature did not somehow seem to me to belong to the scene, as described in the Bible, and when I took out my pocket New Testament and turned to the record as given by Matthew, Mark and Luke, I found that the painter had taken license from his art to commit an anachronism, for it was not till the next day that the boy appears on the scene of action.

Another picture by the same artist is marred by a far more grievous error of

fact and doctrine; it is the Baptism of Jesus. He represents John the Baptist as standing on a small rock and pouring water on the head of the Saviour from a shell, the water of the stream in which Christ stands only rising to his ankles. A copy of this same picture I saw in St. Peter's, also in the Royal Gallery of Milan, and the same conception I saw illustrated to-day, in marble, in the Madeline Church here in Paris. The fresco paintings in the Sistine Chapel are among the most famous in the world. Most of them were done by Michael Angelo, who, take him altogether, was the greatest genius in art Italy has produced. He was next to, if not the equal of, his great rival and friend, Raphael, in painting: he was by long odds the first sculptor of his age; he was also a distinguished architect, and at the same time a poet of extraordinary merit. All my life I had been hearing of his picture of the General Judgment, and now I was to see it. My heart beat with unwonted emotion as I turned my eyes up to this great masterpiece, but I am sorry to say the painting failed to meet my expectations. Either because I did not take in the conception of the artist fully, or because time has so dimmed the figures and coloring of the work, it did not strike me as so fine a piece of art as several I had seen that day. The face of Christ is turned to those on his left hand, and with a repelling gesture and a frowning brow He is driving them from His presence, and sending them down to hell; while on His right hand, only in a slightly lower position, the Virgin Mary is looking with sweet complacency upon the righteous, who seem to be coming upwards and gathering near their Lord. In another magnificent painting I saw the

same day Christ putting a crown upon the head of the Virgin in heaven. In one room in the Pitti Gallery, in Florence, I counted sixteen Madonnas, as they are termed, which is the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus—in the next room there were five, and I know I do not exaggerate when I say that in the past three weeks I have seen five hundred, perhaps twice this number of Madonnas. Thus the sweet influences of art have been subordinated by the guileful power of Satan to teach heresy that dishonors God and destroys the souls of men. No wonder that the people worship Mary a hundredfold more than they do the Lord Jesus Christ. After examining the paintings we had to walk half a mile, all around St. Peter's and much further, to get to that part of the Vatican which contained the statuary. I presume there are not fewer than one thousand specimens of the sculptor's art collected here, representing many ages and centuries, and hundreds of them possess such merit as would make that museum in America famous that was so fortunate as to secure one of them. To my surprise I found that I derived a higher and more exquisite pleasure from a fine statue than a fine painting. There were three statues that especially impressed me, each of which was the work of a Greek artist. First I would place the Apollo Belvidere, the second place is due the Laocöon—if, indeed, it be not equal to the Apollo—and

the third should be given to Ariadne. The two first named are in the same room, and while we were admiring them for the second time one o'clock arrived and the signal was given for visitors to retire.

I may mention in this connection that I saw portraits of all the Popes of Rome in the Church of St. Paul; busts of all the Roman emperors in the museum of the capital; heroic statues of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; equestrian statues by Phidius and Praxiteles, the two most famous Greek sculptors, and many more of rare beauty and excellence, but the one piece of art which moved me most at the time and now stands out before me in all its glorious majesty more distinctly than all others, is the statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. I observed that the hair rose straight up for an inch, or perhaps two inches, from the brow of Moses, and when afterwards I saw a statue of Jupiter by a Greek artist, I saw where Michael Angelo got the conception, for their foreheads were just alike. I lingered about this with loving admiration and was grieved to have to leave it. As I stood before the statue of the foremost man of all the world, chiseled by the foremost sculptor of all this world, certainly of the last two thousand years, I bowed my uncovered head in admiration and reverence.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY WITH THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

The greatest, probably, of American statesmen has said: "The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time." Truly were these the words of truth and soberness. We can readily believe that one holding such a sentiment as this could, with such peerless grace, and in such well-nigh matchless terms, pen that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence.

The beneficent Creator never intended for one portion of humanity to exist in bodily servitude to another, stamped with the stamp of a common race and common ancestry. He has implanted in the breast of man a spirit which brooks not the fetters of thralldom. Divinely formed from the mold of Democracy, his every instinct and feeling betoken the glowing animation of that spirit, working in harmonious accord with the sublime doctrine of "Human Equality."

Throughout the changeful moods of the centuries, from the very inauguration, we find this spirit of freedom and democracy expressing itself. Expressing itself in the matchless valor and desperate perseverance of the Gauls in their resistance to the conquering legions of Rome; expressing itself in the patriotic fervor which characterized Grecian opposition to Persian conquest. This opposition is forever immortalized by the eloquent witnesses of Thermopylæ and Marathon. And, indeed, we find it manifesting itself in almost

all of the civil discords of ancient times. And, particularly, in those intestine struggles, so peculiarly characteristic of the early history of the Indo-European nations, which have given to us the lives and examples of Aristides and Pericles, the Gracchi, Cicero, and a host of others—men whose names have come down through the centuries untarnished by time, and will shine for generations yet to come with undiminished lustre.

And yet, while it would be inconsistent with truth, and defamatory to the memories of those old devotees at the shrine of Democracy, to say that the birth of Christianity heralded the birth of Republican ideas, nevertheless, the very records we have of the early achievements of Democracy frequently demonstrate their unsoundness and instability. We have, for instance, the Celts displaying all the barbarism of savage natures in a cause which would otherwise have been just and holy. And then the Spartan soldier is encouraged to reckless daring by the parents' inhuman command to return a victor or upon his shield. Here is Marius, with his army but awhile back clamoring for justice and equity, now pillaging and sacking his old home with revolting brutality.

Indeed, very often we find a repetition on the part of the plebeians, upon their accession to power, of those very acts of the patricians which had incited them to revolt.

They had not the developing and reforming influence of Christianity to inspire and sustain them against the subtle and invidious potency of fanaticism and superstition. It may even be asserted, with sufficient assurance of its truth, that the oligarchical tendencies of ancient times were due to the paganistic system, founded upon superstition.

At the beginning of the Christian dispensation this world was enveloped in the darkness of religious fanaticism. The people were bowing in idolatry to heathen divinities; all their manhood and independence lost in the degrading attitude of a suppliant to the wills of mythological deities. Yet, when the temples of the living God began to throw up their sacred fronts; when the idolatrous shrines, with all their polluting influences, began to disappear men, from whose moral sight the scales of ignorance had been lifted, no longer shackled by bands of fanaticism to the despotic sway of heathen rulers, or held in abject servitude to tyrants by the coercive power of superstition, began, untrammelled by thoughts of fear, to imbibe with purer draughts that Heaven-born and revivifying love of liberty.

Armored with this love and weaponed with an inborn hatred of tyranny, we see them all down the ages battling and conquering under the standards of Democracy.

Let us briefly take a review of the progress of Democracy with the growth of Christianity. We behold the Christian religion spreading out from the humble Bethlehem, and developing in influence with its expansion.

Entering the lists of the world's conflicts, the van of freedom's legions, we see it here, striking against the sluggish indif-

ference of Oriental indolence; there, combatting the barbaric natures of the hardy North; we see it forcing its way amid the chaotic mass of Roman disruption; felling the pagan bulwarks of the "Eternal City," and rearing upon their ruins columns of liberty and religion to form the foundation of the future mother of the Church.

Upon whatever arena it has thrown down its sacred gauntlet there also it has unfurled to the breezes Freedom's folds.

Having struggled on amid fiendish persecutions, having embattled the forces of adverse interests, it seemed about to burst forth in all the radiance of its pent-up and holy light, when the chilling gloom of the "Dark Ages," that blight upon human history, settled down upon and enveloped it in intense darkness, in which that drama of persecution was enacted which will ever be a stinging reproach to human beneficence.

But, thanks to the invincible prowess and unflagging energy of Christian efforts, which had made an impress upon the popular mind by the benevolence of its character as well as by the principles of liberty and independence which it fostered, Christianity overcame the opposing forces, and then the shadows of those times which tried men's souls were lifted, and the firmament of human affairs was lighted up by the brilliant *entree* of the Reformation. This reformation completely revolutionized the ideas and the political relationships of Europe.

First, we see it demanding the attention of the German nobility. Martin Luther is summoned before the "Diet of Worms." He, however, continues to phillipize against the overriding absolutism of the Romish Church.

Luther's trial seems to have sounded the tocsin of conflict—a conflict characterized by the exercise of all the baneful agencies which Catholicism might summon as opposed to the expanding influence and reforming methods of the Protestants.

However, Christianity won its accustoming victory. The "Treaty of Passau" is made, and ultimately the stainless banner of Christianity floats over the abdicated empire of Charles. Thus that mighty structure—German hostility to Christianity—which had for so long a time thrown its contaminating influence athwart the progressive development of free and liberal thought, disrupted and fell.

Germany was not alone in the march of the Reformation. Its quickening and refining influence aroused the dormant world. France sprang forth into Freedom's conquering march, girded with the untiring zeal and patriotic inspiration of Huguenotic vehemence.

The Netherlanders aroused themselves from political lethargy. Thence followed that protracted struggle in which for over forty years the "pack of beggars" contended against the perversive prosecution of the Spanish arms. Having conquered on the field of battle, having withstood all the dejecting influences exerted by the most fearful persecution which the "Council of Blood" could conceive and merci-

less hirelings execute, that patriotic band, so scornfully termed "a pack of beggars," gained so signal a victory as to guarantee their liberty and add impetus to the rise of the "Dutch Republic."

English aristocracy would fain have stemmed the swelling current of Democracy, but, with all the force of a character peculiarly in sympathy with humanity's nature, it took deep root in the soil made prolific by the fertilizing influence of Christianity. Many years having witnessed with varying encouragement the growth of Democracy against the autocratic element, British politics were purified and vindicated by the popular approval which greeted the adoption of the "Bill of Rights." Thus Democracy, under the shadow of Christianity's benign influence, has come down in triumphal *eclat*, demanding the adoration of the people and the obeisance of kings.

It has met and conquered difficulties, and ensanguined its pathway by heroic martyrdom. Its past is a glorious record of struggles and triumphs, adorning the pages of history with instructive examples of patriotic self-sacrifice upon Freedom's altar, inviting the *emulation* of coming generations, inspiring *hope* in the brilliancy of its future, and *faith* in its undying principles.

S. M. BRINSON.

AN ECHO.

Beneath the outward throb of human thought there flows an inward stream whose banks are overgrown with flowers, whose lisping waters push from out the vanished past the forms of long ago, and sights that darkness long has veiled and sounds that silence long has hushed. Every now and then is heard an echo low and soft from out some secret chamber within this silent river's mystic stream, and like some strain of wild enchanting music, which distance softens, we hear again what once we heard, we see again what once we saw, we live and feel again what once we lived and felt. Where erst the tides of life have flown there rises many a phantom ghost with golden wings and many a shadow long and dark. As I sit here now and the moon looks down as once it did so long ago, there comes to me a voice from out the silent past—an echo oft repeated—a scene shaded by the faint and softening light which the curtain of time reflects. Thinking that this which haunts me oft in the silent hour may possibly be interesting to you, I shall give it to you as it affected me then, and as my mind's shadow falls on it now.

We had been traveling all day on a crowded excursion train and night had fallen upon us at Old Fort. There was not room enough in this little nubbin of a village for half the passengers, so the most of us had to sleep in the cars. Several boys of my own age and myself, having been locked out of the coaches and not being able to find lodging in the village,

ravaged a board-pile that lay hard by and fixed us a place to sleep upon in the smoking-car. Now, as I write, I have a distinct recollection of how the boards slipped out from under us and we found ourselves getting up amid the general laughter and jeers of the drunk fellows. After once more becoming settled down on our boards my mind recurred to the scenes of the day. While we were in the hindmost coach, listening to some first-class fiddlers, there stepped forward a tall, well-dressed man, with very light hair, blue eyes and a wavy light mustache. Without any provocation he stepped forward, cocked his pistol and held it to the breast of a rather heavy-set fellow with a heavy black mustache and a small black eye. The pistol was taken from him amid a good deal of excitement. It was all over in a moment, and I saw no more of either party during the day. After pondering for some time in silence, I said to my bed-fellow, "Will, did you see that man try to shoot his friend this morning?"—for I had heard that they were friends. "Yes," replied he, "and that old fiddler said, 'Throw him out, throw him out.'" "He was as drunk as a fool," said I; "he ought to have been thrown out.'" At that moment a tall fellow rose from the opposite seat and said, "I'm that fool; damn a drunk man," and without another word left the train. He had just been leaning on the bosom of the man he had only a few hours before tried to murder. To my surprise the man with the black mustache was profuse in his

praises and seemed to love him tenderly. All night long, when I would be almost asleep, I seemed to hear the click of the pistol and see the man with the light mustache, and in a moment I would be wide awake. Fifteen feet in front of us they were selling liquors; men came and went, and as the hours grew long and tiresome they drank deep and swore fabulous oaths.

They lay around on the floor so drunk that others walked on them and they cursed. Among the drunk, too, were some old soldiers. They raised a company of fifty or more as drunk as themselves, gave orders, and shot with seeming carelessness. The whole air was rent with curses and the night was brooding sorrow. As the wee hours wore on gloomy and foreboding all grew still as death except the solemn snore of the sleepers and now and then a deep groan from some besotted fellow who was sick, oh! so sick! I dropped to sleep before I knew it, and when I awoke the sun was up. It was cold and the drunk men lay around the train in death-like slumber. Soon we were plunging up the mountain toward the Swannanoa Tunnel. But a train had been wrecked that morning at Mud Cut and we could not go further than Henry Station. When could we go on? Nobody knew. It being only three miles through we walked to the tunnel under the brow of Raven Mountain. The day wore off and still the train did not come, so we decided to walk down the track over that wonderful piece of engineering on which the engine winds with many a curve ere it leaps with one triumphant bound across the mountain. We soon met a train of flats bearing the excursionists, who waved their handkerchiefs and were out of sight. We walked on to

the coaches which were left just beyond the high trestle at Mud Cut. Here again I saw the man with the light mustache. His eyes were red and swollen and he looked sorrowful and haggard. I pitied him out of the depths of my young heart.

It was autumn. The winds rose and fell like gentle zephyrs. The autumn sky grew golden-colored, while here and there small white clouds sought, like little children, a place for quiet rest. The leaves of the forest trees—the sourwood, the maple, the dogwood—had changed from summer's green to red and gold and scarlet, while the hickory trees looked as if the angels had been sweeping the streets of the Golden City and had let the dust fall on their yellow leaves. So I fell to musing and dreamed and longed to know more of the world, while twilight kissed the last spot of sun from the top of those mountains, which are as beautiful as the Alps of Switzerland or the Cordilleras of Mexico.

It was night. The moon shone with solemn stillness through the valleys, and the mist rose and nursed it tenderly. Along the many laughing streams the white fog rose, and enfolded on its bosom lay the light of the moon like a child in the arms of its mother, and the whippoorwill, lord of the night, saw all this and rejoiced, but man saw it not, for he slept. The train rushed on, now on the down grade, with greater speed while thus I sat looking and pondering and thinking many a thought and fell asleep and dreamed as I slept, for I was tired.

At last, just above Marion, there was a general rush and confusion. Everybody was talking, and there was no one to listen. A man had fallen from the train! Some grew frantic—looking for sons and broth-

ers and fathers. Some were whispering that ominous whisper that you sometimes hear in the sick-room and in the presence of death. "Who is it?" "Was he a young man?" "Was he an old man?" was asked in one breath. "No one knows," came the answer. "They say he was drunk." I heard all this like a dream, and still the train trudged on and I slept. Before this there was a continuous uproar of drunken revelry, but now everything became as still as the night. At last the train slowed up and began retracing its steps to find the unfortunate man. Five miles and there he lay cradled on the bosom of death with one arm and part of his skull on one side of the track and his body on the other. In the rush of the crowd I saw him lying borne on a white sheet—the very man who had drawn a pistol on his friend only the day before. As well as I remember, his name was Smith McDonald, and, as I afterwards learned, he had a beautiful wife and a pleasant home. Three days before every fleeting cloud, every shadowed dream, every wind that rose had a voice of hope for him. In the prime of life he had gone to the "Silent Land," and "his body was soon

to return to the original dust to be brother to the insensible clod which the rude swain turns with his plowshare and treads upon." That life, which "might have been" but a prelude to a nobler, grander song, was hushed in the midst of discord. Many sobbing cares and struggling thoughts, I doubt not, had swelled in his bosom like the swell of the sea, and here and there were stranded wrecks of fondly cherished hopes, and here and there were scenes in his life that he might well wish to be forgotten, for this is the common lot, but "what was, was writ." Death had done his work, but whether he had fallen by accident or whether some great on-rushing sorrow had driven him to the deed with mad and frantic fury has always been regarded a mystery. But I shall never forget that face upturned on the white sheet, and the moon pale and almost sad, looking down upon it, and how the pine trees sobbed and sobbed out in the night, and how, too, the drunk became sober in the presence of death. Again I fell asleep, for my eyes were heavy, and I dreamed, as I slept, many a beautiful dream, and so the world of dreams was more beautiful than the world of life. J. L. KESLER.

WHY NOT SPREAD OURSELVES?

In these days of telephones whisperings in the streets of Gath are uttered in the gates of Askelon; and rumor has it that Uncle Sam is courting. Such things will out though whispered in secret, for the wind bloweth where it listeth. Everybody must know Uncle Sam, and have seen him

bedecked in his striped high-waters; stars on his vest and hat encircled with the emblems of the thirteen original States; swallow-tailed coat, leaving conveniently bare his trousers pockets, where the supposed treasury of the nation lies. If you have not seen Uncle Sam you should; he

represents everything that is good in the Union, his name is on every mail-bag, and his initials stand for our dollar mark. Yes, voices are in the air, "Uncle Sam is courting." The countries lying north and south of us are marriageable, want to marry; and Uncle Sam is getting that way inclined too. Romero, the Mexican Minister to the United States, has a piece in the *North American Review* putting forward his reasons why that country should not be annexed to this Union. His purpose as a patriot is to do the best for his country; yet throughout the whole argument he maintains that Mexico is better off priest-ridden, with a slack government, her people crying out for better things, but finding none. Yes, he says they are better off than the American system of government can make them, but before concluding he admits that America is ahead of all nations, while his country, lying so near, has improved little better than the islands of the Pacific. "The leaves of the memory make a mournful rustle in the dark." He slept on this latter part and awoke in the morning to add it to what he had said before. The Marquis of Lorne, the ex-Governor General of Canada, writes in the *Forum*, an American magazine, his reasons why Canada should not be admitted to the United States. And what do you think this son-in-law of the present monarch of England holds up for an objection? He says every year the overplus of England's population seek a home in the fertile wheat fields and lumber forests of Canada and are helped and cared for by the good mother country; heavy taxation is helping the loved ones so generously that Canada, with all her natural resources, forests of fine timber, coal beds and har-

vest fields, after passing the most of these into England's eager hands, and having very little for home improvement, still owes the parental government across the sea for the privilege of being taxed two hundred and ninety millions. They showed just such regard for us, you remember, in taxing our teas and stamps.

This love surely passeth all understanding. A courtier renders some friendly service; a grant of certain estates is given him; twenty-five families make room for a deer-park and the homeless people seek shelter in a new country, only to be taxed for being in hearing of a British gun. Yes, these kings and princes do love the humble emigrants so much; in the words of your own Vance, the apple of my eye, the sugar of my hopes, the molasses of my expectations, come to my arms thou greasy fritter and get your sop! Men grow weary of carrying burdens too heavy for mortals to bear; unjust taxation is opposed to the true spirit of democracy. The people of Canada would eagerly come into our Union and form a nation of which Napoleon had never dreamed in his "grasping after the fruitage forbidden the golden pomegranates of Eden." Well then might we have said America holds the future, but now she only holds herself; the two sections hold each other; Canada is given up to England and Mexico is misgoverned. The future of America depends on the United States, for here the seeds of democracy lie; but they have been deeply covered in sectionalism. For now, twenty-four years after the civil war, the battles are fought over and over again on the floors of Congress; each speaker eulogizes the Union, yet blindly upholding the cause for which he fought, and keeping up the

unnatural strife. We cannot blame them for this; a man who has passed through such stirring events ever looks back; to him the tide has reached its flood, the rays are growing long in the west, the light is fading away from the eyes of these great chieftains who acted in that terrible drama of American history—they are passing away, and with the poet we would say,

“’Tis past midnight now, the still March morn is nigh when they that harken catch one low and solitary sigh; and his whole life of martyrdom and trial is ended. Oh, life sublime! Oh, victory hardly won! Veil, Georgia, veil thy face and bow thy head; the noblest man in all thy realm is dead. Unveil thy face, uplift thy sovereign head, they dote who say the grand old man is dead! Beyond the planets’ mystic sphere he rules in more than royal purple here.”

Yes, we loved them and do honor them as much as any, but times are changing; they were one thing, we will have to be another; their enemies are not our enemies. Our country cannot stand division if we would hold our place “in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.” Whatever we may think of it, the sectional strife in this country is a serious thing; wide differences in climate, broad territory, varied habits and customs; the agricultural, mining and manufacturing sections, all requiring different classes of people. Yet, as in social life opposites attract, and as in nature the opposite ends of a magnet draw each other, so should it be in our national life; facility of transportation of the various products, union of interests and union of people is the natural and healthy condition of America. Yes, it is a law of nature that opposites attract and fill up the deficiencies that each singly may have. A full and free intermingling of products and people makes a perfect union. The civil war was unnatu-

ral, because it tried to tear away agricultural from manufacturing. The physical conditions of our country are such that the agriculturists of the South and West, with their fertile plains and valleys, the manufacturers of the North, with their streams and machinery, the miner of the Appalachian and Rocky Mountain regions are all dependent on each other for the common interchange of products and for a governor to regulate intercourse. This working together of different pursuits was rudely severed by the late war and its causes. And now we have been nursing the wound for twenty-four years; it is healing very slowly; too much attention and bruising of the scar does it no good; let us take our minds from it; ’twill heal itself. The war entailed a great loss, but it were better if we cast its memory from us—hurl it down “into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust,” never to resurrect it as long as love and patriotism hold America’s future. Give us new territory—anything to avert the malignant canker worm of internal strife; change our thoughts to conquest, progress and the glory of the race and country we represent. The fact that there are seven millions of negroes among us is still the difference between the North and South. They have hampered us and hindered progress, and we see it more and more every year. Bunyan’s vision of the man with a burden on his back going up the hill of Difficulty is a picture of the progress of the Southern white man ever since this inferior race landed on our shores. We have suffered for them with agony and bloody sweat; the cross and passion has been ours to bear and suppress, for as an ancient parasite clings to its victim in a place that

cannot be reached, absorbing its bodily warmth, weakening the blood and finally degrading the whole animal system, so the negro has been clinging to and impeding the advancement of the South. Gen. Grant, although it is not natural for us to give him full credit for the views he held, looked further into the question than any man of the North or South, and when he advised the government to buy San Domingo for the purpose of transplanting the negro he plainly saw the only solution to this question. Yes, General, you were right; the war did not end it; you may lance the boil and squeeze it a little, but if you leave the core, the very germ of the disease, in its festering cestment, your labor will be lost and the boil will only rise a larger and more hurtful ugliness on the body than it was before. Adding more territory to the Union will bring a larger number of freemen to consider this question. Now it is well known that there would be difficulties and a war if we should try to annex Canada or Mexico; our latent energies would be aroused; soldiers from all sections rising up for the common defence, brothers in arms once more. And then, after the glorious conquest, the Blue and the Gray would return and laurel the graves of their dead, and "joy in the widest commonality would be spread, for they went forth to conquer and were victorious"; they had given their enemies better things and started them in the school of democracy, the rule of the people. Some may object to a war with either of these people, and say let them come into the Union of their own accord. When a man in the prime of life gets barely enough to

live on and quietly folds his hands and desires no more land or possessions then he becomes a non-producer, a drone in the busy hive; so when a nation sees the harvests ripe around her, the wheat fields and coal beds of Canada, the grassy plains and plateaux of Mexico arrayed in their living green, and does not so much as put out her hands and take advantage of the chance given her by Providence, the rightful possession of a continent, then can it be said that we are progressing, giving civilization and government to these our near neighbors? For progress does not alone consist in attaining good for one's self, but in shedding it as the light of a noonday sun as far as the farthest ray may reach. Already the coming events are hastening upon us. Every paper and magazine has taken it up. On the 21st of this month a congress of the American nations will meet in New York. We are waking up from our lethargy, and every time this question is mentioned a blow is given for the Union, and sectionalism retires in its sickly garb, trembles and turns pale before progress and the future. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we are hoping for better things, and one hundred years from now, when Webster's dream is a reality and there is no North or South, nor East or West, and when a billion of human beings shall cover and teem upon this continent between the two oceans, and the people of all sections shall cease to see each other through a glass darkly, then may it be heralded out on the wings of the morning to all nations, and from the rivers and the mountains to the uttermost parts of the earth that "America holds the future."

LEE ROYAL.

THE PALACE OF HOPE.*

Somewhere in the mazy distance,
 In the midst of fields elysian,
 Stands a grand, imposing castle,
 Builded by the phantom Fancy.
 With the clouds its turrets mingle,
 And its lofty halls are fairer
 Than the golden courts of Heaven.
 Every man, however humble,
 Fallen, destitute or friendless,
 Sees a place within that castle
 Suited to his ardent wishes,
 To his soul's desire conforming.

In that grand, enchanted mansion
 All is joy and rapture ever,
 For desire is never fettered
 By the galling bonds of conscience,
 And our wishes ne'er are thwarted
 By the changing hand of fortune.
 There the victor has no rivals—
 Wears alone the crown of laurel;
 There, in glad seraphic measure,
 Poets sing to listening nations;
 There the fields with fruits perennial
 Bless the weary sons of labor;
 Beggars there are lords and princes
 Clad in gold and costly raiment.

Eagerly, with hands uplifted,
 Forward press the generations
 Towards the fair, delusive prospect,

And this joyous exclamation
 Ever comes from the deluded:
 "We shall reach the goal to-morrow!"
 When the purple shades of twilight
 Mark another day's cessation,
 And the stars, like funeral torches,
 All along the sky are lighted,
 With a zeal still unabated—
 Expectation undiminished,
 Still with joyous exultation
 Cry the weary sons of sorrow:
 "We shall reach the goal to-morrow!"

Thus the future ever woos us
 Onward, with its bright illusions,
 Till the silver chord is severed,
 And the pitcher at the fountain
 By Death's ruthless hand is broken.

Even when the angel Ayrael
 Soars above with lance uplifted,
 And the rush of his black pinions
 Echoes through the ghostly darkness—
 Through the shadows densely falling
 O'er the grave and all its horrors
 Looms afar a land of Promise,
 Brightly gleams a golden city.

*This poem was written by the late J. H. Gillespie and printed last year in the collection "ELSNORE AND OTHER POEMS." We desire to return thanks to Mr. E. L. Middleton, of Warsaw, N. C., who owns the copyright on the book, for permission to print it here.—ED. STUDENT.

EDITORIAL.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

A few weeks ago the great city of New York was thronged with a multitude, perhaps the largest and most enthusiastic that ever assembled on this continent. All sections of our country and all classes of our citizens were represented. The millionaire and pauper, the merchant, manufacturer and planter all mingled in the surging throng and joined in celebrating an event connected with the early history of our government and full of interest to all Americans. An occasion of this kind may well turn our gaze backward and cause us to review the progress made by our country since its first President took the oath of office.

There is much in this first century of our nation's history to excite our gratitude and inspire our confidence in the strength and permanence of our institutions. Our republic, founded on principles new and untried, and born amid circumstances peculiarly trying, has successfully weathered more than one storm and has perhaps a stronger hold to-day upon the affections of its citizens than ever before. "A government of the people, for the people and by the people" is no longer an experiment of doubtful issue. The winds and winters of a century have witnessed such a government, first in its infancy, battling with foes without and within, then in the years of its youth guarding its interests and increasing its power while the world began to re-

gard it with distrust and envy; and now at the close of the century in all the vigor and beauty of its manhood as it rises amid the governments of the world the wisest and strongest—the one best suited to further the interest and promote the happiness of man, a hundred years have shown the success of a republican form of government.

Again as we review our history during this time we are impressed with the fact that our people have grown better. Much evil there is in our country it is true. Vice raises his ill-formed head amid the pomp and wealth of our time, and crime shows itself in all grades of society. Our people have forsaken the old ways of virtue and simplicity and are beginning to revel in pride and luxury.

The pessimist looking at our country filled with great wealth and great poverty, lined with railroads and dotted with factories, teeming with life and activity, disturbed by conflicts between labor and capital, sees in this populous and prosperous land only a mad, surging mass of humanity, sinking ever lower and lower in the scale of morality. He sees our institutions in peril; our government threatened. All this and more the pessimist sees in the present moral and material status of our country. But he looks only at one side. In this bright republic now a century old there is much of evil, but there is more of good. The forces that tend to spread crime and vice and misery are many and

mighty, but the influences whose mission it is to scatter sunshine and happiness, to strengthen the bonds of society and order, to relieve the wants of the distressed and suffering, to uplift the fallen, to promote the interests of law and virtue and morality and carry forward the great purposes of our government are more mighty and more numerous. Our country's interests are safe.

Standing by the grave of the first and the cradle of the second century in the life of our republic, reading the future in the light of the past, we find no cause for the gloomy views of the pessimist. "America holds the future" and the God of Heaven and earth holds America. J. B. C.

**OUR 'PUBLIC SCHOOLS—WHY NOT MORE
EFFICIENT?**

To give a full and precise answer to this question would be no small or easy task. In fact, it can be solved completely only by the lapse of time and the aid of experience. But its radical importance ought to be sufficient to stimulate every lover of his State to a more careful and thorough investigation of the work and workings of our free schools. To one who does this there will doubtless appear sundry reasons why they have not hitherto met with that degree of success which they might have otherwise enjoyed. The people of North Carolina are not satisfied with the results in the past—far from it, nor does any one hope to ever see the time when there will be no one ready to find fault and complain, so long as men are taxed for such purposes, but certainly it would be an unreasonable supposition to suppose that all the grumbling is groundless and selfish.

The self-evident fact that the school-children of the State can be reached only through and by the teachers needs to be kept vividly and constantly before us. Legislation, in order to make itself felt, must see to it that good men, qualified men, are employed to carry out its precepts. And in order to this it must emphasize the importance and the absolute necessity of a thorough preparation on the part of those who are to execute its commands. I think the signs of the times point to an early reformation in this respect.

The suggestion which this article begs relief to submit is that among the principal causes of the non-efficiency of our free schools, the lack or the neglect of a more extended course of reading, on the part of those who have these schools in charge, and especially the teachers. Many of our sister States have already discovered this mistake, and have taken steps to provide a remedy. The idea is wide-spread and deep-rooted that to be able to teach successfully a man has only to be able to pass creditably his examinations on the text-books required by law to be taught. Having done this he comes to the front at once and claims recognition among the most thoroughly equipped teachers. In nine cases out of ten those men who have this idea of the necessary requirements of a teacher have very little general information, and especially of human nature. Hence the only conclusion that their views of life and what it takes to prepare one for life are narrow and contracted. Whether this class has been doing the greater part of the teaching in our public schools I leave for the reader himself to answer. The hardest problems a teacher has to solve are not found in Sanford's

Higher, but in the eccentric nature of a child. The most difficult paragraphs he has to read are not printed upon the pages of Holmes' Fifth, but upon the wry and deceptive face of some of his pupils. The analysis of his most complicated sentence does not appear within the lids of Reed and Kellogg's Higher Lessons in English, but deep down within the disposition of that "monkey" whose desk is in the dark corner of the room.

To fail on the first of these is but a trifle; to fail on the last is serious, to say the least. Reading does not only give one a better knowledge of human nature, but it enlarges and broadens his views of life in general. It strengthens and quickens his patriotism; it begets within him a broader and deeper sympathy for humanity in general. From such noble manhood there is continually emanating something of his greatness and nobility which affects more or less, directly or indirectly, the destiny of his pupils. This is the kind of men which North Carolina, with every other State, needs at the helm of its scholastic machinery. If the teacher himself is a lover of reading his pupils are most likely to imbibe something of the same spirit and desire. And to succeed in creating or exciting in the child a love for books—books, all kinds and classes of good books, is to guide him with the unmistakable path that leads to learning's richest treasures. In several of the States, including the New England and some of the Western States, the law requires that every applicant, before he can secure a certificate for teaching, must present to the board of examiners an essay upon one of the several leading works of standard authors which the law may designate.

The teacher ought to be not only a student of history, but of fiction, poetry, and some biographical and philosophical works. If all our teachers would avail themselves (and I am glad to say many of them do) of the wise suggestions and valuable information found in the *North Carolina Teacher* and the *Schoolteacher*, both of which so justly deserve the patronage of every teacher in our own State especially, in connection with much other valuable literature which they might easily obtain, and which they must read to meet the demands of the times—I say by doing this its effects would soon be felt throughout the length and breadth of our State. No age has ever spun upon its axis with such incredible speed as that in which we live. To sleep is to get left, to get left is to stay left.

S. D. S.

"NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

No, indeed, it is not all gold that glitters, because if it were, gold would soon become quite as common as quartz and iron. For almost all of the more desirable substances, whether they be metals or not, have a value which corresponds to the amount of labor that must necessarily be expended in securing them. Thus gold is more desirable and valuable than iron because it is more scarce and more labor is required in obtaining it. For the same reason the diamond is more valuable than gold.

If it were possible for metals to have their preference there would doubtless be an abundance of gold. If we consider the men and women who compose society to-day as metals, we quickly decide that the majority would, with all their hearts, pass for gold. They know that not all that glitters is gold; but that all gold *must*

glitter. They know that they cannot, like metals of imitation, be put to the test at any time and that, whether they be worth their *face* value or not, they stand a most excellent chance to *pass* for it. Hence the amount of glitter that looms up on all sides to-day, and deceives so many whose very lives are blighted by the deception. The large number of divorces bear testimony to this statement.

This is an age to which the poet may apply, very appropriately, his lines which are as follows :

"If your cash is plenty go it,
If your foot is pretty show it,
If your horn is noisy blow it."

And further, "backbone" is required to-day to enable a fellow to "get there," but it is necessary for the "backbone" to bend else the fellow *may* strike his head against a beam and fail to "get there." How many backbones have attached to their upper extremities craniums which are so filled with vainglory that they are made to cry out like Æsop's fly which sat upon the axle-tree of a chariot wheel and said, "What a dust do I raise."

Beauty which is "less than skin deep" is better than ignorance which is bone deep and glossed over with a superficial coating of "fool's gold." How humiliating it must be for one to feign wisdom and after glittering for awhile most brilliantly to be tried in the crucible and the undesirable discovery be made that all that glittered like the gold of wisdom is but the base dross of ignorance. T. S. SPRINKLE.

TWO COMPLAINTS.

1. *Music vs. Talkers*.—Any lovers of music who have tried to listen to the ex-

cellent numbers rendered by the band in Memorial Hall Thursday evenings of Commencement, will understand what is meant by this heading. This musical treat is utterly lost to those who can appreciate it, and who are eager to do so, by the thoughtless or wilful interference of others who do not, or, maybe, cannot, appreciate it. Whether they cannot or will not do so, they might better be elsewhere—perhaps in the campus talking of the weather or at any other congenial pastime. In any of our cities, say Baltimore or Richmond, such music would have to be paid for in proportion to its worth; but here, where to most of those who hear it, or might hear it if they would, it is as free as air, they show their want of appreciation of it by laughing and chatting so that nobody can enjoy it. They seem to think that music is given simply to drown the noise of conversation. True lovers of music desire to hear the softest notes, for in them the true inwardness of the harmony is brought out. It is earnestly urged that at the next Commencement tickets be issued to those and to those only who want to enjoy the music, and who are willing to pay therefor at least a respectful silence, if not their appreciative attention.

2. *The Alumni vs. The College*.—Our honored Chief Justice Smith once said on the rostrum here that a college properly consisted, not in her campus, however beautified, nor in her buildings, however numerous or imposing, but in her *alumni*, in the sons whom she had nurtured. Therefore if these sons lack intelligent interest in their *Alma Mater* must not the mother languish for want of support? The Alumni Association of Wake Forest College seems to have fallen into a noxious desuetude.

Nocuous, because the lethargy of the *alumni* is the College's irreparable damage. They must create among the friends of the College a public sentiment that demands improvement else improvements will not be made. The Trustees and the Faculty will not, or could not if they would, make needed changes unless changes are demanded by the *alumni* and friends of the College. Comparisons are odious, and yet as it ought to be said so let it be said: Compare the enthusiasm of the *alumni* of the University of Virginia with the—well, call it neglect, of the *alumni* of Wake Forest College. Their sole function now seems to be to meet once a year to elect one of their number to make a speech Tuesday evening of Commencement. The *alumni* of the University of Virginia have an association in every State where there are enough of them to constitute one. They meet and talk of the University's past and plan for a brighter future for her. They are ever alert to the welfare of the institution. Let the institution's progress tell the result. *Alumni* of Wake Forest, go ye and do likewise.

VALEDICTORY.

The time has come for us to bid farewell to the field of college journalism. We took up the pen last October and have done our best to give our readers a magazine worthy of their perusal. They are to judge whether or not we have been successful. We could not make a *Forum* of the STUDENT. That, indeed, was not desirable. Our effort has been to make the STUDENT keep pace with the dear old College, to reflect from its pages the intellectual power and literary talent of the men and boys who seek culture here. The

interests of the College and of the STUDENT are interlinked. The progress of the one means the progress of the other. We have always recorded with joy every step forward. We are among the youngest of the *alumni*, but our zeal for our *Alma Mater* is not one whit behind that of those who have gone before us from these walls.

The *alumni* must stand by the College. They must also stand by THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. If the great Baptist brotherhood of the State, the owners of Wake Forest College, would see their college flourish, the people must know where and what it is and what it does. The STUDENT reflects, to some degree at least, the character of the work done here; it gives information as to the wants, needs and achievements of the College, and in behalf of the staff who take up the work where we lay it down we ask the students, *alumni*, Trustees and friends of the College to give the STUDENT their support. You must do it. The STUDENT cannot live without it, and the suspension of the STUDENT would result in injury to the reputation of the College.

We thank many of our subscribers for the promptness with which they have responded to the calls of the BUSINESS MANAGERS for money; there are others who have not responded. We would like to ask them if they think they have done their duty. The magazine cannot be run on dead accounts. Please respond with the money you owe the STUDENT.

As managing editor for the past few months this writer wishes to return thanks to his brethren on the staff for their hearty co-operation and for the faithful manner in which each one has discharged his spe-

cific duties. We congratulate ourselves upon the kindly and helpful spirit that has been manifested through the entire year by each member of the staff. We do not believe that another set of men could be selected who would work together more harmoniously than we have done. We part with regret, but the memory of our association will ever be pleasant.

We thank our students, *alumni* and professors for the help they have given us in the way of contributions. Whatever success the STUDENT may have been is largely due to their aid.

The incoming staff is composed of men of culture and ability, and we bespeak for them the hearty and substantial support of every friend of Wake Forest College.

With these remarks our work is done. We lay down the journalistic pen perhaps forever. We leave the walls of our *Alma Mater*, whose halls are still and quiet now, and go away to other fields where duty calls. But amid the changing scenes of life there are memories that will ever cling to us, glad memories of the time when we were connected with THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

C. G. W.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

C. G. WELLS, EDITOR.

The catalogue just issued shows an enrollment of two hundred and eighteen students. Marked progress has been made. The year just closed has been in many respects the most prosperous in the history of the College. Some slight changes have been made in some of the schools. In the school of Modern Languages an additional year has been given to the studies of French and German. In the second year recitations will be held three times a week. This change was deemed necessary because of the increasing interest in modern languages. In the school of Physics and Applied Mathematics, the latter instead of occupying five recitations a week for one term, as heretofore, has been changed so as to extend throughout the year, recitations being held three times a week. In

the school of Political Science the time has been doubled, the student being allowed a choice between History and Political Economy. Substitutions are allowed so that the work necessary for a degree has not been materially increased by any of the changes made, and at the same time the courses of study have been rendered more and more flexible so as to meet the tastes and needs of individual cases.

One other statement in the catalogue may be mentioned. During the past session, for the first time in many years, clubs, in which students obtained board at very cheap rates, have been successfully and satisfactorily managed. In these, as the catalogue states, the student can board himself at from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per week. We hope these clubs will be continued.

During the recent Commencement exercises we were led to think as we had never thought before of the power for good and usefulness a college has in its students and *alumni*. These men are naturally interested in the College and are desirous of seeing it prosper. They feel that they are a part of it and that its success means their success. This being the case, there is no wonder that we see them turning their faces toward the College once a year to meet here the friends of other days. They come from the Hopkins and other places where they are preparing themselves for greater usefulness; from the schools and academies in this and other States where they are teaching; from their offices and places of business, and from wherever they may be; they come back with faces aglow and with hearts enkindled with enthusiasm to the place where, in days gone by, toil and pleasure mixed themselves in young manhood's cup. They give the cordial hand-grasp to those who tread in the foot-prints where they have trod; they ask about the prosperity of the College and the Literary Societies, and are awake to everything that pertains to their welfare. They may not be able to give abundantly to the endowment, but they can and do say, "God bless the College."

To-day we saw the student of more than thirty years ago, who is now a man ripe in years and scholarship, with the rich fruitage of his labors upon him, bidding farewell to friends here at the College where he studied when it was in its infancy. He was going back to his home in Alabama, where he has spent his manhood and whence his love for the College drew him after many years. The sons of the College are to be found in almost every State

of the Union, and what a help they can be to it in coming years! It is a pleasure for them to meet here and interchange the experiences of life. How their presence inspires us! It makes us glad. This throng of helpful sons grows larger each year, and those who are intimately connected with the College should do all they can to encourage these sons to return from time to time and to make their visits pleasant. We are glad the *alumni* have taken steps to have a banquet next Commencement. We hope that the effort will be a successful one, and that each year hereafter will witness a happy reunion of students and *alumni*. Thus we are bound together.

A few words about the STUDENT may not be out of place in this last number of volume eight. Nine numbers of this volume have been issued, and in those nine numbers we have given our subscribers 395 pages of reading matter, of which 184 pages were contributed by the students, *alumni* and professors of the College, and the balance of the matter, 211 pages, has been furnished by the editors. The present number will run the total number of pages up to about 430 or 435. Throughout the year we have printed and mailed about 500 copies each month. We have used better paper for this volume than ever before and have employed the best printer at our command; but the price of the magazine continues to be only \$1.50 per year.

We desire to express our appreciation of the very many flattering and complimentary notices which the STUDENT has received from the State press, from college magazines in every part of the Union and from its subscribers and readers.

Some of our subscribers have paid up promptly and cheerfully. To these we are thankful. Others have taken the *STUDENT* from the office year after year and have never paid one cent to the *BUSINESS MANAGERS*. This is not right. No enterprise can live with such treatment at the hands of those who should be its supporters. The *STUDENT* depends for its support upon the students and *alumni* of the College, the great Baptist denomination and the friends of Christian culture generally. It is published by the Literary Societies here, which are composed, for the most part, of young men who are in moderate circumstances. If the money received from advertisers and subscribers is not sufficient to pay the publishers the deficit has to be made good by the young men who compose the Societies. No man connected with the *STUDENT* gets one cent as pay for his work. We think the friends of the College ought to take the *STUDENT*, and every one who takes it knows that he ought to pay for it. Friends, if you have not paid your subscription, please look on the front cover page and see the names of the *BUSINESS MANAGERS* and send them your dues at once. Mr. R. E. L. Yates, one of the *BUSINESS MANAGERS*, will look after the financial interests of the *STUDENT* during vacation, and all moneys sent to him at Wake Forest, N. C., will be promptly receipted for and the proper credits made on the books.

On the 31st of May a terrible disaster occurred in Pennsylvania. Johnstown, the county-seat of Cambria county, and some other towns were swept away by a flood.

The immediate cause of the disaster was the breaking of a reservoir on the Conemaugh river above Johnstown, a town of 12,000 inhabitants. It was situated near the juncture of the Conemaugh River with Stony Creek; one of these streams flowing on one side of the town and the other on the other side. They gather their waters from the mountains of Pennsylvania and ultimately discharge them into the Ohio River. The streams were very much swollen by the rains, and the increased pressure on the already defective dam of the reservoir caused it to give way, and the immense volume of water thus let loose rolled like a mighty monster of destruction down the valley destroying almost everything in its course. The inhabitants did not have time to escape to the hills, but thousands were caught in the rushing flood of waters and perished without hope of escape. Various estimates have been made as to the loss of life and property. Perhaps it would be safe to say that not less than 5,000 lives were lost, and \$25,-000,000 worth of property destroyed.

It was a most dreadful and heart-rending occurrence. The houses of the submerged towns floated down the valley, were torn to pieces by the waters and flindered to atoms against the stone railroad bridge across the valley. More dreadful still, the immense pile of *debris* collected against the bridge caught on fire and became the funeral pyre of hundreds of people. The accounts of the disaster are dreadful, the scenes and incidents heart-rending and pathetic. The cry for help has been heard in this country and across the waters, and the sufferers have been relieved.

COLLEGE NEWS.

S. D. SWAIM, EDITOR.

—Madison University is to have a fine library at a cost of \$100,000.

—Sixteen colleges and universities in the United States have no president.

—A Vassar girl, in speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek, said: "I have not read his *Æneid*, but his Idiocy is perfectly sublime."—*Exchange*.

—More than fifty Sophomores *fell through* on Conics at Amherst. Much to the delight of the Sophs the Faculty has made this study elective.

—Among the most favored colleges in receiving large donations during the past year are Swarthmore and Rutgers; the first having received \$185,000, and the last \$160,000.

—Yale College has sent out in all 13,444 students. There are said to be about 2,500 women in the United States who have received diplomas from American or foreign medical schools.

—The University of Mexico, which is the oldest college in America, was founded fifty years before Harvard. There are ninety-five graduates of other colleges studying at Harvard.—*Ex*.

—The *Dickinson Liberal* says hereafter every student upon entering Ann Arbor University will be required to present a certificate of successful vaccination dating within five years preceding the day of entrance.

—The following is quite current just now among the college magazines: An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

—The young ladies of the Wisconsin University are studying carpentry, and they are gaining proficiency in the mechanical department as rapidly as in the more intellectual studies in which they are engaged.—*Exchange*.

—Of the exhibits at the Paris Exposition the various college magazines published in America will be one. College journalism in Europe is yet in its infancy. The *Review*, published at Oxford, is one among the few publications.

—Madison University, N. Y., gives her Senior Class a vacation of four weeks. The world continues to grow *wiser* and *better*. Hope the vibrations of this wave of benignity and wisdom may beat upon the shores of the sunny South in the near future.

—The principal colleges in the United States which have adopted co-education are the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota, Cornell, Oberlin, Vanderbilt University and Swarthmore. The methods prevailing at these institutions are entirely different from those of the "Annex" system at Harvard and Columbia.

—Colby University has secured the Maine State Geological Collection, formerly stored in the capitol at Augusta for its museum. The collection remains the property of the State, but it is to be cared for, arranged and exhibited by the college authorities.

—The Class of '79 of Princeton is having a high-relief bronze of Dr. McCosh made, which is to cost \$13,000. It is the design of Augustus St. Gandens, and the artist thinks it one of the best things he ever did. It will probably be placed in the Morguand Chapel.

—The Senior Class of Salem Female College has adopted a class ring instead of a class cane. The present graduating class also adopted cream and gold for its colors. The past session was the most prosperous in its history. This is one of the best female colleges in the South.

—*Mail and Express* says of the 250 college presidents in America eight each are graduates of Yale, Ohio, Wesleyan and Oberlin, while Harvard, Union, Princeton, Amherst, Washington and Jefferson come next with six. Michigan and DePauw furnish each four, while forty-three were educated at the college over which they preside.

—College examinations are just now receiving a good deal of attention in print as well as in the annual way. The *Nineteenth Century* for April contains a symposium on the subject in which many of the leading educators of this country express their opinions. Their opinions differ very materially. Some think that examinations are little better than a farce, others that they furnish better drill than can be had by any other means.—*Ex.*

—The Faculties at Princeton, Oberlin, Monmouth, Carleton, Georgetown University, Weaton and University of Illinois have shut down on fraternities. The *Occident* says on this question: "The fraternity system, from its very nature, can be made a power for good or a power for evil, but the whole tendency, here in the University, has been to make the fraternity a power for evil; and when we show that their power for evil overbalances their power for good we can question the right of any given fraternity to exist."

—The following gives the average annual expense at several of our leading colleges. On a basis of close economy, including board, tuition, books, clothing and incidental expenses, the total expense at Yale is \$650; Harvard, \$700; Rensselaer Polytechnic, \$650; Princeton, \$500; Columbia, \$600; Michigan University, \$500; University of Pennsylvania, \$450; University of California, \$450; Cornell, \$350; Vanderbilt, \$350; University of South Carolina, \$250; Ohio University, \$200; University of Tennessee, \$186.

—A certain professor's text-book was found on the campus not long since, and on the margin was written the following: "Use Joke No. 17 in connection with this paragraph."—*Ex.* We have in mind just now the name of a certain professor in one of our "Southern" colleges who has the "yarn" business down to a finer point than that. He knows 'em well enough to dispense with his notes. No catching up with him. Possibly one might find in his archives a note like this: "Use Joke No. 99 in connection with problem 15, page 95."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

T. S. SPRINKLE, EDITOR.

THE SCRIBNERS have lately issued Bourrienn's famous "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," in four volumes at \$8 and \$10 per set.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE which John Eliot translated into the language of the Virginia Indians has just come out in a second edition.

FRANK H. POTTER has translated "Near to Happiness" from the French. There is a thread of religious quality which binds the story together unlike that with which most French stories are bound.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S grandfather was greatly mistaken when he gave little Alfred ten shillings for his first poem and as he wiped it clean from the slate made this remark: "There is the first money you have ever earned and I suppose it will be the last."

IN A volume of six essays by Frances Power Cobbe are some statements that we would prefer being untrue; but we believe the author is correct when in one of her essays, entitled "The Scientific Spirit of the Age," she says: Facts go to show that merely scientific culture drawn from the physical sciences alone, as in many cases it is, threatens to impair, and does impair, many of the higher perceptions and delights of the soul. She cites Mr. Darwin, who, upon his own admission, lost in his mature life all interest in poetry, art and music.

THE PUTNAMs have just published the first two volumes of "The Winning of the West" by Theodore Roosevelt. It is a historical account of the settlement and growth of the West. It will be followed by volumes three and four, which will deal with the Southwest.

TWENTY-ONE sermons by Rev. John R. Thompson, D. D., have just come from the press. They are on "Christian Manliness" and kindred subjects. Every sermon has the ring of genuine truth and practical good sense besides being manly in manner and thought.

BARON NORDENSKJOLD has been at work several years in the museums and libraries of Europe getting up the materials for an important volume of atlas size, containing about fifty *fac-simile* reproductions of old maps showing how much the ancients knew of the earth's surface and the methods by which they set forth their knowledge.

MR. J. R. LUDLAM has just given the public a touching and most interesting story of the way in which a minister and his wife won the hearts of a country people who had not enjoyed benefits of the same kind from preceding Christian workers. We most heartily recommend this work to the ministerial members of the Class of '89, and more especially those who contemplate the snpernal bliss of matrimonial relationship at an early date. The work is

well calculated to stimulate the desire of doing good and to teach how it may be accomplished. New York: Hunt & Eaton, \$1.00.

MR. GLADSTONE has recently declined an offer of \$25,000 to contribute twenty-five articles on any subjects which he might select. This offer was made by an American syndicate, and if these gentlemen are still in need of the articles and are not so particular about having an *old* man to write them, they can be obtained from this office for \$10,000.

POEMS HAVE been accumulating in T. W. Higginson's portfolio for some time. He has lately gathered them into a splendid little volume and given it the title of the "Afternoon Landscape." These poems are different from Mr. Higginson's "Army Experience," and some one says that they have the strength of organ tones rather than the musical quality of lighter instruments.

ENGLAND REMAINS prompt to reward her sons who succeed in their literary labors. The friends of Matthew Arnold have raised a fund which now amounts to about \$35,000 in memory of this great writer and critic. Part of this sum has been invested for the benefit of Mrs. Arnold. The remainder will be used for a memorial to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

MISS BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD's last novel is a most valuable work for those who have a desire to learn about the social customs and manners of German life in high circles and the relations between the higher and lower circles. The story is bright and humorous and gives a splendid picture of the selfishness, frivolity and intriguing

spirit of German society, more especially among the ladies.

JOHN FISKE thinks that the youth of our country ought to be stimulated by the recent centennial observances to find out something about the great struggle for independence. He has acted according to this, and has given them a small volume entitled "The War of Independence." This work, though small, gives much information that is very valuable to those who are no longer *very* young.

THE NEW story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne has the "curiosity-piquing" title of "The Wrong Box." The scene is laid in London and other parts of England. It gives the adventures of a young man while attempting to secure the fruits of a tontine life insurance policy. The hero commits many crimes and is continually getting into the most exciting difficulties. A spirit of farcical humor pervades the narrative which renders it quite serious for the participant, but keeps the reader in a roar of laughter from beginning to end by the grotesque complications which follow upon each other's heels and the never-flagging annual sports of the actors.

LEE MERIWETHER, who tramped over Europe and saw all the "sights" on fifty cents a day, now gives us "The Tramp at Home." Mr. Meriwether takes his views and writes his books from a stand-point of political economy, and pictures the laboring classes, for whom he well succeeds in arousing sympathy. He made his studies at home under the supervision of the United States Department of Labor, acting as special agent. This author meets the poorer class and lives among them,

which renders his adventures very interesting. In his journey he visited almost all parts of the country and gives chapters upon factory life in New York and New England, among cigar-makers, sewing women, farmers and labor in manufacturing establishments of all kinds. The work is very valuable as well as entertaining.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES thinks that the future prospects of American literature are rather gloomy. He says, "The question is, will this country ever see another such group of remarkable men as Boston has produced? In history there is Prescott, Motley and Parkman; in theology, Theodore Parker and Dr. Bartol; in ora-

tory, Wendell Phillips; in philosophy, Emerson; in poetry, Longfellow and Whittier, for the latter if not an actual resident of Boston, must be regarded, nevertheless, as belonging to the Boston literary guild. There is Lowell, also, and others might be mentioned in addition to these already named. For real intellectual force, take the old Chestnut Street Club, or the Radical Club, as some choose to call it. Where will you find its equal? We have never had anything like it in this country since. Indeed, the literary outlook seems hardly encouraging. I sometimes feel that poetry will become a lost art with us."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

H. A. FOUSHEE, EDITOR.

GONE!

COMMENCEMENT,

THE BOYS,

ALL NOISE and bustle.

THOSE WHO remain are taking their ease and are enjoying sweet rest.

MR. B. F. HASSELL, JR., and bride spent Sunday, June 16, on the Hill.

MR. AND MRS. C. KITCHEN, of Halifax, are spending some time on the Hill.

BOYS, the girls have taken possession of the campus since you left. It is a most delightful place.

MR. J. O. ATKINSON was elected Librarian, and Mr. J. C. Maske, Keeper of the Reading-room for next year.

MR. R. E. L. YATES, a member of the STUDENT staff, attended the session of the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City.

IN THE last number of the STUDENT there is a typographical error on page 370. In "In Camp," "ites" should be "iter."

WE HOPE that our delinquent subscribers will favor us by remitting their dues at once. We urge this as the management will change hands after this issue.

AT ITS late Commencement the University of North Carolina conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Dr. Wm. Royall, and Doctor of Letters on Dr. C. E. Taylor. A well deserved compliment was the verdict of all.

ALL SAID Commencement was a complete success. Several of the citizens were heard to say that it was the best they remembered.

PROF. T. J. SIMMONS, of Wake Forest, left home June 18th for Europe and will be gone for some months. We wish him a pleasant trip.

DURING VACATION Wake Forest is one of the most quiet and pleasant places in the State. All suffering from nervous prostration we advise to come hither.

PROFESSORS C. E. BREWER and J. B. CARLYLE left Wake Forest for the Teachers' Assembly on the 10th ult. Other members of the Faculty went down later.

OUR MR. WELLS desires to thank Mr. Willie R. Hannum for his kindly assistance in arranging the index which appears in this number for volume eight of the STUDENT.

THE TRUSTEES of Judson College recently conferred the degree of A. B. on Miss Eva Belle Simmons, of Wake Forest. She is a highly accomplished and most thoroughly educated young lady.

MISSSES LIZZIE AND MAMIE HOBGOOD, of Oxford; Miss Beulah Allen, of Wake, Miss Lillie Daniel, of Weldon, and Miss Barbara Lawrence, of Scotland Neck, spent several days on the Hill after Commencement. Strange (?) to say several of the boys found out that they could not possibly get ready to go for some time, too.

PROF. B. F. SLEDD and Miss Needa Purefoy, oldest daughter of Mr. F. M. Purefoy, were united in marriage Tuesday, June 11th, in the parlor of the Dixon House. Rev. W. B. Royall, D. D., officiated. The happy couple left on the

12:30 train for the groom's home near Lynchburg, Virginia, whence they take an extended Northern trip. The STUDENT extends congratulations and best wishes.

THE BOARD has authorized Dr. Taylor to employ an instructor of Athletics and refit the gymnasium, provided he can secure sufficient funds for the purpose. We rejoice very much at this, and hope that the funds will soon be forthcoming. What is better still to some they decided not to interfere with our intercollegiate foot-ball contests, to let it remain in the hands of the boys, where it is now and ought to be. We have always had strong confidence in the Board's good sense and we are glad to see our hopes confirmed.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES conferred the degree of LL. D. on Prof. St. George Tucker Brooks, of the University of West Virginia, and the degree of M. A. on Prof. W. L. Poteat. Also they elected Mr. Chas. E. Brewer, of Wake Forest, to the Chair of Chemistry, Prof. Purinton, who has filled this place so well the past year having accepted the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Brewer is a member of the Class of '86, was salutatorian of the class, spent one and a half years here after graduation studying chemistry under the late lamented Dr. Duggan, and has been one year and a half at Johns Hopkins University, and lacks only one year of taking his other Ph. D. degree. The writer knows him well and can truthfully say that he is a young man of exceptional worth and will fill the chair with credit to himself and his *Alma Mater*. It is with deep regret that we part with Prof. Purinton. During his brief stay here he has endeared himself to all, Faculty, citi-

zens, students, as a gentleman of broad culture, pleasant manners and earnest piety. His departure causes universal regret. Not only in his department, where he has displayed the highest natural fitness and the most intimate acquaintance with the subjects treated, but outside of his immediate duties, as Professor of Chemistry, in the church, in the Sunday-school and in the social circle he has wielded an influence strong and salutary, and performed a work which few men could have done. He goes as Professor of Chemistry to a large institution in a large city. Wake Forest, Faculty, students and citizens give him up with great reluctance. The great Baptist brotherhood of the State will miss him—miss him as a consecrated Christian gentleman and a highly accomplished instructor. He carries with him our highest esteem and our heartiest wishes for his success.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Jno Mitchell, D. D.; Vice-President, Prof. P. W. Johnson; Secretary, Dr. J. B. Powers; Treasurer, S. W. Brewer. It was decided to have a banquet next Commencement, and \$30 was raised for that purpose. The following is the banquet committee: W. C. Powell, I. G. Riddick, John Mitchell, J. B. Carlyle and S. W. Brewer. It was decided to have the banquet Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock. This change we regret very much. The old hour, right after the Alumni Address, certainly seems the most appropriate, when we consider how warm it usually is at 5 o'clock of Commencement week. We hope the committee will change the time back to the old hour. Associate Justice Jos. J. Davis, of the Supreme

Court, was elected to deliver the next address, with Hon. C. C. Clark, of New Bern, as alternate.

It is with profound sorrow that we announce the death of Miss Sue Brewer, wife of Mr. Richard L. Brewer, of Wake Forest, N. C. This sad event took place at her home in Wake Forest, after a brief sickness with typhoid fever, a little before eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 3, 1889, in her twenty-third year.

Mrs. Brewer was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Houston, of Monroe, N. C. She was born October 3, 1866, and at the age of eleven made a profession of faith in Christ and joined the Baptist Church. Her life, thus early consecrated to God, was ever afterward a living witness for Christ. To know her was to know that she had been with Jesus. Her daily walk and conversation exemplified the Saviour's love.

On the 22d of October, 1884, she was married to Mr. Richard L. Brewer, of Wake Forest, and until her death these two, so faithful and affectionate to each other, were happy in each other's love. Together they shared the trials of life, administered to each other's wants, and rejoiced in the pleasures of a home made more happy by the presence of three bright children who blessed their union.

The intelligence of her death will carry a pang to many a heart beside those of her own family and kindred. A true and noble woman, whose daily life was ornamented with those virtues and Christian graces that so beautify and adorn female character, has passed away, leaving behind the fragrance of a sweet and precious memory. In the night of their grief we sincerely sympathize with the stricken

husband, the motherless children and all the bereaved family and friends upon whom the shadows of this affliction have fallen.

Since the above was written little Susan, the youngest of the three motherless children, has died, aged about seven months. After her mother's death she was taken to Monroe to be cared for by her grandmother, Mrs. Houston, but was soon called away. Her remains were brought to Wake Forest on the 15th of July and interred in the cemetery, where mother and infant repose near each other.

MISS MAGGIE HOUSTON, of Monroe, N. C., who was expecting to spend the summer on the Hill, left for her home a few days after her sad bereavement, the death of her sister, Mrs. Sue Brewer. She carries with her the sincere sympathy of her many friends here.

WE CLIP the following report of Commencement from the *State Chronicle*, which gives an extended synopsis of the two addresses:

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The Commencement exercises began Monday night with the exercises of the Graduating Class. It is reported to have been a pleasant evening. Mr. W. C. Dowd was President of the Class; Mr. C. G. Wells, Secretary; Mr. C. T. Bailey, Jr., Historian; Mr. F. L. Merritt, Orator, Mr. Thos. Hufham, Prophet.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The graduates were happy in their selection of their pulpit orator. They did not go far from home, but invited Rev. J. W. Carter, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church in Raleigh. He is a new man among us, but has already won a prominent place in the State by reason of his position, his ability and catholicity. His text was in Psalms, 25:16, and was in these words: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." It was a strong and thoughtful discourse, appropriate to the great occasion. Dr. Carter's weighty words and wise counsel will not soon be forgotten by the graduates or any others who had the pleasure of hearing the sermon.

THE ALUMNI ADDRESS.

Hon. Chas. M. Cook, President of the Board of Trustees, delivered the address before the *alumni* on Tuesday night. His subject was, "The Interest the State has in the Subject of Education and what it Should do in Respect Thereto." It was an admirable speech, worthy of the patriotic and noble North Carolinian who delivered it. It was upon a vital theme—one that is of more importance to the people of North Carolina than any other. It was handled with real ability and delivered with earnestness. It made a profound impression upon every mind and was a much better and abler speech than any synopsis can represent it to be.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

At the appointed time, after prayer by Rev. C. Durham, President Taylor, with an appropriateness and an elegance we have never seen surpassed, introduced the orator, Hon. Wm. L. Wilson, of West Virginia. He is a member of Congress from his State and a prominent lawyer. Before going into politics he was the learned President of the University of West Virginia. He is a scholar, a statesman and an orator, and a charming gentleman. Mr. Wilson is a slender, light-complected, but prepossessing man. But for a certain quickness in his eye and rather heavy brow and a well-shaped head, you might not have suspected the orator. He had been talking but a minute or two, however, when you discovered that he was really an orator. He spoke without note or reference, and with the utmost ease and grace. He announced no subject, but we will name it "Citizenship."

Occasionally he made some good hits and allusions which were applauded. Dr. Taylor said that it was one of the three great speeches that had been delivered on this rostrum. Justice Davis said "it was magnificent." Dr. Pritchard pronounced it an eloquent oration. W. J. Peele, Esq., said he was a true orator. Everybody enjoyed it, and all tongues spoke in praise of it. It was a model Commencement address, worthy of a profound scholar and practical statesman. My only regret is that every man in the State did not hear it.

The thing about it that pleased me was its entire freedom from rant and pumped-up eloquence. He had a strong speech, and it was about things that he had thought much about, and he made it with a simplicity of style and manner that made it truly eloquent. He does not believe that eloquence consists in "hollering," but in the strong presentation of a good subject. Above all, he believed what he said and made his hearers feel his belief. He is a Democrat in the broadest sense of that word, and throughout the speech ran a vein of pure Democracy that was refreshing. He has evidently sat at the feet of Jefferson and Madison and learned of them.

Mr. Wilson has set the good example to Commencement orators not to speak unless they have something to say—an example which we hope they will follow.

GOVERNOR FOWLE'S SPEECH.

Governor Fowle was called out. He spoke happily in terms of the highest praise of the great speech of Mr. Wilson. He then spoke of the good work of Wake Forest College and the educational needs of the State. Of his wise remarks upon our educational needs we shall speak next week. We have not space to-day. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, who was called upon, excused himself in a few pleasant remarks.

THURSDAY'S EXERCISES.

This is Commencement day proper. A large crowd gathered to hear the orations of the graduating class. We go to press too early to comment on the speeches. Some of them were excellent, in keeping with the reputation of the College. The following was the programme:

Salutatory Address—R. E. L. Yates, Raleigh, N. C.
 Oration—Haud 'Immemor—A Tribute, T. M. Huffman, Scotland Neck, N. C.

Oration—Pain—T. S. Sprinkle, Forsyth Co., N. C.
 Oration—Triumphant Republicanism—M. L. Carr, Greene Co., N. C.

Oration—Uncle Sam—Lee Royall, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

Oration—The American Farmer—J. L. Fleming, Greenville, N. C.

Oration—The Homestead Law—W. C. Dowd, Charlotte, N. C.

Valedictory Address—H. A. Foushee, Roxboro, N. C.

THESES BY GRADUATING CLASS.

The Negro—His Future—C. T. Bailey, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.

Why we Should Educate—A. L. Betts, Wake Co., N. C.

Some Things About College Life—J. A. Bridges, Mooresboro, N. C.

The Old Meeting House—D. A. Davis, Yadkin Co., N. C.

The Cæcum and its Appendix in Man and Apes—W. W. Early, Bertie Co., N. C.

Hereditary Rise and Fall—G. P. Harrill, Forest City, N. C.

The Reformation—J. R. Hunter, Apex, N. C.

Using Words—G. L. Merrell, Davie Co., N. C.

Remember, O Remember!—F. L. Merritt, Morrisville, N. C.

A Decayed Civilization—E. L. Middleton, Duplin Co., N. C.

Joan of Arc—M. L. Rickman, Macon Co., N. C.

The Tomb of Napoleon—H. M. Shaw, Shawboro, N. C.

Sketch of Dr. Matthew Tyson Yates—J. H. Simmons, Wake Forest, N. C.

Living Topics—S. D. Swaim, Yadkin Co., N. C.

Concentration Essential to Penetration—C. J. Thompson, Morrisville, N. C.

In Italy—J. E. Tucker, Greenville, N. C.

Self Government—H. C. Upchurch, Raleigh, N. C.

What the World Owes a Jew—G. T. Watkins, Granville Co., N. C.

After Death, What?—R. W. Watson, Warren Co., N. C.

The Land we Love (with variations)—C. G. Wells, Duplin Co., N. C.

On Thursday night the young people have a social entertainment. The *Chronicle* will go to press before they have finished eating ice cream and ceased "whispering words of love." It was without doubt an evening of rare enjoyment to the young people. They deserve to have a good time as the final ending of a year of creditable work.

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